The New York Times
Book Review

Section 3

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1923 THIRTY-TWO PAGES

(Copyright, 1923, by The New York Times Company.)

WHEN GENERAL ALLEN WAS KING

His Buoyant Diary of Rhineland Doings

MY RHINELAND JOURNAL. By Henry T. Allen, Major General, U. S. A. With illustrations. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

"MY RHINELAND JOURNAL" is the running diary of King Allen, the head of "Allen's Family in Germany." General J. G. Harbord gave this military Pepys his title. After a visit to Coblenz, Harbord wrote to his host: "I'm glad at last to have seen a real King." The reigning monarchs were only shadows of greatness, their numbers diminished, their rule demoralized, pared down to tolerance of royalty. But Henry T. Allen, formerly commander of the Ninetieth Division in the A. E. F., was the All Highest in Coblenz as the Kaiser had never been in Potsdam. The General held in check, disciplined and ordered 15,000 khaki-clad Americans, and he kept the late enemy in good humor by a just and benevolent authority.

Never did people have such a King, never a King had such a good time. To add to his felicity, Henry T. Allen was an optimist and a philosopher, sane of mind and sound of body. The doughboy at Coblenz has been accounted a happy mortal, with his pay rising in commodity value and an admiring populace to attend to his wants. But the acme of enjoyment, of gusto, was the share of the commanding General. The proof may be found in his breezy, cheerful, cordial diary. It is a fountain of satisfaction and contentment. No day's events but he found pleasure in. They flit by as in a kaleidoscope, and he furnishes the comment, now sage, now quaint, never ill humored. He consorts with the great and takes his readers with him. Never in the annals of the American Army did a soldier have such opportunities. Henry T. Allen of Kentucky was always equal to them. The old Alaska days when he was exploring the Tanana and Kuyukuk Rivers must have seemed dim, far away, unreal when he sat at banquets in marble halls with Marshals and Premiers, or attended their councils to hear the destiny of Europe shaped. The author of "Allen's Family in Germany" is the General himself. On Sept. 30, 1920, he sets down in his diary, Pershing having just reviewed the American Army of Occupation:

> The command as it stood today, in field fitness, shooting capacity and appearance is probably the best group of soldiers of that size that the United States has ever possessed. Pershing said of my Ninetieth Division: "It is one of the best, if not the best division I ever inspected." The A. P. in G., "Allen's Family in Germany," is far ahead of the Ninetieth as a whole, though I tenderly cherish the high soldierly qualities of my old division and its marvelous exploits. It never failed to secure its objective; it always held what it got; and it had no stragglers.

One fancies that the French by their association in the line of advance sometimes helped the Ninetieth to secure its objective and to hold what it got. For looks, however, General Allen was not inclined to exalt the American soldiers. Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson came from Cologne to see him one day, and this goes down in the diary:

> He was relatively very mild in praise of my troops, and in my opinion he was right, for in set-up and personal appearance it is hard to equal the British soldiers. As to horses, equipment and wagons, the British are well ahead of the troops of any of the Allies. In my opinion, we come easily in second place. In the theory of soldiery and in military art I put the French well ahead.

How busy a man General Allen was in the Coblenz district, how various his duties were, how much in demand he was for social and official functions, how often he was on the wing for France, for England and other countries, how he played as vigorously as he worked, and how weighty his responsibilities may be judged from incidents taken at random from the diary. Asquith dines with him at the Coblenzerhof; he lunches with General Mangin; he goes to Paris for a portrait (life size, three-quarters length) painted by Nieper, a German artist, for 10,000 marks (before the great inflation), entertains Lord Hardinge, visits Copenhagen and on to Berlin, has a talk with Lord Curzon, another with Rathenau, is asked to write a book after reading Robertson's "From Private to Field Marshal," joins in the ceremony to the Italian Unknown Soldier and is decorated by the King of Italy; meets

Henry T. Allen

victory parade; he is decorated by Pétain; he takes part in a peace jubilee at Brussels; he attends a British review at Cologne; he has an interview with Marshal Foch; he confers with the American Ambassador at Paris; he sits for a portrait to Carré; he delivers an address at Romagne; he is off to Paris for the Fourth of July. He meets the Queen of Holland, visits battlefields, is present at the ceremony of the centenary of Napoleon's death, is entertained by General Degoutte at the Grand Ducal Palace, meets Field Marshal Haig in London, has his Poincaré in Paris, reviews French troops, tours to the Black Forest, attends a diplomatic conference at Berlin, is present at the burial of the Belgian Unknown Soldier, dines with the King and Queen of the Belgians, is thanked by the German Government for the character of his administration at Coblenz. A crowded life of devotion to duty and agreeable memories!

The General's patriotism has its roots down deep. Asked by the French to turn Ehrenbreitstein over to them, he invites the Commissioners to step to his window, where he points to the Stars and Stripes streaming from the fortress on the hill and says:

> Your country has much sentiment, for which I admire it. We Americans also have some sentiment. That flag was hoisted on our arrival, and we attach sentimental importance to seeing it remain there as long as we are on the Rhine. Moreover, I am convinced that it is of more importance for you that it fly there than it is for us. Do you think it would be well for us to take it down even at the solicitation of a friendly power?

On the opposite page is a photograph of the Rhine with an American band playing in a little park in the foreground and across the river the American flag standing out straight from the top of the fortress on the wooded heights. How could General Allen have done any less than show his French visitors politely out? Aug. 7, 1919, he sends General Robertson a telegram of congratulation on the occasion of a grant of £10,000 by his Government for war services. Imagine Congress bestowing $50,000 on an American General! Allen is gently ironical on the subject. Sometimes he has to enforce discipline:

> As an example to others, I have decided to send back to the States a young Major for staying too persistently by the side of the punch-bowl here last night. He will also learn that such greediness is not gentility.

Personal touches occur frequently in the diary, but they are never malicious. For instance:

> While General Robertson (the British commander at Cologne) is a rough and gruff Britisher, his good sense, cordiality, hospitality and consideration have always been much in evidence in our relations.
>
> M. Millerand is not tall, but is formed on a rather massive plan, with a considerable dimension at the middle.
>
> Marshal Franchet d'Esperey is just what his pictures show him, a compact Frenchman with a strong face and a round head, and the line of the forehead almost a prolongation of his nose. His ears are small, and just below them the jaws are prominent and well rounded.
>
> Poincaré in this morning's Matin in a rather venomous article scores the Supreme Council for its clandestine diplomacy, and by skillful special pleading endeavors to show up Lloyd George's arguments at the recent conference as unstatesmanlike. As special pleaders I should say these two are on a parity. Some one has remarked that the Frenchman is a chauvinist and the Welshman an opportunist.
>
> He [Pershing] is a little fatter, a little older, and apparently a little shorter than formerly.

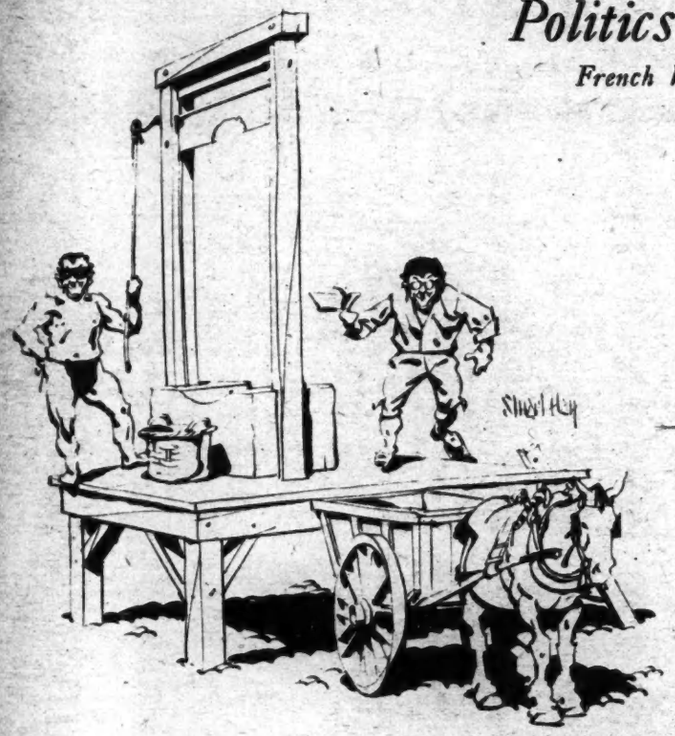
It has been said of General Allen, as commander at Coblenz, that his sympathies rather inclined to the Germans of the occupied territory and that he did not like the French, but the criticism does not appear to have any foundation. There is evidence in this diary that he believed that the French tried to encroach upon his prerogative, of which as an American officer he was jealous. It is true that French military methods were not always to his liking. Thus toward the end of the occupation he says:

> There is only one battalion of French troops in Coblenz, but they make more noise with their trumpets and drums than did all my troops a few months since when the city was filled with them (15,000). I am still of the opinion that the "wisdom of the victor" demands that an occupation such as this be dignified in its unostentation.

As early as Aug. 1, 1919, political friction between the French (Continued on Page 14)

Politics and the Art of Literature

French Writers Who Have Dabbled in State Affairs— The Case of Leon Daudet



"It has happened that writers, and even some great writers, have become militantly active in politics."

By PAUL SOUDAY

PARIS.

WHETHER every writer should have a political opinion or not, is open to question; and the same applies to every man, no matter what his profession. Signor Antonio Beltramelli, an Italian novelist, wrote recently in a novel of Romagnan life: "A man counts for nothing unless he is enrolled in some party, unless he champions a certain cause vociferously and energetically. If he neglects these duties, he will never be entirely respected in Romagna. What is worse, every one looks at him askance, with that side-slanting look with which antiquarians inspect goods whose genuineness they doubt." I am not sure whether this province has a majority of Fascisti, Communists or Papists. But, in any case, a strange tyranny rules in Bologna.

I believe that one has a perfect right not to publish one's political opinions; and I even believe that one has a right to have no such opinions. In the first place, one may have other things to do, and think that time spent with political discussions is time lost. Again, do you remember Taine's preface to his "Origines de la France contemporaine"? Says that celebrated philosopher: "In 1849, when, being 21, I became a voter, I felt quite lost. * * * I had the choice of becoming a Royalist or a Republican, a Democrat or a Conservative, a Socialist or a Bonapartist; but I became none of these, and not even nothing at all. And sometimes I envied all the good people who were so happily convinced of something." It is often true that the firm political convictions entertained by some people are based on a lack of reflection.

Let us admit that in practice common sense and experience are sufficient bases for a decision; for we have, after all, started on our way, as Pascal says, and so have to come to some decision in order to obtain that minimum of government that still is necessary for the life of a nation. But the wise man will take sides quietly, and will deride the noisy political contentions advocated by the Bolognese of Signor Antonio Beltramelli. Politics, perhaps more than anything else, illustrates the truth of Renan's saying that there exists no doctrine so absolutely true that the opposed belief is entirely devoid of truth. A writer, accustomed to theoretical thought, and possessing the open-mindedness that carefully balances the pros and cons, is less prone than another man to make categorical assertions. If he does come to a conclusion, he will at least do it without much commotion, without wanting to get into the thick of the fight. Especially since his time is particularly valuable—for he has not enough with all his days and part of his nights for his work. "Ars longa, vita brevis."

Nevertheless it has happened that writers, and even some great writers, have become militantly active in politics. There is no prohibition against this. And in two cases they may even be justified: First, if it amuses them. After all, politics is a sport like all other sports; and, if it is well done, it may be quite useful.

Take Chateaubriand: He wanted to be a peer of France, an Ambassador, a Minister; and under the Restoration he was all of these. Moreover, he published many political pamphlets, some of which had a tremendous influence. It is said that the one on "Buonaparte et les Bourbons" was worth as much as an army. He was an active collaborator in the political department of the Journal des Débats. When Louis XVIII. took from him the portfolio of Minister of Foreign Affairs, he became embittered, and waged violent war against the Government that would have none of him. But it was a point of honor with him to remain a Legitimist; and, having refused to serve under Louis Philippe, he retired to wait alone and in vain. He was almost a Republican when he died; and had he not, at the age of 80, died just in 1848, he would doubtless have been only too happy to take an active part in the politics of the Second Republic. Politics seems to have been a passion with him. Nothing gave Chateaubriand as much pleasure as political battles and power—not his great literary renown, nor the host of adoring ladies. Similarly, there have been other great men who could not go without playing golf, or bridge, or at cup and ball. This is a fact to be stated simply, without reproach or approval. At most we can regret that Chateaubriand did not rather devote his energies to giving us more masterpieces like his marvelous "Vie de Rancé," which, written when the author was in his seventies, proves that age could not exhaust his genius.

The second case is that of a question so urgent and serious, so far above the usual level of political controversies, that no one can conscientiously remain indifferent to it. At such a time it is not only the right but the immediate duty of the intellectuals to busy themselves with the problem. Of course, Chateaubriand was convinced that this was true in his case, that it was essential for the happiness of France and humanity that the Bourbons should be restored, that they should observe faithfully the Charte, and that M. le Vicomte de Chateaubriand should have a portfolio. Unfortunately, some of this was more illusion than truth.

I shall not say exactly the same of Lamartine or Victor Hugo. Though they were not entirely deaf to ambition, these two great poets fought for really great ideas, which Lamartine called the "ideas of God." Indefatigably, in the name of liberty, fraternity, and social and human progress—the most exalted doctrines of the French Revolution—Lamartine, in innumerable speeches to the Chambre des Députés and throughout the country, attacked the July monarchy; for it was forgetting more and more its revolutionary origin, and was freezing into a selfish and niggardly plutocracy. Finally, as every one knows, he overturned it. The author of the February Revolution of 1848, the founder of the Second Republic, was the poet who wrote "Méditations" and "Harmonies," "La Chute d'un ange" and "Jocelyn." Sometimes he has been blamed for his activities: "After all," writes Flaubert, "he's the guy to whom we owe the Second Empire." Perhaps it is true that Lamartine, by going too fast, called forth an immediate and ruinous reaction; and it is certain that from the liberal's point of view Louis Philippe was better than Napoleon III. But poets have a broader horizon. Lamartine was working for the future; and subsequent events have justified him more and more. I believe even that his "Marseillaise de la paix," that sublime appeal to the brotherhood of nations, will finally express a reality, in spite of the temporary checks it suffered from Bismarck and William II. in 1870 and 1914.

As for Victor Hugo—whose opinions were practically the same as Lamartine's — the Bonapartist reaction did not cause him to bury himself in sorrowful silence, like his celebrated emulator and friend. He played a part in the resistance to the coup d'état of the 2d of December, and consequently had to spend in exile the years until 1870. The violation of the Constitution by him who had sworn to be its guardian he branded as a crime in his immortal "Châtiments" — an eternal poetic masterpiece, as well as an unforgettable achievement of intransigeant political morality. It was something that had to be said—and it has had tangible results. It was Hugo's "Châtiments" that deterred General Boulanger from attempting a coup d'état.

But in spite of these excellent instances, to which I could add others —for example, the intellectuals in the Dreyfus affair—I believe that in general it is more advisable for writers not to wage war except with their own peculiar means—after all the most effective, as well as the most honorable; I mean with ideas and the pen. For in active battle one always loses something and becomes a bit contaminated; and this is particularly true in times of ardent conflicts. Take the French Revolution of 1789-1793. Who were its real authors? Voltaire, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Diderot, all philosophers of the eighteenth century of whom not one was a minister or anything of the sort. And so they have no blood on their hands like those who actually descended into the arena. Yet it is mainly to these great thinkers that we owe the benefits that, in these confused and turbulent times, have been realized by the executors of their powerful and noble ideals. The writer is the brain: the part of the arm belongs to others. It is simply a matter of division of labor.

In our day few professional men of letters have played an active rôle in politics; none, not even M. Maurice Barrès, has been of real significance. Though there has been a good deal of discussion of the connection between politics and literature, it has been only from a special point of view; but these discussions have attracted the attention of some foreign readers. A New Yorker once told me: "At times I think that French critics, more than those of England or America, are influenced in their literary judgments by their political affiliations." There is some truth in this, but only to a certain extent.

We must consider, first of all, that there are still monarchists in France, while there are none, as far as I know, in America, and practically no republicans in England. In France this political fact gives rise to the most profound divisions, especially in the literary world. For, as it happens, our monarchists, though few in number and without the support of the people, busy themselves with literature to an exceedingly great extent and use it as a political weapon. Thus one of the leaders of this little group, M. Léon Daudet, a spirited controversialist and a brilliant successor to men like Louis Veuillot and Barbey d'Aureville, has published a book entitled "Le stupide dix-neuvième siècle," which created quite a sensation. It is but natural that the nineteenth century should seem stupid to M. Léon Daudet; for it was the century of liberalism and humanitarianism, and, in spite of some storms, ended logically in the Third Republic, which has lasted for fifty-three years. But a stupid century could have produced only bad writers, with few exceptions; for literature is an expression of society—or perhaps society is an expression of literature; in any case there is undoubtedly a definite relationship between the two. So M. Léon Daudet's political beliefs lead him to proclaim as stupid a Victor Hugo, a Flaubert, a Stendhal, a Renan, and to deny the genius of our most esteemed masters, the literary glory of France. This is what one calls 100 per cent. nationalism. And with the utmost composure some critics, disciples of M. Léon Daudet, apply this criterion to their contemporaries; perhaps also some republican critics have at times done as much. But this latter case occurs less frequently, and M. Henri Béraud, recipient of the Prix Goncourt, has naïvely complained of it. I may mention, if I be permitted to speak of myself, that M. Henri Béraud, politically a republican, was very much surprised that in a literary controversy he was having with M. André Gide, I should have sided against him with M. Léon Daudet, whose political opinions I in no way share.

The point is that talent has nothing to do with opinions, and can be found in all parties. The critic may have an opinion, may even affiliate himself with a party, and defend it if need be; but he must recognize and laud talent no matter where he finds it. I, for my part, have never wittingly failed to observe this essential rule.

In Africa Day Dawns at Last

IN BRIGHTEST AFRICA. By Carl E. Akeley. Foreword by Henry Fairfield Osborn. Illustrated from photographs. 267 pp. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $5.

BRIGHTEST is a new adjective to apply to the African wilderness and Mr. Akeley's use of it connotes a change in the mental attitude of man toward the wilderness and its inhabitants. To Mr. Akeley it is "brightest Africa" because he is a signal exemplar of that revolutionized mental attitude which keeps the wilderness as a place of happy and confident cheerful adventure and its animal life creatures that challenge man's admiration, intellectual interest, sympathy, even his affection. Mr. Akeley's feeling for them is so strong that he says he feels like a murderer every time he shoots one of them for a museum specimen. He has made several trips to Africa to study its wild life and to collect specimens, the last one undertaken only three or four years ago for the special purpose of studying the gorilla in its native habitat, securing specimens for the American Museum of Natural History and arranging scenic backgrounds for the gorilla group. Some of the most interesting chapters of the book deal with this trip and with the conclusions concerning the gorilla to which the author has come. He demolishes the beliefs once held that the gorilla is arboreal and that it is a fierce and dangerous creature. Instead, he shows that it is a vegetarian and lives in amity with all its animal neighbors and would undoubtedly do so with man if he were as peaceable and kindly as the gorilla. He believes the creature to be at a stage of evolution that makes it very important for scientific study, but it is disappearing so rapidly beneath the deadly hand of man that unless a sanctuary can be provided for it where it can be preserved from destruction first hand study of it will soon become impossible. Mr. Akeley makes a suggestion for such a sanctuary and shows how easily and inexpensively it could be established.

The volume has much entertaining reminiscence of the author's various trips into the African wilderness. There are thrilling accounts of a bare-handed fight with a leopard, of the charge of an infuriated elephant, of a breathless contest with a grass fire, and many other adventures, while many pages tell of less dangerous but hardly less interesting experiences.

No one who has visited the American Museum of Natural History in New York City needs to be told what valuable work Mr. Akeley has done in the development of the art of taxidermy, which owes more to him than to any one else for the high level it has attained. The early chapters in this volume recount the steps by which he reached his splendid achievements and give an inkling of the ardor which constantly inspired him to help make "a great art" of taxidermy. And the final chapter shows that the same kind of zeal for his chosen work is still urging him on, for it describes his magnificent conception of a great African Hall for the American Museum, which shall be the culmination of his life's labors, an artistic masterpiece of museum exhibition to "perpetuate the animal life, the native customs and the scenic beauties of Africa." For a dozen years or more it has been his dearest dream. The animal groups for it are already well on their way, some of them are finished and on exhibition, and the whole scheme is planned and assured of completion. But Mr. Akeley expects to spend another ten years in rounding out its details and making it complete. The enthusiasm with which he describes this plan, its conception and development and what it is finally to be, is enough to fire even a dull imagination. But it is the same enthusiasm, the same ardor for a chosen occupation that glows all through the book and sets "In Brightest Africa" apart from other works of this kind.

"He Had a Natural Hatred for False Pretense"—Root

Grover Cleveland at Full Length in a New Biography

A Review by
SILAS BENT

GROVER CLEVELAND: The Man and the Statesman. By Robert McElroy; with an introduction by Elihu Root. In two volumes, 393 and 427 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THERE may have been somewhere, some time, a typical American, but Grover Cleveland wasn't it. He was too conservative to reflect the pioneer spirit. He was neither dramatic nor picturesque. He was not a "go-getter"; and in spite of sound thinking about banking and currency he had no business sense. He was neither a materialist nor a visionary. He was not even a politician; he was no orator, no campaigner, no glad-hander.

Painstaking genealogists have traced Cleveland's ancestry back to Isabel de Vermandois, who died in 1211, not long after the Norman Conquest; and the founder of the family in this country came over as an indentured apprentice in 1635. Nothing would have bored Cleveland more than such a study. He was not even interested in leaving a personal history, although a high price was offered for it. Nevertheless, when we learn that George Washington, Ulysses S. Grant and J. Pierpont Morgan were descended in direct lines from the same source, we begin to believe that blood does tell, after all. What disconcerts us is that Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson and Theodore Roosevelt were of the common stock.

None of these better represented Anglo-Saxon forebears than Grover Cleveland. He was obstinate, solid and stolid. Only great wrath aroused him. He had none of the qualities which go into the making of an agitator, a revolutionary or a demagogue. He had no use for swank and he hated pretense. As Mr. Root observes in the introduction to this authorized biography, he had "a strong instinct for detecting the essential quality of conduct by the application of old and simple tests of morality."

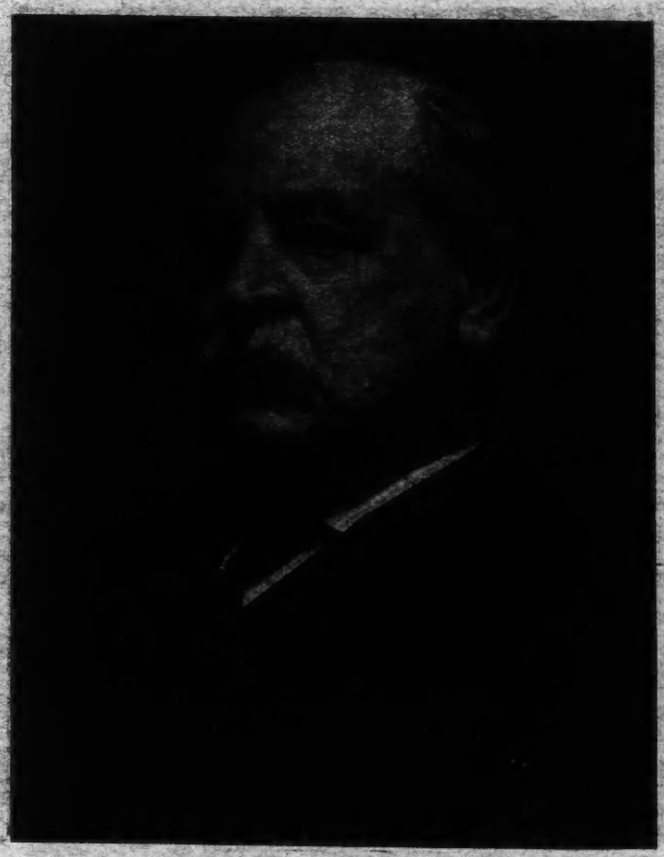
Instinctive application of old and simple tests did very well in dealing with Cleveland's duties as an assistant District Attorney, as Sheriff of Erie County, New York, and as Mayor of Buffalo. They even stood him in good stead in dealing with domestic politics as President. But in foreign affairs they got him into hot water. Diplomacy, which is by ambiguity out of duplicity, laughs at old and simple tests. Cleveland believed that no big nation had a right to bully a small one. He applied that principle at home in our treatment of the American Indian and abroad in our treatment of Hawaii. He disputed the theory of manifest destiny. He denied justification of aggression on the ground that aggression was for the good of the weak. He saw no reason why Great Britain and Germany should not follow the same line of conduct; and he came near getting us into war with each of them.

Near the close of Cleveland's first Administration, on Jan. 16, 1889, he sent a message to Congress which did not truly represent his views of Germany's conduct in Samoa. His real views are contained in the manuscript of another message which Professor McElroy found among his private papers; and in this he said it was certain that "war will be prosecuted by the great power of Germany against the natives of Samoa"; that a government would be established in the island which "will be one perhaps native in name, but German to all intents and purposes"; that it would be "entirely in accord with German interest and standing for German supremacy";

And still at all times the profession has been made by German representatives that the autonomy and independence of Samoa shall be maintained and our treaty rights respected.

There is every likelihood that if this peppery message had been sent Bismarck would have declared war. We are entitled to know why it wasn't sent, but if Professor McElroy knows or has any good ground for a theory, he sees fit to keep quiet about it. That, perhaps, is one of the handicaps of being an "authorized" biographer. At any rate, Benjamin Harrison inherited the Samoan affair from the Cleveland Administration. Even as things stood, Robert Louis Stevenson, who was in Samoa, wrote that "Germany and the States, at least in Apia Bay [Rear-Admiral Kimberly had been sent thither with three ships] were on the brink of war." Three German warships were there, and one British. At that critical juncture a providential hurricane overwhelmed all of them except the British vessel. "Thus," says Stevenson:

> * * * within the duration of a single day the sword arm of each of the two angry powers was broken; their formidable ships reduced to junk; their disciplined hundreds to a horde of castaways. * * * The so-called hurricane of March 16 made thus a marking epoch in world history; directly, and at once, it brought about the Congress and Treaty of Berlin; indirectly, and by a process still continuing, it founded the modern navy of the States.



Grover Cleveland.

Photo © Pach.

The American delegates to the Congress of Berlin cabled that the Iron Chancellor "flew into terrible rage" whenever they opposed his desire for German domination in the Samoan group of islands. Blaine, who was Secretary of State, cabled back: "The extent of the Chancellor's irritability is not the measure of American rights." The British delegates stood with those from this country, and a tri-power control of Samoa was established, thus enmeshing the United States again in "foreign entanglements." It served during the balance of Harrison's term; and when Cleveland returned to the White House he found that the Samoan dispute, which he might have brought to a head with that suppressed message, was still on his hands. Nor did he solve the problem. After he had left office Great Britain and Germany made a dicker by which the latter surrendered her Samoan claims for certain concessions elsewhere, and the treaty was abrogated. The United States was thus reduced to her status of 1872, with a sphere in Tutuila and the harbor of Pago-Pago.

Cleveland came to loggerheads with Great Britain both in the matter of the Alaskan fisheries and of the Venezuelan boundary. He tried to settle the fisheries dispute by means of a treaty, but the Senate would have none of it. His treaty of arbitration with Great Britain suffered a like fate. The dispute about Venezuela involved the Monroe Doctrine, which this country seems ready to fight for at the drop of the hat; and the incident is sometimes cited by orators as a fine example of twisting the lion's tail, although it was settled peaceably near the close of Cleveland's second term by a treaty which Great Britain found eminently satisfactory.

In the domestic realm Cleveland's services to his country were more conspicuously well grounded. He did not so often find it necessary to sit tight with a pair of sevens and bluff his way through. (His biographer, by the way, avers that he played poker only for negligible stakes.) His stand for "sound" money drew upon him the eloquent objurgations of William Jennings Bryan and the slander of smaller political fry. His insistence on the repeal of the purchasing clause in the Sherman Silver act made him anathema to the farmers in particular and to that large body of citizens—larger in that day than now, it is to be hoped—whose minds were muddled about economics. He left office under a cloud, and it was years before he regained his immense personal prestige; but time has justified him fully.

After Roosevelt became President, Cleveland figured in a coal strike of that day in a way not known then to the public. He had no special sympathy with the Colonel, although the younger man had upheld his hand when Cleveland was Governor of New York; and he felt considerable trepidation as he watched the youngest President's rapid and dramatic course. He didn't understand that way of conducting the nation's highest office; he thought it undignified and he distrusted it. But Roosevelt had a great admiration for Cleveland, and liked to say that he "was very fond of the old fellow." So in the coal strike of 1902 he planned to employ Cleveland's regained personal influence in behalf of a settlement.

This was after Roosevelt had called the leader of the miners and the Presidents of the anthracite coal companies into conference in an effort to make peace. "There was only one person there who bore himself like a gentleman," he confessed afterward, "and it wasn't I." It was John Mitchell, leader of the United Mine Workers. The mine owners refused to arbitrate. They insisted that Roosevelt should help them break the strike. They boasted afterward that they had turned down the miners, and the President, too.

Cleveland read a newspaper account of the meeting and wrote to Roosevelt, suggesting that a truce be called for the production of coal until public necessities could be met. He thought the operators might do this to save their faces. "If you pardon my presumption in thus writing you," he said, "I promise never to do it again." But Roosevelt had another plan. He decided to threaten the operators with an investigation by a commission so commanding in its personnel as to insure popular support, and Cleveland's letter gave him the opening to name as head of the commission a man of pre-eminent prestige. Cleveland consented to act and sold what stock he had in coal-carrying railroads at a sacrifice of $2,500 (no negligible sum for him) in order to be free-handed.

But the sacrifice went for nothing. When Roosevelt sent Elihu Root to tell Pierpont Morgan, "the man best able to influence the operators," that a "man whose word would have the ear of the nation, Grover Cleveland," was about to investigate the natural monopoly of anthracite, Morgan got the operators together in a hurry. They decided that they would rather have arbitration than an investigation under Cleveland's direction; and they consented with a fine gesture to arbitration by one judge, one engineer of the army or navy, one mining expert, one eminent sociologist and one man experienced in mining coal. Cleveland, as they intended, could not be fitted into this category, which Roosevelt accepted, and the invitation that he serve was withdrawn. It is a pity he did not have an opportunity to apply "old and simple tests of morality" to the coal operators. Perhaps we would have escaped the annual strikes since then, with annual increases in the price of anthracite.

Cleveland was a party man in the sense that he regarded the two-party system as a necessary of republican government; and a politician in the sense that he considered it a duty to register an opinion at the polls. But he was not partisan enough to bow to the bosses, nor politician enough to reward campaign workers at the public crib. Yet he was the only President ever re-elected after a defeat. The skeptic will wonder whether this man, who scorned appeal to the voter through campaign oratory, ignored personal slander and declined to take the public into his confidence on important issues, could be as successful in this day as he was in an earlier generation; for his primary appeal was that he was a Northerner and a Democrat, and therefore, as Mr. Root observes, available in

> the new issues which the developing life of the country was bringing on and which did not at all depend upon the old Civil War divisions. * * * He had strong common sense, simplicity and directness without subtlety, instinctive and immovable integrity, perfect courage, a kindly nature with great capacity for friendship and with great capacity also for wrath which made him a dangerous man to trifle with.

In those compact phrases Cleveland the statesman and his successes are explained as nearly as they are likely to be explained. Cleveland the man had appealing characteristics. He sent back a fine hunting dog to the donor because as President he had little time for hunting, so that to keep him "wouldn't be fair to the dog." His letter declining financial assistance from Andrew Carnegie—this was in 1902 when Cleveland had long since left office and knew he would never return to it—is admirable. Admitting that he had looked with much anxiety to the future, "and contemplated the time when the mother of my children would have to bear the burden of their care and maintenance alone," he said:

> But how can I ever bring myself to accept the private benefaction you suggest? And how can I take it from you, who in no sense owe me anything, but have always been a warm and disinterested friend? * * * I ask you to allow me to pull and worry along in my own way—with permission to go to you when the fates are so hard with me that I must have a strong friendly hand; and whether I have this permission or not, let me assure you that your kindness and what you have offered to do will always remain among my most cherished possessions.

Cleveland wrote Mrs. John Grier Hibben—whose husband at that time had not ascended to the Presidency of Princeton—that a "tramp boy" had "trespassed" upon his premises when the second son was born. It was the third child, and Cleveland took it a little more calmly than he did the arrival of baby Ruth. "The shameless, naked little scoundrel weighed over nine pounds," he told Mrs. Hibben, and he publicly announced to his neighbors at Buzzards Bay that on his fishing scales the newcomer registered nine pounds and a half. "The extra half pound," he explained, "is a matter of special and private arrangement between me and the scales. By this statement I satisfy all my conscientious scruples and disdain any attempt to gain credit for half a pound more increase in the population than I am entitled to."

Eighteen months later little Ruth Cleveland fell ill, so the doctors said, of tonsilitis. But it proved to be diphtheria, and on Jan. 8, 1904, Cleveland recorded in his diary, in a trembling and almost illegible hand, "We buried our daughter, Ruth, this morning."

Those who are old enough (and fortunate enough) to have read "The Honorable Peter Stirling" when it was a best seller will understand, when they see the man Cleveland bodied forth from this biography, why he was commonly supposed to have inspired that novel. But Paul Leicester Ford did no better by his hero than Grover Cleveland did, unconsciously, by himself.

Great Britain's Historical Melting Pot

Romans and Ancient Men Who Invaded England

One of the Great Trilithons, Stonehenge.

A Review by
CHARLES DE KAY

THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN. By Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, Professor of Anthropology, St. Michael's College, Toronto. Maps, 65 illustrations. Large 8vo. 244 pp. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 1923.

ANCIENT MAN IN BRITAIN. By Donald A. Mackenzie. With Foreword by G. Elliot Smith, F. R. S. Large 8vo, illustrations, 257 pp. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1923. $4.50.

WHEN we reflect on the history of Great Britain it is hard to realize that having conquered it the Romans held it for more than 400 years, not merely by establishing entrenched camps and walled military towns, but by founding colonies, erecting long walls against the barbarians of the north and keeping fleets to overawe attacks from the Baltic and the Irish Sea. After the legions were withdrawn, so complete was the ruin of civilization through internal and external enemies that towns were deserted and the materials of which they were built carried off by succeeding generations to supply the stone for churches and farms, roadbeds and limekilns. During the last century the darkness which has hung about the first Christian centuries in England was somewhat lifted by a more thorough examination of the sites of cities due to the Romans. As the Scandinavian settlers in Ireland were the first town-builders there, so the Romans were the first to build towns in Great Britain. When Rome withdrew her army, the old hatred of the city felt by the men of village and farm, cave and fen, surged up again and wreaked its fury on those who put their trust in walls. The ruin was so thorough that the people lost the knowledge of such methods, for instance, as the Romans introduced to counteract the dampness of the climate by warming the floors and walls of villas with hypocausts, although the foundations of such buildings remained to show them exactly how it was done. Indeed, it may be observed that down to the present day the British of the countryside have failed to take the hint.

Sir Bertram C. A. Windle is a Professor of Ethnology at Toronto University. He has written about prehistoric England, a second edition having recently appeared, and he is the author of a book on the old walled town of Chester, whence the black oak furniture comes. The present volume, "The Romans in Britain," is founded on lectures delivered at Toronto which were intended primarily to give a picture of the kind of life led in Britain during the Roman occupation. Sir Bertram is not a Canadian, but an Englishman who has walked and cycled far and wide in his own land and visited many of the sites of the Roman towns he mentions. In the chapter on Britain before Julius Caesar's raids he says:

> At the time when the Romans came in contact with Britain, besides the remnants of the Neolithic folk no doubt existing in considerable numbers in the western part of the island and especially in what we call Wales, there were Belgae, mainly if not exclusively in the south; Brythons in many parts, but especially in the south and east, and Goidels more or less in the west and north. In Scotland and in Ireland many of the last-named peoples, with Neoliths, seem to have formed the population. Of these Keltic tribes this may be said with certainty, as regards the Continent and, indeed, as regards the British Isles, that they never showed themselves capable of creating a great empire or even a stable State. They gathered themselves into loose tribal communities — small independent communities separated from one another—of a type which may roughly be designated as republican on the Continent, but presided over by Kings on the islands; Kings one may call them for want of a better word, but they had but a small modicum of power and were not infrequently deposed. Moreover, the position was an elective one, and in some cases the successor, who was by no means necessarily the next of kin to the existing ruler, was elected during the lifetime of the latter, which cannot always have been quite a comfortable arrangement for the monarch of the day.

After noting the heavily wooded character of the island, its marshes and fenlands, its early seaports now many miles from the sea, Sir Bertram gives a map showing the chief tribes, such as the Brigantes of Yorkshire; the Parisii, supposed to have come from the valley of the Seine; the Coritavi, about Sherwood Forest; the Iceni and Catuvellauni, the Trinovantes and Cantii—four important tribes of Eastern England—the Atrebates, Belgae and Regni of the south.

The reason why Rome held Britain at great cost of army and navy was that Gaul and Spain should be secured from invasion by the turbulent and piratical tribes it contained. As to the ethnic mixture found by the Romans we are told about the Neolithic people, builders of Stonehenge, Avebury and other remains in earth and stonework, a people with long skulls, followed by a round-skulled people, who are thought to have brought with them the discovery of bronze. He does not postulate, however, another race entering from the Continent before the Celts which belonged to the Turk-Magyar-Finnish folk, although the myths, legends and place-names of the British Islands have traces of them. Instead, he passes at once to the Celts.

It is among the humors of historical and national comment that the modern Europeans, and some Americans, are prone to allusions in a somewhat superior air to the mixture of nations in America. Yet Germany, France, Spain and the British Islands rose out of a hodge-podge of people very different one from another in speech, looks and character. The Romans added to Great Britain a curious assortment of people by settling old soldiers as colonists, these soldiers coming from all the Mediterranean shores as well as from the Rhine Valley, Belgium, Holland and the Baltic. When to these we add Angles, Saxons and Jutes, Norse and Danes, Normans and Brittany folk—the word Anglo-Saxon seems a misnomer unless it be used as a makeshift to cover all the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland since the Conquest. It would be hard to imagine a more complete mixture. One may add that to call the present and recent population of Ireland Celts is one of those extravagances only possible to the ignorant and to the wily politician who speaks of Ireland as Keltic with his tongue in his cheek.

But into these clashful topics Sir Bertram does not enter. He wants to show where ran the famous Roman roads—in speaking of which as the greatest roads in the world, an equal or perhaps a greater claim might be made for those built by the Incas in Peru; he considers with much detail the sites of Romano-British towns and camps, shows altars, statues, mosaic floors and other remains architectural and fictile—glass, pottery, bronzes. In which connection a protest may be entered concerning the "Head of the Gorgon," figure 25, Page 116, a bas-relief found at Bath. It is a god, not a female demon—Borvo or Mormo, not Gorgo—very likely the local deity of hot springs such as those on the Continent from which the Bourbons inherited their name.

Interesting and plausible enough is the theory (p. 187) that the Druids belonged not to the Celts but to an earlier race in the British Islands subjugated by successive Keltic waves, the conquerors having been won over by the higher brains of the priesthood. In the chapter on "Religious Memorials" various Keltic deities equated with Latin are touched upon, such as Mars, Neptune, Minerva, Diana, and the efforts are considered whereby Roman statesmen hoped to weld the unwieldy empire together round the worship of the Caesar enthroned, efforts repeated in the Middle Ages by the Christian Church of Rome.

Speaking (p. 151) about the Roman method of central heating of floors and walls, is not the author mistaken when he says: "None has been found further north than the Vale of York"? In Cumberland on the River Esk there is a fine example on Lord Muncaster's land, the ruins of a Roman villa which faced the Irish Sea over against Man, which shows this practical method of heating. And speaking of the withdrawal of the Romans (p. 39) "The year 407 is usually given as that in which the legions were finally withdrawn." Other dates have been proposed—410, 411 and 412 A. D. But now comes Professor John Bury of Cambridge to state that in 428 the Romans had some 50,000 soldiers in Britain, and Roman rule continued there as late as 441 and perhaps even later.

There is a list of books to consult, there are many illustrations and maps and a good index.

The loose cover of "Ancient Man in Britain" sports a map of scrambled geography on which the Elbe and the Rhine meet somewhere west of Norway, the Thames joins the Rhine about the region of the Dogger Bank, the English Channel consists of a river running into the Bay of Biscay, there is only a Baltic Lake, but to the northwest Europe stretches up beyond the Orkneys, Shetlands and Faroes toward Iceland and beyond. This gives one an idea of the antiquity of man in Europe and bespeaks the intention of Donald Mackenzie to make a thorough job of it when he sets out to explain the earliest as well as the ancient, the prehistoric as well as the Christianized man of Britain. He has written about myths and legends of Egypt, about those of Crete and Greece before the Hellenes arrived; the present work is in the same archaeological vein; it is written for the average educated reader, and, while it brings forward no important novelty for the antiquarian, it makes suggestions defining, limiting and arranging (to suit recent discoveries) such general terms as the Stone, Bronze and Iron Ages—Paleolithic, Neolithic. Thus he would postulate a pre-Agricultural Age, divided into a reindeer and an early red deer age. This would include the men who ate the wild horse, bison and mammoth and were eaten by the saber-toothed tiger. Next would come an Early Agricultural Age, divided into the pre-Keltic and the Keltic Ages. After that we have the Romano-British Age, divided into the Caledonian and the Early Scoto-Pictish Ages. Needless to say that somewhere in this vast perspective, after the ice-cap melted, the outline of Western Europe was greatly changed and a big section was cut off by the Channel, thus preventing the migration of land animals but facilitating rather than retarding the passage of the most savage animal of them all, "Homo Sapiens."

In view of the extreme ferocity shown by modern men to defend their own tongue and territory, and to seize on the lands about them with or without pretext, it is at least a cause of pondering to observe the performances of the men of olden time. Their inferiority to the moderns lay not in the will to slaughter, burn, spoil and rape, it lay solely in their inability to combine. They could not reach the heights of modern diabolism. This accounts for the extreme variety in the ethnic mixtures which are found all over Europe and particularly in Great Britain and Ireland. During the migration waves, the sporadic raids, the infiltration conquests, Homo Sapiens wished to destroy everybody and everything, just like our people of today; but (bless him!) he could not manage it. When war stopped he was glad he had not, because there remained serfs and slaves to do his work. Thus ethnologists believe not only that the Angles, Jutes and Saxons did not make a clean sweep of the British conquered folk, but that in much earlier periods before the Roman occupation the various Keltic invaders from Gaul did not exterminate the tribes they subdued in Great Britain and Ireland but made them pay tribute. Instead of enjoying the immediate felicity of wading in blood these invaders, pre-Keltic, Keltic, Teutonic, Danish, Norman, had to compromise for the more lasting advantages of a ruling caste. So it is that a French savant believes he finds, in the modern population near the limestone caves which yield wonderful mural paintings, descendants of the very remote people the Cro-Magnons, who wrought them. Others see traces among living men of a glacial people akin to the Eskimo, a people who lived on the reindeer and perhaps had already tamed it. Physical traits of mining and fisher folk of Cornwall and Wales seem to warrant the belief that the people still show certain marks of North African blood—not inherited perhaps directly from Carthage but from Cadiz, Lisbon and other ports of Punic trade.

The Stone Age man of Britain was clever enough to trepan a skull to relieve pressure on the brain. His saws were small, but served to cut bows and arrow shafts. The teeth of them are so fine that to see them one needs a magnifying glass. He ground corn in handmills, baked pottery, built wood-and-wattle plastered huts with thatch for roof, grew flax for shirts and trews, spun, wove and knitted, and undoubtedly knew how to cross the British and Irish Rivers and channels in seaworthy boats of osier, wood and hides. Before him existed in Britain the low-browed, handy-legged, stooping creature, whom Shakespeare seems to have reconstructed in Cal-

(Continued on Page 15)

The "Newport Arch" (Roman North Gate), Lincoln.

The Thunderous Hugo and Gentle Juliette Druet

A Slave Who Knew Her Lord Could Do No Wrong

A Review by
CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

VICTOR HUGO: HIS WORK AND LOVE. By Lieut. Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, D. S. O. With Eight Illustrations. George H. Doran Company.

JULIETTE DRUET quit the stage as a star, gave up her career and lived with Hugo as his wife for the remaining fifty years of her life. Her conception of this relation was that she was the slave and he the lord, that she should give up everything and he nothing, and in all this she summed up very prettily Hugo's conception of it, too. Years ago Mr. Dooley gave us a convulsing picture of the "Home Life of Geniuses" in which Claude, the great composer, has his temperament ruined on a chord because his soulless wife forgets to go out for the beer. The only difference we note here is that Juliette never refused. Colonel Haggard, who seems to share Hugo's view—it was indeed prevalent among the great man's friends—holds up his hands in delicate admiration over the good-natured way in which Victor would pass over Juliette's gentle cautions against his infidelities, which he could always kiss into a smile. Ah, what a lovely, what an irresistible temperament had Victor! All the same he would not let her go out of the house and was as jealous as a dramatic critic.

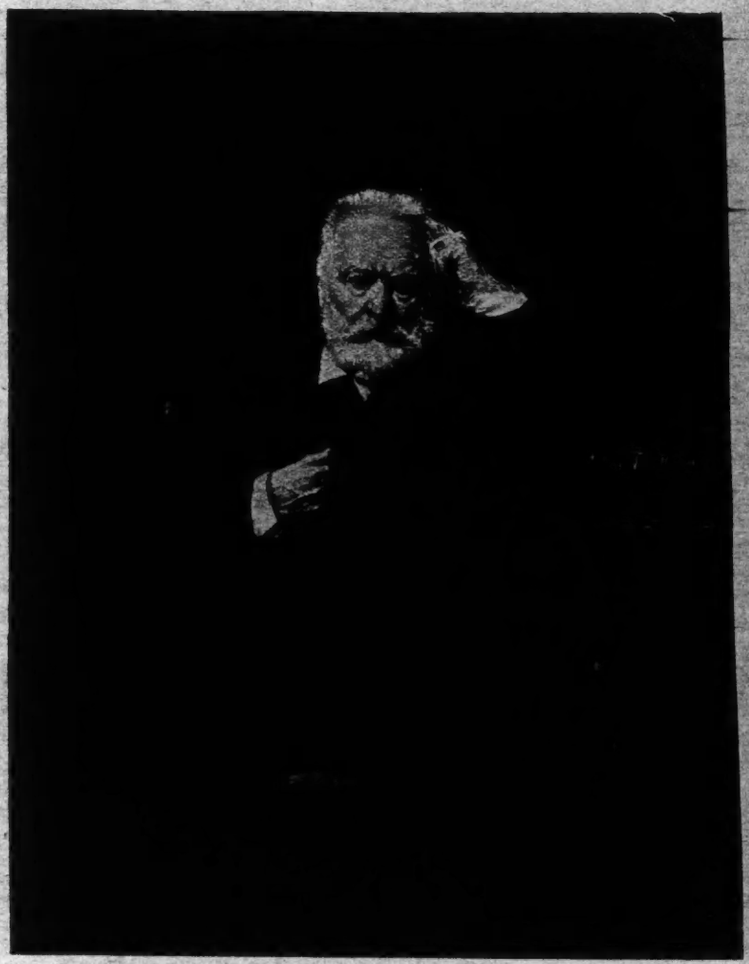
This Juliette was a beauty when she began her fifty years' constabulary duty, which covered everything from helping him escape constables to building up fairylike homes in every place to which his irresistible tendency to eloquent blackguardism got him exiled. In their later years she and Mme. Hugo became warm friends, for by that time Adele, who had first driven Victor into infidelities through her own and through her utter neglect of him, had settled down into a placid admiration of the thunder-wielder which she was amiably prepared to share with Juliette as long as that charming person did all the home-building and supplied a general aroma of happiness for everybody concerned.

Victor's own description of his part in trying to prevent the coup d'etat is funny enough to make a cat laugh, for anybody except one to whom all things are good that Hugo makes. No satirist could better describe how he and his republican comrades ran around like hens with their heads cut off, upholding the cause of the 50,000 against the 7,000,000, until Juliette drew him firmly indoors and made him take off his hat and coat and stop being naughty. She must have given him a severe lecture for once, for though Victor could not be restrained from blasting Louis Napoleon with his "l'Historie d'un Crime" in writing, somebody prevented him from printing it until twenty years later, when Napoleon III. was off the throne and running to England to occupy the place where Victor had shone for two decades. When it came out it was fierce enough, but Juliette did not care. She had saved her Victor again.

But in 1851 Victor was persistently running around trying to play a squab Robespierre, or a baby Camille Desmoulins, or else one of his own heroes of the barricade, Marius, Enjolras, Joly, or the others. But Juliette always saved him in time. Nobody has laughed at Robespierre or Camille to this day. Lucille Desmoulins still remains the type of true and heroic wives, but it was not Victor Hugo she had to govern.

Napoleon III., a businesslike and level-headed person, was willing enough to let Juliette save Victor's life. Victor had shut up, and that was all Napoleon wanted. We next see Juliette establishing Victor in a little court of his own in the island of Jersey, where he did just as he pleased and became rapidly more famous until he began assailing the Queen of England with objectionable language because she had made a pact with Napoleon III. The more he was advised to keep a civil tongue in his head toward his benefactress and hostess, the less he and his friends took the advice, until one of his court attacked the Queen's moral reputation over his signature, and was backed up by Victor. In England that sort of thing was not done; in fact, a word against Victoria was not pleasantly received anywhere in the world. Victor had a narrow escape from having his house burned down, and got off to Guernsey by the tail of his coat. The Queen passed by as if some troublesome flies had been good enough to disappear, the French heroes of '48 settled into that quiet in Guernsey from which Napoleon III. had disturbed them in Paris with the coup d'etat, the people of Guernsey had nothing to provoke them, and the imperturbable Juliette went there and built up a new ménage, a new salon, a new court, where Victor lived with his tongue between his teeth and wrote novels until the downfall of the empire made it safe for him to go back to France. And there he lived unpopularly at first, though gradually gaining great honors, the reflection of which fell upon Juliette, the story of whose lifelong devotion was known to all.

There is no great reason to pity Juliette. We have told the story so as to strip the rags of silly sentimentality from it; yet, that done, it remains true that Victor and Juliette were two of the great lovers of history, though with imperfections on his side. The only imperfection on hers was a lovable one—everything he did was good in her eyes, even when he withheld from her some things to which so true a lover as she was entitled—fidelity, for instance. She never withheld that from him. In this aspect Victor becomes a common cad, or if he does not, then what word is there for a man of the world to describe him by? We need not much consider the cold-blooded and selfish wife, who threw away Victor's fidelity in his early and passionate years. But then she never would have made anything of him, whereas it is in large part to Juliette that we owe that human monument known to the world as Victor Hugo.



Victor Hugo.

As for Victor's vanity, egotism and irresponsibility, which led to such scenes as those of his famous salon and his ridiculous counter-revolution in 1851, they are merely spots on the sun, as is the case with so many great writers, Swinburne, Dickens, Marlowe, all differing in kind. There is no doubt that Juliette was perfectly satisfied with her bargain. She was beautiful, clever as well, but the chances are that she would never have gotten anywhere if it had not been for Hugo. She does not seem to have had any special flair for the stage and only starred with great success once. In her other theatrical stunts she was not much of a success, although Théophile Gautier took the trouble to give a description of her as a beauty before she met Victor. Frédier, who felt responsible for her start, put her on the stage because he did not know what else to do with her. It was there that she met Hugo, and it was after several semi-failures and semi-successes that she passed up the stage for good and went off to spend all the rest of her life with him. She died two years before he did. She was his governor and, to all intents, his wife. Adèle Hugo remained his wife in name, but never took the slightest interest in him, nor did he in her.

Colonel Haggard's book is only a popular one, of a kind very familiar just now. Most of these, without research, take some well-known character and make up a handy memoir of him, without great interest in him of apparently in their public. Few of them are without great faults or great virtues. Colonel Haggard does not commit the fault of taking sides, although he apparently follows the general tendency of Hugo's friends not to inquire much into his treatment of the woman who gave her whole life to him. She got what she regarded as sufficient return in his love and in his carrying her along with him as he grew famous and popular. But Colonel Haggard commits a serious sin in devoting numberless chapters to telling the plots of Hugo's novels. Those who have read them do not care to hear them retold in any less splendid way, and those who have not will not want that future pleasure spoiled by having the same story told beforehand in an inferior way. The book, like most of such memoirs, has no index, though it is handsomely illustrated. The poems collected are well chosen and printed in French.

Maladies of Europe and an Original Remedy

THE MALADY OF EUROPE. By M. E. Ravage. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

MR. RAVAGE'S statement of the causes of Europe's malady is interesting and original. The people of Europe, he says, are living in a haunted house; the spectre of aggression and oppression waves its ghostly arms over every nation of the Continent. Fear results in a madness of armaments and intrigue, a policy everywhere of hamper your neighbor in every possible way. So Europe decays and the intellectual classes starve. And yet there is as much unity culturally in Europe as there is division politically. The common heritage of Greece and Rome and Christianity has brought all the nations to a plane where they could understand each other and co-operate, if they would.

So far so good with Mr. Ravage. Then he plunges into a war post-mortem which is not original and not true. His book is a good example of that kind of writing which we may attribute to war psychology. It is a triumph of understatement and overstatement, a long and impassioned stump speech. He repeats the familiar arguments of the extreme liberal and radical schools. He believes, apparently, that the only really trustworthy chancellery in Europe is the one at Moscow;—he can find excuses for the German militarism which plunged the world into war but none for the French use of arms to collect damages; he repeats the slander that "America was in the end pushed in [the war] not on any clear-cut issue of international right but on pretexts trumped up by the handful in her midst who had developed a vested interest in intervention." He can find no word strong enough to pronounce the deep damnation of the Treaty of Versailles and holds up the German refusal to pay reparation as a fine fight for the right. He will have nothing to do with the League—it is tainted with the old diplomacy. He is fairer to ex-President Wilson than a writer like Keynes, for instance, but he feels he must patronize the American leader like all the rest of those who have drunk the milk of True Liberalism.

The cure Mr. Ravage offers for Europe's malady is highly original. It is that America should assume for the time being the reparations burden, thus:

> We could very simply take over the German reparations debt, issue treasury bonds to our own people under the guarantee of the United States Government, and with the money thus obtained go in and rebuild the devastated areas ourselves, with the advice and co-operation, of course, of the States concerned. There need be but one string attached to this offer. For the moment the bonds should constitute a lien on the resources of the German Nation. But only temporarily. The statesmen of the Entente must agree to a reopening of the whole question at a reconvened Peace Conference and abide by the apportionment of the reparations debt as decided by that conference. Should that decision place the responsibility for the damage caused in northern France and in Belgium on Europe as a whole, the bonds would become redeemable not by Germany alone but by all the countries involved in the war.

There you have a program calculated to delight an Administration at Washington committed to "no entanglements" in Europe!

There is one other important step. Mr. Ravage would have America ally herself with the Labor parties of Europe to put an end to militarism and restore peace and prosperity. When he says America does he means the American Government? But how can the Government ally itself with a minority party in another country? Is it possible Mr. Ravage is proposing to Mr. Hughes the brilliant example of the Soviet foreign office? It has not hesitated to seek alliances with Labor parties and Communist parties, and, according to revelations no further away than London, has been willing to put up ready money, provided the matter was kept quiet. But from what Mr. Hughes has said in the past about the Soviet way of doing business, there is little reason to believe he will take up their way of bringing peace to Europe.

Bards of New England and New York

Poems of Places and a Light Guitar

NEW HAMPSHIRE: A Poem With Notes and Grace Notes. By Robert Frost. Illustrated with woodcuts by J. J. Lankes. 113 pp. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

ELLEN PRIOR. By Alice Brown. 178 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company.

LESS LONELY. By Alfred Kreymborg. 110 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

THE LIGHT GUITAR. By Arthur Guiterman. 231 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

WHETHER or not Mr. Robert Frost is America's leading poet is a question that need not be argued here. There are many who insist that he is, and even those who do not find themselves able to subscribe to the Frost cult will hasten to admit that a new book of verse by this stalwart wielder of the pen is a literary event of no small magnitude, and that a poet of so many rugged and unique virtues, so many homely graces of style, should at least be widely read, even though he is not to be worshiped. And there can be little doubt that Frost is one of the most interesting figures in the modern field of American poetry. He suggests Wordsworth in more aspects than one. Like the Bard of Rydal Mount, his interest is in humanity seen against a background of nature; like him also he moves serenely, scorning all little men with little minds. If to one who reads superficially both Wordsworth and Frost seem to have little passion because their lines do not flash and blaze, it is because their passion is a fire smoldering too deep down for such eyes to see. On the other hand, Frost is not of Wordsworth's stature. Wordsworth could glimpse

> The light that never was, on sea or land,

and even if he could not quite grasp and hold it, he could at least make others believe they had glimpsed it too. Frost dreams of the light; he does not quite succeed in glimpsing it himself, or in making others glimpse it. But he comes near—very near.

The title of Mr. Frost's Autumn burgeoning is "New Hampshire: A Poem With Notes and Grace Notes," the title piece being a blank-verse monologue of nearly a score of pages in length. The total number of poems in the volume is close to half a hundred. The book has something of an autumnal aspect; there are vivid colors here and there, like trees that stand out in their Fall dress against a hillside of brown or quiet green. For the most part, however, it is a monotone which greets the eye. And, at the risk of carrying the figure too far, it is a landscape mostly of rocks rather than a landscape of trees and foliage. One would not say that it is a forbidding landscape; but it is not a welcoming one. Every line of the book is authentic of the North, where nature shrouds herself in a veil that one must penetrate before her beauty and her calm majesty become apparent. Tennyson called the North "dark and true and tender." Robert Frost, from the outset of his career as a poet, has felt this, caught it, and ruggedly, at the same time delicately, portrayed it. And he has never been more successful than in the present book. Frost is a harmony of contradictions. He has just been likened to Wordsworth. And far as he would seem to be from Shelley, he is also like Shelley in one respect—he is ever on the quest of beauty, of intellectual beauty. But he searches (and finds) where Shelley would never have thought to look (and where he could never have found it if he had looked)—on the bare mountainside, on the leafless tree, in the narrowly bounded lives of farmer-folk in the State that "has only specimens," yielding nothing commercial.

> Just specimens is all New Hampshire has,
> One each of everything, as in a show-case,
> Which naturally she doesn't care to sell.

These "specimens" are one President ("pronounce him Purse"); one Daniel Webster, and "the Dartmouth needed to produce him"; one "Family"; and

> She has a touch of gold. New Hampshire gold—
> But not gold in commercial quantities.
> Just enough gold to make the engagement rings
> And marriage rings of those who owned the farm.
> What gold more innocent could one have asked for?

It is the key to the poem, to all the poems in the book, and to Robert Frost—just gold enough for the profounder uses of gold, not in quantities. "New Hampshire" is a philosophical utterance, but it is not a sermon, or, if it is a sermon, it is savored with a humor that is mellow without being acid; a humor Yankee in flavor but free of the Yankee twang. It's "restful," says the poet at the close, "just to think about New Hampshire":

> At present I am living in Vermont.

Among the "Notes and Grace Notes" are several short pieces—they seem too unconventional for the conventional term "lyric"—which stand out challengingly. It is unfortunate that this one, called "Fire and Ice," is marred by the weakness of the line before the close:

> Some say the world will end in fire,
> Some say in ice.
> From what I've tasted of desire
> I hold with those who favor fire.
> But if it had to perish twice,
> I think I know enough of hate
> To say that for destruction ice
> Is also great,
> And would suffice.

And this one, "Dust of Snow," is delicate with the sensitiveness of the poet to the minor touch in nature:

> The way a crow
> Shook down on me
> The dust of snow
> From a hemlock tree
> Has given my heart
> A change of mood
> And saved some part
> Of a day I had rued.

This is the sort of thing any of us "might do," but the sort of thing none but a poet ever does do. Hence the reason for poets—and the need.

Also of New England, and even more austerely so, is Alice Brown's dramatic pastoral (one might almost call it a dramatic epic) "Ellen Prior." In this narrative poem of close to 200 pages, done in rhymed couplets, there is vigor of presentation combined with occasional passages of great lyric beauty, clear and authentic characterization, and cumulative power as the story marches to is tragic dénouement. The author states that she might have thrown "Ellen Prior" into dramatic form rather than into the form she chose, and while this is true, her choice was probably a wise one, as the story would have lost the softening effect of the lyric passages, and would have tended to become almost overwhelming in its sombreness. But had she chosen the dramatic form she would have had a play as dourly New England as Owen Davis's "Icebound," and one of even greater power.

The story of "Ellen Prior" is the tragedy of a girl with a blind mother who loves and marries a young farmer, only to discover that he is "hard as nails an' flint," and that he has taken her to wife less for love of herself than to possess the valuable wood lot left her by her father. The seasonal changes of Windom Woods furnish a key to the changing mood of the story; the story is cleverly projected against the background of the changing trees. It is within the shade of Windom that Ellen meets for the first time the farmer, Robert Wayne, and those novelists who think that they must go to medical textbooks to learn how to portray transition from girlhood to womanhood might study this with profit.

> One afternoon Ellen was hurrying back
> Along the logging road, a ferny track
> In Windom Woods. * * *

Wood Cuts By J. J. Lankes.

From Robert Frost's "New Hampshire."

> She had not heard of wandering gods, nor Pan.
> She stopped to listen. Was there something coming,
> Silent, yet vast enough to mute a thrumming
> The hand of life keeps fretting from the strings
> When silent spaces chime to little things,
> Feet, pinions, throat, the ever-seeking strife,
> The myriad moving city of green life?
> She stood there still; slim, golden, ivory, fair,
> The sun's bright, envious arrow on her hair,
> Arbutus pink—or wilding rose—uncurled
> On her fair skin, with pollen overpearled.
> In sooth, that day a miracle befell:
> Roses in snow, as calendared saints might tell.
> I lack the words to set her beauties forth.
> I only know the earth, from south to north,
> Had lent its dole to dower her body's pride,
> As if she were the very season's bride.
> Richness lay there, such as long laid-up ships
> Brought Solomon from Tarshish. For her lips
> Rose coral, over ivory blanched to white,
> Veiled jewels for her eyes, alive with light,
> Amber her hair, and silver cunningly
> O'erspreading her soft flesh no eye might see.

It would be unfair to the author to tell the story of "Ellen Prior," for the reader should be permitted to have it unroll before his eyes. Suffice it to say that there is great originality of plot; and if some crudenesses in handling are to be found, they are amply atoned for. The hardness of Robert Wayne is not overdrawn, but it is put crudely at the crucial point of the story. In a lapse from her high level of artistry the author permits him to speak in terms that are too direct. She should have left his meaning not quite clear, to be enlarged upon by the mind of Ellen, already made morbid and slightly deranged, from bearing in silence his many cruelties. On the other hand, Alice Brown handles with such consummate skill the death of Ellen that any jury would be obliged, on the evidence, to acquit the other woman of the triangle of murder, although thoroughly convinced of her guilt. "Ellen Prior" is one of the poetic and dramatic achievements of the year.

Alfred Kreymborg's many followers in the modern school of democratic poets and poetasters are likely to gnash their teeth over his new book of poems, "Less Lonely," for in it the Leader clearly announces his apostasy. It may be that when they get to heaven they will find him, like Browning's "Lost Leader," the "first by the throne," but he can no longer be trusted here to march at the head of the Free Vernifiers. Kreymborg not only has taken up form—and in "a serious way," as Hermione would put it—but also he has embraced the sonnet! To be sure, most of the pieces in "Less Lonely" are still in the author's old manner, but under the title of "Madonna di Campagna" Kreymborg presents some thirty-odd sonnets, inspired by Italian subjects, of such uniform excellence that the reader is convinced the poet will go far if he follows up his new venture. There are not a few crudities, to say nothing of a considerable number of false rhymes. And the sonnets are rather lacking in that fluidity of line, that not-to-be-analyzed but sensible blending of thought and expression which are the end and aim of this highly erudite yet supremely artistic form. But there is vigor of thought—as always with Kreymborg—and the perception of an appropriate beauty to clothe it in. Perhaps the best of the collection is a sonnet to which he gives the title "Quite High Enough or Low":

> O singular perception of the light
> Which churns on high and burns oblivion,
> Quite high enough or low to keep in sight
> Each bit of life before its breath is gone;
> Impersonal between the wrong and right;
> Detecting even what they hide who run
> Their dungeons deep and bury, fastened tight,
> Some man who dared the freedom of the sun;
>
> For then it runs a splinter down a hole,
> Some mouse, perhaps, once had the teeth to gnaw,

(Continued on Page 24)

Mr. Bennett Stops Boiling the Pot

LONDON.

THE two books that are certain to be most talked about here in the next few weeks are Arnold Bennett's "Ricey-man Steps" and Winston Churchill's second book on the war, "The World Crisis, 1915." Both should have a special interest for American readers, because Arnold Bennett is at once probably the most prolific and the best known of contemporary English front-rank novelists, and because Winston Churchill is not only the foremost figure in the English political world, but half American.

***

I confess that I looked forward without much hope to another book by Arnold Bennett. Until I read it I had regarded him as one of England's war losses. That great interruption and deflection deprived us of more than blood and treasure. it quenched infinitely more spiritual and creative fire than it kindled, and more than one English writer whom it found entering on his best and ripest period was so damaged by it that his career may be said to have ended in 1914. Nothing that Arnold Bennett has written since had been in my mind at all comparable with the great series of novels which he wrote round the Staffordshire pottery towns. He had, so to speak, fallen at a critical moment in his career, and it was not likely that he would rise again.

***

WELL, that, I am glad to say, was a mistake. In this new novel he comes back to the method he employed in his earlier works, and with the manner he has also recovered something of the spirit that made "The Old Wives' Tale" a true masterpiece of universal comedy and pathos. This new book is in plan as simple as a book could be; it is just a study of a year or two in the lives of two miserly people and their servant girl in a highly characteristic quarter of London. I wish the book and its spirit could be really appreciated by some of the younger school of novelists; it would be a wonderful lesson to them in treatment. For the few characters in the book are all sordid, not to say squalid, and the opportunities for plunging into a kind of realism that is popular with writers of the moment—the realism of the catalogue and the photograph—are unlimited. But the book is full of an atmosphere of spiritual charm and even beauty. I will not say that it is free from sentimentality, because it is not. But it is not the worst kind of sentimentality, because it is not used to gild over the squalor with a coat of sham refinement; but rather to lay bare, like a polish or a varnish, the true grain of beauty and heroism that lies in the apparently sordid material. To read a book like this by an author who has meant so much to one in the past is like welcoming an old friend who has come back from the dead.

***

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S book is a performance on a very grand scale indeed. It may be said that he has a keen appreciation of his own qualities; he particularly fancies himself as a military strategist, a statesman and a historian. He has very good ground for doing so. If it were not for a slight lack of balance—and perhaps my readers will forgive me if I attribute this to the crossing of the Churchill-Marlborough strain with the American stock—I should say that Mr. Churchill's brain was the best all-round brain in English public life today. As a historian he has the priceless gift of getting away from his subject and seeing things in perspective; and this quality more than makes up for a corresponding fault of style which may be described as grandiloquence. He loves the long, resounding, wordy periods of Macaulay, and every now and then he becomes rhetorical—and that is a fault in a writer. He has a similar trick in private life of addressing you as if you were a public meeting. I have seen him at his own table, on being asked a challenging question, mark time verbally, so to speak, while collecting the attention of other hearers with his eyes, until he had a sufficient audience attending to him to deliver his reply, rather than waste something in the nature of a harangue on a mere individual.

***

AS to the material of the book, it is, of course, tremendous. It is the whole of the first year of the war as seen from the centre of the English web—particularly relating to its naval aspects. It is thrilling to me, for example, who was present at a great naval battle and saw it unrolling before my eyes from the foretop of H. M. S. Lion, to read Winston Churchill's keen and sensitive impressions of the same battle as followed from the war room at the Admiralty, where minute after minute the same signals that I was seeing unfolded in bunting, or that were being tapped out by wireless, were being brought to him in formal folded sheets of paper. He is fully equipped with the imagination necessary for the handling of great material like this. The account of the Dardanelles expedition, the whole conception of it, the fight for its continuance, the tragedy and far-reaching consequences of its failure, are told here with a veracity and authenticity that could hardly be matched. There will always be controversy about the Dardanelles campaign; but nobody who reads Winston Churchill's book carefully can have any doubt as to the soundness of its conception, and the brilliance of the policy as originally conceived in Winston Churchill's brain, and the fatal effects produced by—well, simply by lack of brain-power in the group of people in whose hands lay the control of our destinies in those fateful months. In justice to them, however, it should be admitted that this book also reveals what few people can realize—the tremendous strain, unending and unremitting, which was borne by the responsible officers of State during the opening months of the war. Hundreds and thousands of lives, possibly the destiny of nations, hung daily upon the decisions of this man or that. The course of the world's history for years to come would depend upon the right and rapid understanding of a given situation. It was good fortune for England that found Winston Churchill at the head of the Admiralty at the outbreak of war; and it was a very ill-fortune, indeed, that removed him from office when his daring and brilliant brain was most needed.

FILSON YOUNG.

Arnold Bennett.

From a Portrait Sketch by E. A. Richards.

History Done to the Romans' Taste

ROME.

ITALIANS love history and understand how to write it, which is but natural, as they themselves have made so much and have recorded it with a continuity of so many centuries—their historical taste doubtless derives in part from the pride of race. The reviews and magazines of Italy, not only those of the more solid type, the Nuova Antologia and Rivista d'Italia, but also the more popular, such as La Lettura, that are sold on the railway news stands, contain a much larger proportion of valuable historical articles than is to be found in corresponding American periodicals; and these articles usually take precedence in tables of contents. Italy looks backward more earnestly than we, that she may go forward securely; she was taught to do this by Cicero: "Historia est magistra vitae."

***

ITALIANS love best their own history of the last hundred years, that of their national reawakening, and to this period Alessandro Luzio's "Garibaldi," "Cavour," "Verdi" (Fratelli Bocca, Turin, 1924), is a substantial contribution. Luzio is one of the foremost and best-known authorities of the "Risorgimento" (Reawakening), and as director of the State archives of Turin (depository of the swaddling clothes of the Kingdom of Italy, for Piedmont was the cradle of national independence) he has an inexhaustible mass of unpublished material at his command; he always writes for a large public, and reaches it; most of his studies in the present volume had been previously published in La Lettura, or in Italy's greatest newspaper, Il Corriere della Sera of Milan.

Garibaldi, Cavour, Verdi, a trio of names to conjure with—courage, sagacity, sentiment, the spirit of modern Italy! Whoever understands the lives of these three understands the present and the future of Italy—just as there is no mystery in the ideals and spirit of America for him who knows the thought and achievement of Washington, Lincoln, Emerson.

Luzio quotes at length many of his unpublished documents, but he never allows his pages to become dull. There is a charm of interpretation that gives vitality to yellowed paper and faded ink. The originals of some of the most precious Italian historical documents of the nineteenth century were not written, however, with ink, but with invisible acid on the soiled linen of patriots buried alive in Austrian dungeons, and were deciphered before the lonely hearth where the linen was heated by patriotic wives and mothers. Luzio gave us a number of such priceless documents in his first great work, "I martiri di Belfiore" (Milan, Cogliati, 1905, 2 vols.).

The present volume is rich in biographical disclosures which reveal Italy's heroes, statesmen and apostles as made of common human play similar to that of the great men of other nations. Luzio gives detailed and abundant evidence of absorbing interest showing that Garibaldi's victories in love were even more numerous and decisive than his victories in battle—and more damaging to the victor—and that if the peerless diplomat Cavour remained a bachelor till his death it was not because of indifference to women or because of want of success in woman's world.

***

ITALIANS regard the great war of 1914, which in the end gave them Trent and Trieste, Istria, the Trentino and the Upper Adige, restoring to them their natural northern boundary on the Alps, as the completion of Risorgimento struggles for liberty. Upon this period, also, historical publications are numerous. The editor Bocca of Turin has just published a valuable, well-printed and well-illustrated anthology compiled from the writings of more than one hundred Italians upon the great war, "Pagine eroiche," edited by Pietro Gorgolini. The volume was prepared particularly for high school students, but it will captivate any one who admires courage, self-abnegation, patriotism and who believes in the redeeming virtues of the human race. Costanzo Premuti's "Come Roma preparò la guerra" (Rome, Società Tipografica Italiana), narrates the activities in Rome of patriots of various political colors who advocated Italian intervention in the great war. The record begins immediately after the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Serajevo and ends on May 24, 1915, the date of Italy's declaration of war against her sempiternal enemy Austria. Premuti participated prominently in the interventionist movement, and many of his pages contain detailed personal reminiscences.

***

ANOTHER volume which in part recalls war times, but in verse, is Giuseppe Zucca's "Poesie MCMXII-MCMXXII," published in Florence by G. C. Sansoni. Zucca is one of the most prolific and versatile young writers of the day and one giving abundant promise of a brilliant literary future. In the last few years he has published numerous short stories, dramas, addresses and collections of poems, all of them, however, volumes of promise rather than of achievement. We wish that he might write less and study more. Unfortunately, in his passion for originality he professes a dangerous doctrine of ignorance: that writers should not study the works of others, particularly those of the past. Egotism is the vital principle of his imagination. Whether the subject be intimate and personal or patriotic and social, it is always the personality of Zucca that forces itself upon us with Zucca's own sentiments and particular way of seeing things. His verse is serious, clear, spontaneous; it rushes on like a torrent.

H. NELSON GAY.

Hungary and the Democratic Myth

HUNGARY AND DEMOCRACY. By C. J. C. Street. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

THERE is no better example of the virtue of repetition than the familiar assertion of Magyars that Hungary is an outpost of liberty and democracy in a part of Europe otherwise abandoned to anarchy and terrorism. The Magyar ruling class has said this so long that it fully believes it and has made some foreigners believe it. Mr. C. J. C. Street, an Englishman, apparently annoyed into writing a book by the antics of the Oxford Hungarian Self-Determination League (a body which he compares quite properly with the Jacobite societies still in existence at Oxford), is taking a long chance in the assumption that anybody in the world wants to listen to argument and find out the facts about anything five years after the armistice. Nevertheless, his volume sums up with brevity and conclusiveness what may be called, literally as well as colloquially, the low-down on Hungary.

Hungary is and always has been a land of liberty for the land-owning nobility, but that is about as far as liberty goes. As for democracy, it is a democracy of the best people, self-appointed. Mr. Street's earlier chapters, drawn chiefly from official documents and Seton-Watson's "Racial Problems in Hungary," show the way the subject nationalities were handled by the Magyars between the Ausgleich of 1867 and the war of 1914. Briefly, the system was to pass a law ostensibly promising all the freedom anybody could ask; to denature it with deftly inserted weasel words, and then never to make any pretense of enforcing it. Every form of gerrymandering, official terrorism, social and commercial pressure was brought on Slovaks, Rumanians and Serbs to make them turn Magyars. For the Magyars were a minority nationality in their own country until 1910, when the census showed them in a slight majority, which may perhaps be explained by a phrase of our late visitor, Count Apponyi; the director of the census had allowed the dull science of statistics to be informed by "the poetry of patriotism."

The only Hungarian Government which ever tried to treat the subject nationalities like men and brethren with equal rights was the short-lived liberal republic under Count Michael Karolyi, after the armistice. But then it was too late; the subject races had revolted and gone their own way. Karolyi was replaced by Bela Kun's Bolsheviki, whose brief career of internal terror and attempts to reconquer the lost territories was ended by the Rumanian Army. When the Rumanians evacuated the country the reactionary group under Admiral Horthy came in and is there yet. Its early years were disgraced by terrorism and massacres far worse than anything known under the Bolsheviki. It restricted the suffrage so far as possible to persons known to be safe, restored the system of public voting in the country districts, which put the voter at the mercy of the police and the Magyar Ku Klux Klan; condemned Karolyi in absentia for high treason, and now tries to pretend to the world outside that it practices, and that pre-war Magyar Governments practiced, that policy of tolerance toward the racial minorities that no Hungarian Government but Karolyi's ever seriously attempted.

For there are still racial minorities—small ones, of course—in the diminished Hungary of today. Mr. Street shows exactly what is being done for them in the way of that cultural autonomy which all the succession States have promised. It is practically nothing. The treatment of Magyar minorities in the succession States, about which the Magyars make so much disturbance abroad, is better, notably in Czechoslovakia, than that which any minority race (except perhaps the Germans) ever received in the old or the new Hungary. The Magyars have kept the promises of the peace treaty as badly as they kept the promises of the law of nationalities in 1868; and meanwhile semi-official organizations are doing their best to persuade foreigners that neighboring States ought to be dismembered to reconstruct the old Hungary, which might correctly have been described as the outpost of oligarchy and repression in Western Europe.

Mr. Street quotes some long and amusing documents on this Hungarian propaganda abroad, notably a report of the master mind of the League for the Defense of Hungarian Integrity to his disciples. This may make sad reading for Americans, for we appear to be the most gullible of all the nations. Decency requires us to veil the name of the choicest jewel in the propagandists' crown, one of our impressionistic young explainers of Europe who seems to have swallowed hook, line and sinker. The book as a whole is a valuable summary of the treatment accorded to subject nationalities by the Magyars and by their neighbors, and it ought to explode pretty thoroughly the "outpost of liberty" myth.

Lately, to be sure, the Hungarian Government has tried to shut down on some of these too enthusiastic irridentists. The sight of the Czechoslovak and Yugoslav Armies, mobilized on the frontiers when King Charles tried to come back in the Fall of 1921, sobered a good many gentlemen in Budapest. Also, Hungary needs a loan just now, and the Government is deeply pained when some fire-eater's outburst suggests that the money might be used for military preparation rather than for economic reconstruction. How much sincerity there is in all this it is hard to say.

Yet, whatever Hungary's present relations with her neighbors, it does not seem that the country is a very happy one for its own minority races or for those who hold minority opinions. Recently a distinguished politician was sentenced to jail for daring in the last general election to say that he believed in the establishment of a republic rather than the restoration of a monarchy. Citizens who criticize the former royal house, the Regent or the police also go to jail. In the merry days when the awakening Magyars were raging unchecked they would never have lived long enough to go to jail. One regrets that Mr. Street has not supplemented his statistics about schools and courts with a chapter on the rule of Ku Kluxism in Hungary.

ELMER DAVIS.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH PURSUES HIS LOVE DISGUISED AS A WAITER

Her Father's Suspicions Aroused by Seeing the Same Waiter at Every Inn

Latest Works of Fiction

THE MAN WHO WAS GOOD. By Leonard Merrick. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.90.

TO the new, definitive edition of the works of Leonard Merrick one more volume has just been added—the unusual, appealing story of "The Man Who Was Good." Prefaced by a well-written and sympathetic introduction from the pen of J. K. Prothero, this book, by the novelist his fellow-craftsmen delight in honoring, comes to interest the reader and to provide an object lesson for all young writers, as well as for many not so young. It is a triangle story, but the triangle is so unusual as to be actually unique; the story of a woman whose love even disillusionment could not kill, of a man who loved so greatly that he was able to dominate his own passion, and of another who loved one person, and one only—himself.

Much has been said and written regarding Mr. Merrick's extraordinary, even uncanny, understanding of women, and never was this understanding more clearly shown than by the portrait of Mary Bretlan. In her strength and her weakness, in the pride that made her face—and endure—actual starvation in preference to allowing her former friends to know the truth, in the lethargy which followed her rescue, in her inability to withdraw the love she had given so completely, and in her emotional reactions toward those two very different men Seaton Carew and Dr. Kincaid, she is a perfect embodiment of her type. One feels that, being what she was, she could not have felt or acted otherwise, and yet it is difficult not to be angry with her, just as we are occasionally angry with some dear friend, so greatly does our sympathy go out to Kincaid.

For in this quiet, self-controlled, great-hearted "Man Who Was Good," Mr. Merrick has given us one of the finest, most lovable heroes in fiction. From the moment when we first encounter him in the rooms of his one friend, Walter Corri, this Dr. Philip Kincaid, a man who "formed few friendships, and was a stanch friend," who had learned to keep his worries to himself and believed "in work and grit, and Walter Corri," takes strong hold on one's imagination. He is not a dashing figure, this provincial doctor; he has no picturesque vice; he does not whine about being "understood," and he has a way of doing his duty and maintaining his self-command which is most unusual among the protagonists of modern fiction. His portrait is the more of a triumph for being without touch of the spectacular, so real, we feel as if we might meet him any day and perhaps fail to appreciate his essential greatness, precisely as those about him failed to appreciate it. He alone would suffice to make this novel a notable book.

But there is more, much more than just these two who are the novel's leading characters; a whole gallery of minor ones, each of whom is a flesh and blood person, clearly individualized. From that unspeakable cad, Seaton Carew, to the very amusing Scotch commercial traveler who so strongly disapproved—at intervals!—of the commodity he had to sell, there is not one who is not completely alive. And they all play their parts in a deeply interesting story of strong emotions, which acquires an apparently effortless grip on the reader with the very first chapter and never relaxes its grasp until the last line is reached, a story of a truth and freshness, a sincerity and sympathy and courage it would be difficult to match. It is realistic, not in that mistaken sense of the word which would make it apply only to what is drab and dreary and utterly sordid, but with that realism which sees both the mud and the flowers, both the despicable and the magnificent. It is exceptionally dramatic, but never theatrical, and the situations it depicts remain in one's memory long after the book is closed. Who that has read it will ever forget Mary's departure in the cold, gray dawn, or the moment when she tells Kincaid the truth, or that other when with one quite commonplace sentence he so completely proves his love for her, or that final, poignant instant when "a smile of tenderness * * * irradiated her face"!

Of the exquisite sureness and perfection of Mr. Merrick's style it is no longer necessary to speak. In a paragraph he tells more than the majority of writers can express in many chapters, and tells it better and more convincingly. Take Kincaid's account of his clerkship; a dozen lines there are, no more, but in those dozen lines a whole history is compressed. No plodding through tedious, long-winded pages for the readers of Mr. Merrick's books. A word here, a sentence there, and we see it all, see it vividly and well.

That sense of futility which marks the work of so many present-day writers has no place in Leonard Merrick's books, not even in this beautiful story of misplaced love. For, as Mr. Prothero says in his admirable introduction: "Whether prosperous or starving, the men and women of whom he writes are touched with that high courage, that fine comradeship, which is the very essence of romance." There are some few authors for whose books the reader feels personally grateful; and one of these is Leonard Merrick.

ONE OF THE GUILTY

ONE OF THE GUILTY. By W. L. George. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

CHRISTMAS is certainly responsible for a very great deal. For sentimental stories, after Charles Dickens—a very long way after!—for grandiloquent gift books, dreadful caricatures of Santa Claus, shopping orgies, crowds and indigestion. Moreover, it was Christmas that first made a thief of Owen Prendergast. The trouble with Owen Prendergast, as Mr. George assures us at very great length and over a very great many closely printed pages, was that he had the misfortune of being an idealist. But even his too acute idealism might not have led him to the pilfering of forks and spoons, nor to indulging a trifle later in the popular indoor sport technically known as the badger game, if it had not been for Christmas, and the girl. Oh, yes, there was a girl! Being an intelligent person, you have probably divined as much by now. Her name was Rosemary; she had blue eyes, "a foam of fair hair, incredibly bright, with a little crinkle in it"; a small red mouth and no brains at all. So, of course, she was quite irresistible. Owen fell desperately in love with her, and in order to buy her a Christmas present helped himself to a pound out of the petty cash box in her father's office, where he chanced to be employed. Thus his career began.

It takes a very long time and an immense amount of explaining to get Owen Prendergast fairly started in his burglarious profession. He was a public school boy of only 16 when his father's affairs smashed and his father expired, so of course he did not know anything which was commercially useful, and was glad enough to get a job in the outer office of Woodhouse & Sons. About four years later he was sent on an errand to Mr. Woodhouse's home, saw Rosemary, fell desperately in love with her, and told her so at the first opportunity. But what hope of marrying her could he have, who was a clerk earnings a few shillings a week?

After much mental stress, he became dismally convinced that he never would be more than a clerk earning a few shillings a week. So, with the assistance of a fellow-clerk, he took to crime, and presently found it profitable. "Whereas honest courses had precipitated him from a public school into low life, now smart crime, by throwing him into daily contact with women outwardly refined and men with the right voices, the right manners, was making him once more into a gentleman." The profession undeniably had its drawbacks: he was sent to jail occasionally, but these interludes are lightly passed over. In the meanwhile, he encountered an adoring and virtuous maiden of the slums: "She was still wholly pure. All the vileness of life had passed before her eyes without soiling her." There are many such—in fiction. But neither she nor any other could win Owen Prendergast away from his devotion to the fair Rosemary.

For the space of a little over five pages the story moves to the United States, where Prendergast did very well, though his first day in New York "stupefied" him. "He was a modern young man, but New York was too much for him, with its colossal crowds, its cynicism more brutal even than that of London." However, he made money, spent two years, not unpleasantly, "in one of the more advance penitentiaries in New Jersey," where "abundant opportunities for social intercourse were provided," before returning to London and Rosemary. Then, of his own volition, he spent about five more years in jail, as a prelude to the happy ending, which would be quite strikingly unconvincing if the reader who succeeds in getting thus far in the book were not by this time thoroughly inured to the unconvincing.

Though the first part of the novel is dull, it is much the best. The account of Owen's life as a clerk is realistic, and, though he himself is neither real enough nor interesting enough to arouse the reader's sympathies, the sort of existence he led is fairly well portrayed. But there is not one genuine human being in the novel; the descriptions of Owen's numerous adventures in burglary and blackmail quickly become tiresome, and as for the closing portion of the book, it is difficult to believe that Mr. George wrote it otherwise than with his tongue in his cheek. He has published some very clever novels; but "One of the Guilty" has no place among them.

THE HERETIC OF SOANA

THE HERETIC OF SOANA. By Gerhart Hauptmann. Translated by Bayard Quincy Morgan. 12mo. 192 pp. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

HERR GERHART HAUPTMANN, veteran of literary Germany, tells the story of Francesco Veta, a young priest of the Ticino, Italian Switzerland, who found the charms of an illiterate girl among the hills too great to obey his vow of celibacy. He begins by introducing the reader to a curious but not unsympathetic figure of a shepherd who lives high up among the foothills of Monte Generoso. He describes him as not unlike the bronze of John the Baptist by Donatello at Siena; clothed in goatskins, his dark hair fell in curls over his shoulders, yet incongruously he wore spectacles and his face indicated education. Among the country people he was known as the Heretic of Soana (a little town on Lago Lugano), and he lived with wife and children in a mountain farm remote from all the world yet not entirely without books, pens and paper. The narrative of the mountain herdsman, composed of this picturesque figure and turned over to Hauptmann, ostensibly is the story of a young priest who served long ago the church at Soana, but obviously is an account of the shepherd's own youth.

Though somewhat roundabout in tackling the tale itself, the skillful hand of Hauptmann soon builds a lovely background for a very terrestrial idyl in the old Daphnis and Chloe vein or that of "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret;" but instead of making prominent the spiritual side it is a more carnal and pagan handling we get, a somewhat coarsely psychological. It is the generative appeal of birds and flocks in Springtime, the rivers and woods and mother earth but overwhelms the young ascetic. Remains of superstition, reminders of a pagan animistic past, linger among the goatherds on Monte Generoso, of whom Scarabota, the father of Agata, the beautiful girl child, is the wildest and least literate—infamous also and a scandal to the community by reason of his marital relations. Agata is the fruit of the closest interbreeding, though her mother insists that she is the fruit of a passing amour. "He was barefoot. Ragged, rain-soaked trousers were held up by a strap about the hips. His shirt was open. The brown, hairy breast had for its continuation a shaggy throat and a face densely overgrown with black hair and whiskers, in the midst of which flamed two darkly glowing eyes." The children of this cave-dweller and his sister dare not enter the village lest they be stoned like mad dogs. The young priest in his efforts to civilize and bring this family into the Church falls a victim to Erôs and eventually is driven from his rectory with curses and stones by his horrified parishioners, when the saint and ascetic has been exposed as a mere amorous sinner.

In Soana village, a little way up from the lake, is a square where stands a sarcophagus of pagan days, now used as a washing trough for girls and their linen. Carved in high relief on one of its sides runs a procession of Bacchus with his foredancers, his panthers, his attendant nymphs and satirs, expressive not only of the vintage but of the burgeoning of life. Among the goatherds linger echoes of nature-worship in its grosser forms. Scarabota, for example, expects the priest to protect him from all kinds of devils that live in the hill-clefts and cataracts, devils that assail him and sterilize his flocks or drive them to destruction. Love for Agata seizing the budding saint brings about a complete change from obedience to the Church to a belief in the beneficence, the occult powers of nature. His character is altered from humility to megalomania. His superiors have become inferiors. He felt that nobody could injure him. Expelled from paradise, he no longer had the slightest fear. "It was not in the power of his superiors, not in the power of the Pope himself even, to prevent the enjoyment of the least of the fruits of paradise nor to take from him the least fragment of that gift of grace, that highest bliss," the possession of Agata.

The narrative runs throughout in the forceful, often florid, style of Hauptmann and perhaps to encourage the reader to get the little book. As the Germans say, he does not put a leaf before his mouth when certain topics rise.

It is an appeal to the passions as against self-restraint, free thinking as against reverence for authority, magic-working of the Stone Age against Christian belief, but a little tale that holds one all the same.

STREETS OF NIGHT

STREETS OF NIGHT. By John Dos Passos. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

THE disastrous results of inordinate tea drinking are set forth at considerable length and with much detail in Mr. John Dos Passos's new novel, "Streets of Night." The author, it is true, does not state that it was their consumption of quarts, perhaps even gallons, of tea

which caused Nancibel Taylor, David Wendell—usually called Wenny—and Fanshaw Macdougan to be such examples of utter and complete futility, but it is difficult to find any other cause for their general lack of backbone. David Wendell, indeed, had a clergyman for a father, one who, as the author assures us very many times, buttoned his collar behind. But even men who button their collars behind may hope to have progeny who will resemble human beings rather than jellyfish, nor can the reverend gentleman be held responsible for the fact that Nancibel and Fanshaw also belonged to the order of the invertebrates.

The scene is laid principally in Boston and Cambridge. Nancibel Taylor was a violin student at the Conservatory, devoted to her music, and an entertainer of celebrities; at least, so we are told; but then this is one of those books in which the reader is obliged to take the author's word for almost everything. Wenny was still at Harvard, and Fanshaw apparently an instructor at that same unfortunate college. They were both more or less in love, or what they called in love, with Nancibel. She loved Wenny, but when he came to her flat one morning at about 7:30 for the express purpose of avowing his emotions, she turned him down hard because she "didn't dare to live." However, many people are not at their best in the early morning. Later, it would seem, Nancibel became engaged to Fanshaw, and then decided that she'd rather not marry him, after all. It is the only moment in the book when the reader sympathizes with any one of the characters; it is easy to understand a preference for not marrying Fanshaw.

The book is quite without plot, form or reality. The three erotic and neurotic persons who are its principal characters never become genuine human beings for so much as a single instant; consequently, what they feel or think or do is not of the smallest interest to the yawning reader. Mr. Dos Passos has striven to give reality to his puppets by the use of detail; we are told more than once just how Nancibel put the garbage can on the dumbwaiter, we know of the line of grime about Wenny's collar and of Fanshaw's liking for clean pajamas. We hear how the three went to walk, and of the rather unattractive restaurant at which they dined. We follow the current of Fanshaw's thought, of which the following is a sample:

> Aretino had to flee Venice when he was accused of sodomy. He had eight beautiful mistresses in a great palace on the Grand Canal. And I've never had a woman. Wedding parties, fellows phoning easy girls, through all that lonely as a cloud. • • • Festering web of desire, grimy, probing hands, groping eyes, toughs and hard girls circling like dogs before a fight.

Fanshaw's great regret was that he had not lived in the days of the Renaissance. While the novel meanders along, the odor of insufficiently washed human bodies is wafted through its pages, along with a generally fetid atmosphere of degeneracy and decay. But it all leaves on indifferent, except perhaps for a slight feeling of gratitude toward Wenny for removing himself from the scene, somewhere about the two hundredth page.

Though the book contains such clumsy sentences as, "Semitic lips, like in the Assyrians in the museum, she thought," and much of the writing seems careless, there are some good bits of description, usually of places or of crowds. Aunt M.'s "primly set table" is well drawn, and now and then there comes a cleverly etched picture of the passing throngs in the street.

HEAD WINDS

HEAD WINDS. By A. M. Sinclair Wilt. New York: Duffield & Co. $2.

THE familiar theme of the taming of the shrew once more appears, this time with a sea setting, as the title of A. M. Sinclair Wilt's novel "Head Winds" plainly indicates. Modern Petruchios sometimes use methods more subtle, if less picturesquely energetic, than those employed by their famous prototype, and modern Katharines rarely box the ears of their younger sisters, partly, no doubt, because few younger sisters of the present day see their "duty to their elders" at all in the way that Bianca saw hers, and are quite likely to hit back and hit hard. Peter Rosslyn, however, was quite simple in his methods, and Patricia Van Pelt had no younger sister—or older one either, for that matter—to give her the chastisement she so greatly needed. She had only her two brothers, and they were terribly handicapped by their sex, their love for her—a type of weakness of which she was entirely guiltless—and by their somewhat flaccid dispositions.

These two unfortunate mortals avowed themselves quite unable to cope with Patricia. And when she declared her intention of marrying John Templeton Arnold, who thoroughly deserved the nickname of "The Rotter" by which he would seem to have been generally known, they were quite powerless to forbid the banns. But where they had failed Peter Rosslyn was convinced that he could and would succeed. He was energetic and adventurous, "a black-maned, brown-faced young giant," there was a tinge of piracy in his ancestry and he owned an ocean-going schooner yacht, the Averna, manned by a highly competent and very formidable-looking Chinese crew.

Starting from Oakland, Cal., they have a cruise which presently ends at Seattle, after some lively squalls, partly from the humans and partly from the heavens. Their experiences make a pleasant and fairly entertaining, if highly improbable, little yarn, well flavored with sea salt.

YUSSUF KHAN

THE MARRIAGE OF YUSSUF KHAN. By Frank Heller. Translated from the Swedish by Robert Emmons Lee. 239 pp. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.

IT is difficult to perceive just why Robert Emmons Lee went to the trouble of translating "The Marriage of Yussuf Khan" from the Swedish. American writers have already flooded the market with similar themes, and, in the majority of instances, they have been far more skillfully handled. A mystery story similar in some respects to "The Circular Staircase," "The Marriage of Yussuf Khan" is not to be compared, either in style or in technique, to the work of Mrs. Rinehart. It deals with the adventures of Allan Kragh, a Swedish student, whose vigilance prevents the theft of the crown jewels of Nasiribad.

Bored by the uneventful life of a university town in his native land, Allan starts in quest of adventure. His challenge, Fate, en garde! brings swift response. While standing in the railroad station in Hamburg, Allan's curiosity is aroused by the actions of three persons who have just purchased tickets for Paris. These three, though unknown to him at the time, are to play the leading rôles in the story. They are Jan Van Schleeten of Holland, famous jewel specialist; Mrs. Langtrey, American adventuress, and Benjamin Mirzi, King of Thieves, whose cleverness has baffled the police of two continents. Without waiting to set his baggage from the checkroom, Allan follows them.

In the diner he forms the acquaintance of Mirzi, and from this casual meeting grows a chain of circumstances, culminating in the kidnapping of the Maharajah of Nasiribad, Yussuf Khan, who arrived in London in search of a wife. Two attempts to steal the crown jewels are balked by Allan. Then comes news that the Maharajah and his poet, Ali, have been found drugged in a public park. On their return to the hotel the Maharajah orders a grand feast, to which he invites Allan and numerous other guests. But Allan recognizes Mirzi, who, dressed as Yussuf Khan, has succeeded in deceiving even the closest friends of the Maharajah. He denounces Mirzi publicly. Just at this time there is a knock at the door and the real Yussuf Khan enters, accompanied by Mirzi's accomplice, Mrs. Langtrey, whom he introduces as the future Princess of his kingdom. Mirzi escapes. The Maharajah and Mrs. Langtrey are married and sail for India on the following day. And with them goes Allan, his thirst for adventure still unslaked.

Sundry splashes of humor—typical Swedish humor—are supplied by two characters, Ali, the Poet, and a Mrs. Bowlby of Worcester, Mass., a guest of the Grand Hotel Heruntage, where Allan and the Maharajah are stopping. Ali's sole claim to his rank in the court of the Maharajah appears to be his ability to quote endlessly from FitzGerald's translation of the "Rubaiyat." Mrs. Bowlby apparently represents the Swedish conception of an American tourist. Her every expression is emphasized by "dammit" or "stab me!" and other wholly un-American "Americanisms."

With the approach of the climax one feels that an extremely clever denouement is in store, and that this final coup of the author will more than atone for earlier faults in the book. But the imagination, keyed to a high pitch of expectancy, awakes with a start to the realization that the author has not accomplished what he set out to do. For the ending is forced and unreal and extremely unsatisfying.

THE DANCERS

THE DANCERS. By Hubert Parsons. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

THE attempt to novelize a popular play is one which rarely meets with any appreciable degree of success, and to this rule the attempt to novelize "The Dancers" is no exception. Indeed, after reading the book one feels more than ever impressed with the extent of the debt the play owes to those acting in it, since it would seem to be the performance which "makes" the play.

The story, of course, opens with events which occurred before the time at which the action of the play begins. There is a prologue which presents the childhood comradeship of Tony Chievely and Una Lowry. Then comes a long, decidedly too long, account of Una's life in Italy with Mrs. Mayne, while "Tony's bar" in Canada, its habitués and his early acquaintance with the dancer, Maxine, whom he befriended, are all described. Then comes Tony's entirely unexpected inheritance of a title and a fortune, and his return to England to marry the girl he has never forgotten and to whom he has always been faithful, faithful ever since the day when they broke the twig and promised to marry each other. But in the meanwhile Una, after being kissed by practically every man she meets, has drifted into an affair with her "dancing partner" Evan Carruthers, which affair presently has a result of which she never even dreamed, though to any ordinarily intelligent person the possibility would have seemed fairly obvious. Then comes the meeting between chivalrous, loyal Tony and the girl who was such very "light metal," incapable of any depth of feeling or of any lasting emotion.

The name of Hubert Parsons, which appears on the title page, is explained as being the pen name chosen by the joint authors of the book, Gerald Hubert du Maurier and Viola Tree Parsons.

THE FAMILY AT GILJE

THE FAMILY AT GILJE. By Jonas Lie. 245 pp. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

WHILE Jonas Lie, a contemporary and friend of both Ibsen and Björnson, takes his place on a par with those masters in the minds of the Scandinavian reading public, his work and his name alike are practically unknown here in America. Fortunately there now exists no longer any reason for this isolation, for the admirable translation of his masterpiece, "The Family at Gilje," made while Lie was at the zenith of his powers, by the late Samuel Coffin Eastman, has now been revised and republished.

The titles with which his fellow-countrymen and critics presented him, such as "the poet of Nordland," "the novelist of the sea" and "the novelist of Norwegian homes," give some hint of his many-sided genius. Like Ibsen, who could turn from the prosaic everydayness of "The Pillars of Society" to the imaginative excursions of "Peer Gynt," Jonas Lie drank from that same deep spring of Nordland folklore and drew from it into his art much of the mystical, much of the poetical, much even of the grotesque, all of which form a part of the true Nordic soul. We find no traces, however, of these other powers in "The Family at Gilje." That delightful story of domestic life in the '40s appeals altogether through its masterly realism. For that reason, Professor Julius Emil Olson, in his admirable introduction, contends, "it would be unfair to judge Jonas Lie by the single novel in hand." Readers may take Dr. Olson's advice and reserve their judgment, but, charmed by the present delightful story, they will clamor for other opportunities to read in English translations more examples of this interesting writer's work.

The action passes in the mountain district of Valders, in a country home, representative of those of the official class. The household is that of Captain Jager, "a red, round and stout man," who suffers from both ego and blood pressure. Like all remote households or communities, that of Captain Jager has to depend on itself for its amusements and interests. But there is always work, for the Captain's pay is small and his family and household are not.

We follow then the joys and sorrows, the little economies and little extravagances of their days, punctuated at times by the flurry over the arrival of unexpected guests or the elaborate preparations for a gastronomic celebration of the Christmas season. We watch the family grow up and overhear the plans made for their futures. The beauty of the family, young Miss Inger-Johanna Jager, goes off to the city to her relative, the Governor, no less, to be introduced to society. The less attractive girl, Thinka, to a smaller neighborhood and a less exalted relative. But even these most far-seeing parents cannot reckon on the vagaries of love. Their plans for both the girls miscarry. Inger-Johanna turns down the great "catch" of the year because of her love for an eccentric and shiftless student, while Thinka's young love is banished from her and she goes of necessity to the arms of an aging widower.

The superb naturalness of the story is constantly apparent. It has no artificiality of plot or straining after effect in characterization.

WEEDS

WEEDS. By Pio Baroja. Translated from the Spanish by Isaac Goldberg. 344 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

SPAIN, with its grandiose dream of empire in the New World only recently contracted, following the war with the United States, lies beneath Pio Baroja's "Weeds." Aspiration to the larger life is about the characters as a miasma that hides from them the drudgery or the infamy of actual existence, so that they go from day to day toiling in newspaper offices, in little shops, or idly yielding to the false glamour of the gambling den, the tramps' retreat or the street. They rail at the conspiracy or the fate that keeps them from their deserts of magnificence, or they wait.

"How Spanish that is!" one of the characters remarks, "Waiting for something to turn up. Forever waiting. • • • But, after all, it is not your fault."

In this beautifully synthesized and mellow novel nothing is the crime of one person. Baroja is aware of sin and folly in a fury of ironic tenderness and despair, yet his vision is too clear to trap him into polemics. He loses his temper over nothing, blames none, is nowhere the avenging judge. His humanity is too great to ignore suffering, too wise to attack the sufferers. All are alike and equal in his kindly, slightly mocking sight.

The bohemia of lesser artists, who have "all the eccentricities of genius except genius," touches hands with the little business world, the official caste, the police, the vast underground caste of pickpockets, master thieves, gamblers, thugs, cutthroats, pimps, prostitutes, tramps, destitute soldiers, gypsies, blackmailers; in fact, all of Madrid seems to yield its very essence to this book. These petty writers, sculptors, poets, gregarious, useless, remind the reader of a similar group in Knut Hamsun's "Shallow Earth," without the Scandinavian's penchant for the charm of innocence. Hamsun's savage vigor of denunciation is likewise lacking in the more urbane atmosphere of "Weeds." Baroja commands a much broader canvas and is its humorous, unillusioned master.

Baroja achieves his criticism of Spanish society without the rather lumbering device of a personal retribution and redemption which mars Jacob Wassermann's fine novel, "The World's Illusion." He is not so discursive as the German, and is content to concentrate upon Madrid instead of wandering over the entire map of Europe. The two Northern writers suggest an obvious comparison in racial temperament; both are sincere and earnest to the point of special pleading. Baroja is no less indignant, but is too much the artist to become the dogmatist of ethics that the other two suggest.

In sensitive and profound understanding of his people and times, in loveliness of style and full realization of material, in deftness of technique and unity of organization, Baroja is comparable only to the late Louis Couperus. "Weeds" is almost a perfect novel.

PIRI AND I

PIRI AND I. By Lawrence Vail. 343 pp. New York: Liveright & Lewis. $2.

TO be at one and the same time gay and profound, flippant and sincere; to glide smoothly along on bright surfaces and then suddenly to pierce to the essentials acutely, is the paradoxical and acrobatic rôle that Lawrence Vail essays in "Piri and I." Those who have watched Mr. Vail's first flights—the

(Continued on Page 10)

Drawn by Charles S. Chapman for Zane Grey's "Tappan's Burro and Other Stories." New York: Harper & Brothers. Reviewed in The New York Times Book Review of Nov. 11.

Mr. Asquith Tries His Own Case in Book Form

In "The Genesis of the War" He Serves As His Own Client, Counsel and Judge

A Review by
P. W. WILSON

THE GENESIS OF THE WAR. By the Right Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith, Prime Minister of England, 1908-1916. New York: George H. Doran Company. $6.00.

OF a certain undergraduate called Asquith, that still famous master of Balliol College, Oxford, Dr. Jowett, used to say that whatever he undertook to do, he did perfectly. Mr. Asquith has written what the critic himself must call a perfect book. In a few hours one had read it and one rose refreshed. Here is the hard, the good writing which means easy reading. Here is a volume in which there is not a word too many and, from Mr. Asquith's standpoint, not a word too few. He is incapable of straying from the essentials, and has always found it difficult to prolong a speech beyond half an hour. But the perfect book assumes that the public has a perfect brain. The reason why Mr. Asquith at the bar failed as an advocate was that he could address no court except a Supreme Court. The jury that he wanted was never a common jury. It is not to the mean motive, the unrestrained passion, the ingrained prejudice, the blind forces of mere habit that he appeals. Rather he approaches the intellect, the conscience, the reason of mankind. His aim is to convince others as he would be himself convinced. And he has no use for anything that is not such conviction.

What "Margot" introduced into her memories was temperament. If her husband has a besetting sin, it is not temperament, but document. Of himself he says too little; from others, he quotes too much. What fascinating gossip he might give us if he allowed Margot at times to guide his pen is shown by two footnotes. Of Lord Fisher he writes:

> One of his peculiarities was a strange fondness for hearing sermons. I have known him go to church three times on a Sunday to sample the preachers. Needless to say, he was not one of those who listened with "meekness" to the Word.

Indeed, how excellent is his whole etching of "Jackie," with his "singularly inventive and original mind, and a wide, though intermittent, range of imaginative vision"; his "inexhaustible reservoir of verbose and picturesque phraseology," and his love of "a resonant tirade against the stupidity of mankind in general, and politicians in particular," with, finally, "the physical pranks of an overgrown schoolboy." It is Lord Fisher to the life.

And the second footnote—what of it? When war broke out Mr. Asquith lost two of his colleagues from the Cabinet. Lord Morley resigned because of an "essential difference between two views of neutrality." Mr. John Burns was brief and blunt:

> Board of Trade,
> Whitehall Gardens, S. W.,
> Aug. 2, 1914.
>
> Dear Mr. Asquith:
>
> The decision of the Cabinet to intervene in a European War is an act with which I profoundly disagree.
>
> I therefore place in your hands my resignation of my office as President of Board of Trade.
>
> With deep respect, cordial sympathy and best wishes,
>
> Yours sincerely,
> JOHN BURNS.

In this book Mr. Asquith stands against his unmentioned enemies of the Northcliffe press for the constitutional view of Cabinet responsibility. By printing the two letters of resignation he emphasizes the precise extent of the dissensions in the Cabinet on which Germany depended as a guarantee of British inaction. He insists that until the eleventh hour the Cabinet was united and so shared his own responsibility for what led up to the war. "I do not of course suggest," he writes, "that during all these years there was always complete unanimity among us. It is sufficient to say that, until our final decision to go to war in August, 1914, no Cabinet Minister resigned his office upon any question of foreign policy." He adds:

> It is (or was) an exceptional thing in the British Cabinet to take a division. It is left to the Prime Minister to collect and interpret the general sense of his colleagues.

And this, he says, is the method that he has observed in the French Cabinet. And then he appends this amusing postscript:

> I remember in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet of 1892-94, which contained a number of excellent scholars, a division being suggested—I think by Lord Rosebery—on the correctness of a quotation from Juvenal, which was keenly disputed between the Prime Minister and Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman. The matter was happily settled by the production of the text; Sir Henry proved to be right.

Since Lincoln found in Artemus Ward a remedy for civil war in his Administration, has there been a more delightful comedy in high circles than this appearance of Juvenal as a counter-irritant to the Irish question?

Mr. Asquith was the Prime Minister who led the British Commonwealth of nations into the war. For that policy he stands arraigned at the bar of mankind, not by the Kaiser alone, upon whom, ostensibly, he is wasting his present ammunition, but by a considerable body of persons who read this or that "disclosure" by the Russian Soviets and conclude with Ramsay MacDonald, E. D. Morel, John Burns and the pacifists that after all there was fault on both sides and that Germany was more sinned against than sinning. Against this mood, Asquith presents his brief. So completely does he divest himself of his own personality that he becomes, as it were, at once client, counsel and judge in his own case. There is not a sentence in these pages that might not have been uttered by the most impartial of international magistrates, instructing a league of all the peoples as to the evidence on which to base the verdict of posterity. It is a detachment as subtle as that of Julius Caesar in his Commentaries. Constantly one is apt to forget that Mr. Asquith was himself an interested party in the events which he discusses. He might be giving evidence as a witness on a case wholly remote from his own circumstances, or examining witnesses like Walter Page and Colonel House.

Mr. Asquith begins with a concession to the Kaiser. Bismarck, says he, wanted "a friendly Russia," but Bismarck "was never really forgiven by Russia" for the part he played as honest broker at the Congress of Berlin; and this congress "was the first step on the road which led to the Franco-Russian Entente." But despite this rift in the Russo-German lute, Mr. Asquith draws this picture of the situation which greeted the Kaiser at the outset of his reign:

> The premature and tragic death of his father, the Emperor Frederick, the most blameless and liberal-minded figure in the annals of the Hohenzollern dynasty, placed him, when he was barely 30, on a dazzling height of irresponsible power. His grandfather, through the agency of Bismarck and Moltke, had secured for the old Kingdom of Prussia the Imperial Crown of a new and united Germany. The secular enemy, France, had been crushed and mutilated, and was for the time, at any rate, put out of action. The Hapsburg monarchy was no longer a danger; it had become, indeed, a docile if not a subservient friend. With Russia it had been, from first to last, Bismarck's persistent policy to prevent the possibility of serious quarrel. England sat remote in her sea-girt isolation, almost (it seemed) as far aloof as the United States of America from the sphere of Continental politics.
>
> Never in modern times had a young ruler succeeded to so splendid and seemingly so secure an inheritance.

With pitiless tranquillity, Mr. Asquith tells how the Kaiser with "his many-sided interests, his insatiable curiosity, his ceaseless itineraries, his demagogic turn for rhetoric of the picturesque and 'Asiatic' type, his unshakable faith in the divine mission of the Hohenzollerns * * * lost, and never recovered, his balance." He quotes the "sad stuff, at once ludicrous and nauseating" in which the Emperor, sunk in "spiritual inebriety," claims that he is "the instrument of the Lord." And he asks:

> What is to be said of the Kaiser's subjects—not an ignorant and backward tribe, just emerging from the superstitions of barbarism or the yoke of serfdom, but in many directions among the intellectual pioneers of Europe, who, after passing through the stage of a somewhat sloppy and misty idealism, had, in face of enormous difficulties, achieved political unity and were showing themselves every year capable of holding their own, and more than their own, in all the practical activities—industrial, maritime, financial—of the competitive modern world? How came such a people to place their fortunes, during the lifetime of a whole generation, at the mercy of the moods and whims, the gestures and phrases, of such a ruler? It might almost be said of him, during the greater part of his reign, as it was of David: "Whatsoever the King did pleased all the people." (II. Samuel, iii., 36.)

When this "Byzantine" sovereign visited London in 1911 he talked with Mr. Asquith at dinner over Houston Chamberlain's theory "that Christ was not a Jew, and that the Germans are the real 'chosen people.'" And this followed:

> I replied that I had dipped into it—the book—without being greatly impressed. He reproached me good-humoredly for my lack of insight, and, evidently regarding the book himself as in the nature of a new Gospel, he proceeded with much eloquence to discant on its central theme—the dominance of race as the main factor in history.

And then comes the Asquithian footnote:

> In the course of the same talk the Emperor told me that not a single commissioned officer in his army was a Jew. I felt constrained to point out that the Jews had their compensations; among other things, they had captured and controlled the larger part of the German press. He did not dissent.

The fiction that the Kaiser worked for peace in July and August, 1914, will not survive Mr. Asquith's crushing use of the monarch's marginal comments on the more critical dispatches. One annotation that damns the Kaiser as a warmaker is "Now or never." And when his Ambassador at Vienna urged caution, the Kaiser's pencil recorded, "Who gave him any authority to do that? That is very stupid!" After the Ambassador, Tschirschky, had joined hands with Tisza over the ultimatum to Serbia, the Kaiser's endorsement was, "A man, after all."

Thus does Asquith slay the slain. That Germany refused an alliance with Britain which Bülow discussed at Windsor with Joseph Chamberlain is history that he repeats. His narrative of the Entente by which Britain hoped to maintain a balance of power in Europe is clear and accurate. He describes the alleged encirclement of Germany as a "legend." And, needless to say, he disposes of the Kaiser's mythical "gentlemen's agreement" against Germany in 1898, between the United States and Britain. But the fundamental question, as Mr. Asquith recognizes in his ninth chapter, does not concern the Kaiser at all. Suppose that this monarch was, as is suggested, a megalomaniac. Why was it necessary for Britain to put her finger into the European pie? Mr. Asquith says that "the policy of isolation had been tried and found wanting." And he instances the incidents of Pendjeh (with Russia) and Fashoda (with France). Those were doubtless dangerous incidents, but is it to be suggested that they were one tithe as dangerous as the incidents of Agadir and Serajevo? It was one thing to clear up occasions of friction with France and Russia. It was another thing to accept an implied responsibility for French penetration in Morocco and for Russian aims in the Balkans. It is not here suggested that the Entente was a mistake, still less that it hindered the development of Germany. But the reviewer must point out where the vital issue lies and how far that issue is thoroughly handled. Moreover, there is much to be said for the opinion that a less secret diplomacy would have scotched the Kaiser's militarism long before it developed beyond control. There was no serious attempt to tell Europe what was going on and to rally public opinion for peace.

Mr. Asquith's narrative terminates with the outbreak of war, and he says nothing of the controversies which wrecked his Administration. He does, indeed, quote the Kaiser's defense of his abdication on which he makes the characteristic observation, "I confess myself unable either to quarrel with his reasoning or to question his conclusion." Otherwise, discretion reigns supreme. Such reserve, such magnanimity, such a grip of complicated issues suggests what the world lost after the armistice by Mr. Asquith's absence from the peace table. When some one suggested to Woodrow Wilson that he write his reminiscences, it is said that he answered, "Surely I have not so completely lost my historic sense." Mr. Asquith has furnished not a final history, but what will always be an indispensable sidelight on his career and himself.

A Vermont Adventure in Contentment

WINGED SEEDS. By Bertha Oppenheim. Illustrated. 242 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

NUMBERLESS have been the narratives of one sort or another of escape from city life and return to the land, varying all the way from the rejuvenation of an abandoned farm or the evocation of a home out of a suburban plot to the pitching of camp for a week in the wilderness. But no two of them are ever alike or even similar. Their basic motives and emotions may bear a close resemblance, but in things done, points of view, kinds of satisfaction, results achieved they vary as much as do the people who fulfill their desires and write their experiences. But this they have in common—that they are usually charming. Perhaps that is because no commonplace person could ever be fired with the ambition to escape from the city into the peace and loveliness that are where man is not too frequent, could create there a new temple of life and then wish to tell the story of how it was all done. For these are things that require individuality, temperament, ideas and power of expression. At any rate, one who has read a great many of these books is quite convinced that they are never dull, that one of them could not possibly be boresome; and is also sure that not one of them has ever been more charming than "Winged Seeds."

Like many another adventure destined to have big results, the one with which Mrs. Oppenheim deals had a small and insignificant beginning. She and the doctor went on a vacation camping trip of a month on the shores of Lake Champlain. And the beauty of it all and the deep satisfaction and unalloyed pleasure that were theirs awoke in their hearts the hunger to own some of the land out of which it all seemed to grow. So before they returned they bought eight acres of shore and timber land without knowing how they were going to pay for it. But pay for it they did, and also built on it a house that was chiefly huge, shadowy, cozy living room and wide veranda. The Long House they called it, partly because of its proportions and partly in tribute to the memory of the Iroquois who once roamed over that region. Building the house, making it habitable, growing a garden, experimenting a little with their tiny patch of land, kept them happy during the month or two of Summer vacation which they could spend there. With reminiscent zest and deepest satisfaction Mrs. Oppenheim tells the story of what they did during their too brief vacation sojourns in the Long House each Summer and of how they looked forward to it and prepared for it during the long year of work and growing responsibilities in the city. For the doctor of her narrative was a well-known specialist in children's diseases. But after a few years there was nothing more to be done to the Long House and its few acres but to enjoy them, and this was not enough. They wanted to be achieving something, creating something. "We had become," says Mrs. Oppenheim, "vitally interested in the farm operations going on all about us."

The adventure was flinging just ahead of them all the time, and continued to do so until the end of the book, winged seeds that grew and developed into the lure and presently the achievement of new and larger adventure. And so, after a few years, they sold the Long House and bought a farm—Big Oak Farm they named it—on another shore of Lake Champlain, in Vermont. There they built a big, roomy, homy house, and prepared to make the farm productive. The doctor was a man of vision, for whom present achievement multiplied itself in thought of tomorrow and the future allured with its possibilities. They planted orchards, they bought stock, they had experts test their soils, they planted and harvested, they bought more and more land. And all the time the doctor's medical practice in New York City, his reputation and the professional demands on him were growing. They spent, for some years, only the Summers on their farm, which they developed by means of local labor, but they looked forward to the time when they would leave the city wholly and make their home on the fruitful place which they had evolved into an undertaking of large significance. Mrs. Oppenheim's last chapter, which she heads, "Wings Are Full-Grown on the Seeds of Dreams," tells how at last, in the middle years of the World War, apparently about sixteen years after their first venture, they made the change and left the city behind them for good, happy in the achievements and plans of farm life.

The book's distinctive charm lies largely in the imaginative quality and poetic feeling with which it is written. These two people were both sensitive to beauty and responsive in high degree to that appeal which nature makes so subtly and so irresistibly to her chosen ones. They were predestined by innate equipment of soul to country life, and not all the barriers of fate could have kept them permanently from its enjoyment. It is the constant expression of this profound pleasure and satisfaction, sometimes casually, sometimes directly, but always imparting fragrance and color and spiritual vitality to the narrative, that gives to Mrs. Oppenheim's book a subtle loveliness and clothes its material details with charm and beauty.

Aside from all its charm of manner and interest of matter, the book's finest significance lies in its account of how these two people identified themselves with the community in which they made their home and brought all their larger knowledge and wider experience to the broadening of the life of the countryside. They put their influence on movements for better education, better roads, better breeds of stock—all those phases in which farm life so much needs new vision. And they were constantly sharing the good things of their life with others. Mrs. Oppenheim thus writes of their life as it was after they had got their Big Oak Farm well under way; the extract is characteristic of their and the book's spirit throughout:

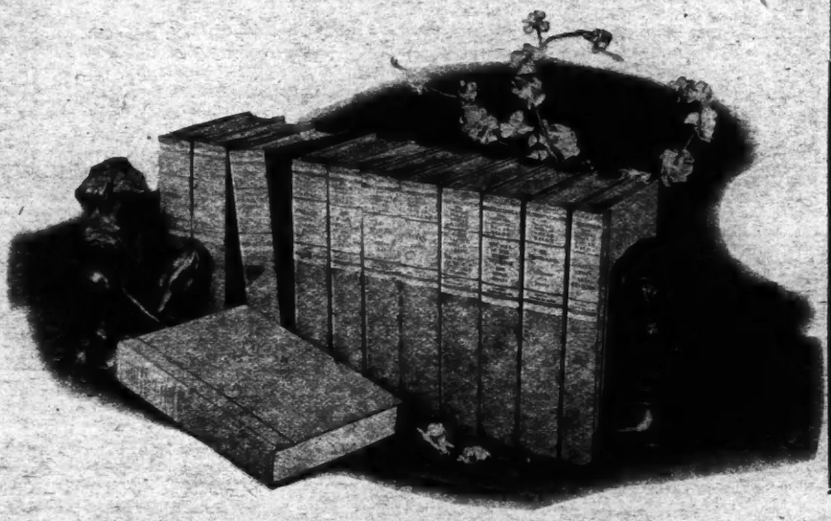
> Each day brought its own glory, its own magic, its own work, its own disappointment. Never was there a more wondrous Summer. Never was life fuller of a thousand absorbing interests. Calves were sick, horses got hurt, went lame. Rain made planting late. Crows ate the corn. Borers killed the ample trees. Cutworms ate the vegetable and flower seedlings. Every imaginable thing happened, good, bad and indifferent. The tremendous thing, the vital thing, that stood out in starry, high relief was the farm, the farm in actual being. We were creating. We were doing our share to help feed the world.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

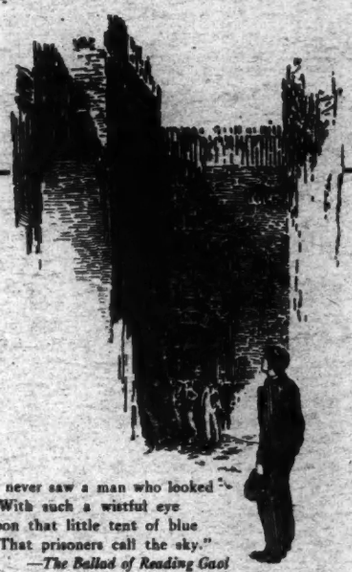
AN ART VELLUM INSCRIBED EDITION OF OSCAR WILDE

Not, however, at $75 or $100, as is often charged for editions of this character, but at a price no greater than that of any standard set.



The following distinguished company has contributed the brilliant introductory series to this edition:

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE
Editor-in-Chief of this edition
PADRAIC COLUM
JOHN DRINKWATER
SIR JOHNSTONE FORBES-ROBERTSON
RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER
COULSON KERNAHAN
MICHAEL MONAHAN
W. F. MORSE
WALTER PATER
JOHN COWPER POWYS
EDGAR SALTUS
CLIFFORD SMYTH
ARTHUR SYMONS
A. B. WALKLEY
WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS



"I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
That prisoners call the sky."
—*The Ballad of Reading Gaol*

SUBSCRIPTIONS NOW INVITED TO THIS DE LUXE EDITION

If you act quickly you can become one of the original Patrons of this distinguished edition of Oscar Wilde and receive your set, with your name inscribed, at the Patrons' low price.

THE publication of this beautiful Patrons' edition of Oscar Wilde, representing one of the most notable publishing events of recent times, offers an unparalleled opportunity to booklovers. Through a revolutionary achievement the price is no greater than that of any standard set!

This is a true de luxe edition, of a beauty and quality to lend distinction to any library. Moreover, it is an *inscribed* edition, with the name of each subscriber (or the name of someone else, if intended as a gift) imprinted upon the Patrons' page of the first volume of the set, in a beautiful Old English style in Sepia. Like all rare inscribed editions, this one will surely grow in value with the years.

Had this edition been printed for only a small group of private individuals, the price would necessarily be many times greater, as in the case of those rare editions of a like character whose value sometimes runs from $200 to $500 a set. But as this edition was published to meet the ever-increasing demand for the complete works of Oscar Wilde, it was decided to open the Patronship rolls to a wider circle of booklovers. In addition, the co-operation of all those interested made possible tremendous reductions in costs.

For the present, therefore, while the subscription rolls are open to booklovers, those who take advantage of the opportunity to become Patrons will receive the benefit of the low price made possible by this unique publishing enterprise.

One of the outstanding features of the edition is the introductory series of brilliant estimates and fascinating reminiscences of Wilde, contributed by the distinguished company whose names are shown above. Many of these men were intimately acquainted with Wilde and their contributions afford an illuminating insight into his extraordinary character and sensational career.

All of Wilde's popular masterpieces and, in addition, his precious fragments which have finally been recovered, are included in the twelve beautiful volumes of this edition. The binding is a beautiful dull olive Art Vellum, with rare mottled backstrap, gold-sealed, and tops in gold. The paper is of a fine quality, white wove, the type clear, with generous margins.

It is impossible in this space to give more than a suggestion of the distinction of this edition. A special invitation is therefore extended to examine the twelve volumes in your home, without charge, and with the privilege of returning them within seven days if you choose, and cancelling your subscription, even though your name (or the name of a friend) has been inscribed in the set.

It is only necessary to send the coupon below or a letter. It is essential to do this at once, however, as the demand, already great, will be tremendously increased by the applications from those who will want sets for Christmas gifts, and the publishers cannot guarantee that these sets, destined to be famous, will be available more than a short time longer.

Doubleday, Page & Co.,
Dept. W-2311. Garden City, N. Y.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, Dept. W-2311
Garden City, New York

Please enroll me as one of the Patrons of your new de luxe Patrons' Editions of Oscar Wilde, in twelve volumes. My name (unless I request the name of a friend) is to be imprinted in Old English style in sepia on the Patrons' page of Volume One. When completed send me the twelve volumes, carriage charges prepaid. I am to have the privilege of free examination for seven days. Within that period I agree either to return the set to you, or to send you $3.00 as the first payment and not less than $3.00 each month thereafter, until a total of $39.00 has been paid. (For cash deduct 5%.)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Reference .....

Books and Authors

A VOLUME of Fox's "Book of Martyrs" in iron binding, with a chain attached, formerly the property of the late William Harris Arnold of Nutley, N. J., has been presented to the University of Edinburgh by Mrs. Arnold. The volume is one of a set forming part of the seventh edition of the work, issued in 1632. The university already possessed the second volume and the appendix to the third, both in iron bindings and chains, but it lacked the main part of the third volume, the one presented by Mrs. Arnold. It still lacks the first volume. Mrs. Arnold was led to make the presentation through hearing of the volumes in the university collection and through her belief that the volume which her husband had owned had originally belonged to the same set. This belief is supported by the fact that the second volume and the newly acquired one each bears the inscription "William Greatorix." Mrs. Arnold caused to be inserted under her husband's bookplate the following inscription: "This volume is sent home to the University of Edinburgh to rejoin its companions, in happy memory of Mr. Arnold's close relations with the old country, by Gertrude Weld Arnold and Weld Arnold."

Colonel Charles R. Howland, U. S. A., has written a "Military History of the World War," published in two volumes by the General Service Schools Press at Fort Leavenworth. The first volume contains the narrative in nineteen chapters, and the second is an atlas with 150 maps. There is a preface by Major Gen. H. E. Ely, commanding the General Service Schools, and an introduction by Colonel R. H. Allen, assistant commandant, with the approval of Brig. Gen. H. A. Smith, commandant. The work is dedicated to General Pershing. The Army and Navy Register says of the book: "The author has made a contribution of inestimable value to the literature of the momentous event to which he addresses himself."

The Princess Alexandre Gagarine, compiler of "The Borzoi Cook Book," just published by Alfred A. Knopf, is a descendant of one of the oldest families in Russia. As Marie Lasarevsky she spent most of her childhood in France and Italy. For several years she lived with her guardian, the Governor General of Turkestan. After her marriage to Prince Alexandre Gagarine, who was a diplomat, she lived at various times in Japan, Morocco, Turkey, Italy and Spain. During her travels about the world she picked up the recipes which she has incorporated in her book. The Princess is now a resident of this country.

The American School of Archaeology at Athens, according to Frank G. Carpenter, has the largest and best private Greek library in the world. It contains 25,000 volumes and more than 20,000 other items in prints, manuscripts and photographs. It was collected at a cost of more than $250,000 by Mr. Gennadius, the former Minister from Greece to London, who presented it to the American School of Archaeology. The school is now erecting a building to house it on a site provided by the Greek Government. Mr. Carpenter is now in Greece gathering material for his World Travel Series published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

"The Diary of Lady Anne Clifford," by V. Sackville-West, announced for early publication by George H. Doran Company, is the journal of a titled lady of the time of Queen Elizabeth. It affords an interesting insight into the manners and customs of that time.

The "Spanish Business Grammar," by Armando Roa, published by D. Appleton & Co., is intended, as its name indicates, for the use of the business man who uses the Spanish language in his dealings with Latin-American countries. No time is wasted in learning words that he will have no occasion to use.

A newly discovered bookplate, the oldest known in America, has just been added to the collection of the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester. It bears the name of John Cotton and the date 1674, three years earlier than the plate of William Brattle of Cambridge, hitherto considered to be the oldest. There is no attempt at artistic embellishment on the plate—merely the words, "John Cotton, his Book, Anno Dom. 1674," printed on a slip of paper with a type border.

Boys who like to tinker with radio and other electrical apparatus will be interested in "The Boy's Book of Electricity," by Sidney Aylmer Small, announced for immediate publication by E. P. Dutton & Co. The book will be a companion volume to the "Boy's Book of Chemistry," and the "Boy's Book of Physics."

George H. Doran Company announces for early publication an English translation of Valery Larbaud's "A. O. Barnabooth," which was reviewed in THE TIMES BOOK REVIEW last Spring. The translation is by Gilbert Cannan.

Henry Holt & Co. have just brought out a new translation by Brian Hooker of Edmond Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." This is the version that Walter Hampden is using in his production this Fall. Clayton Hamilton contributes an introduction to the volume.

In connection with its eighteenth annual exhibition of the books of the year, Nov. 7 to Dec. 5, the National Arts Club offers a prize for the list of the best ten books which most nearly approximates the combined judgment of those who attend the exhibition. Each person who attends will be permitted to submit a list of the best ten books, and from the combined lists will be selected the ten books which receive the greatest number of votes. The competitor whose list comes nearest to this final list will be declared the winner and will receive as a prize the ten books which he himself has selected. Each Wednesday evening of the exhibition will be Authors' Night, when prominent writers will appear and talk.

The Grand Cross of the Lion and the Sun has been conferred by the Shah of Persia upon Major Alexander E. Powell in recognition of his services in placing the truth about Persia before the world. Major Powell's book on Persia, "By Camel and Car to the Peacock Throne," was published by the Century Company.

Sidney Dark's "The Life of W. S. Gilbert," to be published this Fall, is said by the publishers, George H. Doran Company, to give all of Gilbert except Sullivan's music.

Morris Gray, President of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, is the author of a volume of verse entitled "The City's Voice," which Marshall Jones Company will bring out early in December. The book will be printed by the Merrymount Press.

"My Disillusionment in Russia," just published by Doubleday, Page & Co., is Emma Goldman's story of her two years' sojourn in Russia under Bolshevist rule. She went there expecting to find the experiment of Bolshevism a success. What she did find is indicated by the title that she has given to her book.

J. Arthur Thomson's "Outline of Science" and Dorothy Scarborough's anthology, "Modern Ghost Stories," both published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, are soon to be transcribed into braille for the blind veterans of the World War.

The third volume of Sir Henry Lucy's "The Diary of a Journalist" has just been issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. Like the preceding volumes, it is composed of extracts from the author's private diary, printed just as they were written at the time of the events described. The present volume covers the years from 1910 to 1916, thus including many entries concerning the first two years of the war. The publishers predict that this volume will attract even more attention than the earlier volumes.

Annie Carroll Moore of the New York Public Library is the author of "New Roads to Childhood," a guide to children's reading just published by George H. Doran Company.

BRIGHAM YOUNG · JAMES J. HILL · P.T. BARNUM · MARK HANNA · JESSE JAMES · FRANCES WILLARD · ADMIRAL DEWEY

STRENUOUS AMERICANS
by ROY F. DIBBLE

Keen minds which have enjoyed Lytton Strachey, The Mirror Books, Van Loon, and the Letters of Walter Hines Page, will find STRENUOUS AMERICANS a happy addition to this list. Refreshingly individual and stimulating, besides offering unforgetable portraits, it reveals the trend of American ideals through the biographies of idealised Americans. Illustrated with full page plates from photographs.
$3.00

BONI & LIVERIGHT GOOD BOOKS 61 WEST 48th STREET NEW YORK, N.Y.

New Macmillan Books
From the reviews of two of our new novels

LORRAINE
by
Dorothy Foster Gilman

Miss Gilman has combined an effective love story with an acute study of social conditions in the Strait Settlements, to excellent results. The personal histories stand out against the larger background, dramatically.—*New York Herald.* $2.00

UNCANNY STORIES
by
May Sinclair

She has never shown greater dramatic power than in some of these unholy stories, and the curious knowingness that underlies all her writing is also markedly in evidence here a truly uncanny insight into the dark corners of the human soul.—*New York Herald.* $2.50

Art in different aspects and guises

PICTORIAL BEAUTY ON THE SCREEN By Victor Oscar Freeburg

In this volume Dr. Freeburg contends that a motion picture must be composed of scenes that have certain pictorial qualifications, such as form, composition, and a proper distribution of light and shade. He handles his subject clearly and comprehensively, and those who read this book will gain a great deal more enjoyment than previously from the productions. *Probable Price* $2.50

ART PRINCIPLES IN LITERATURE By Francis P. Donnelly

A popular rather than a scientific presentation of the subject giving at the same time ample reference for more technical study. Under this discussion come such headings as the universal element, realism and reality and the nature of esthetic enjoyment. $1.50

THE ART OF CROSS-EXAMINATION By Francis L. Wellman

"The most entertaining law book ever published" as it was first termed is now even more interesting for to it has been added examples of some of the most skilful cross-examinations of many prominent cases. *Probable Price* $4.00

At all bookstores or from
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
64-66 Fifth Avenue New York

The TREASURE of the BUCOLEON
By A. D. Howden Smith
Author of "The Doom Trail," "Beyond the Sunset," etc.
"As rattlingly energetic a yarn of adventure as any in some time."—New York Times.
At All Bookstores $2.00
BRENTANO'S
Publishers New York

ALFRED A. KNOPF Publisher BORZOI BOOKS 220 WEST 42 ST. New York

"To anyone who wishes to follow French politics . . . the book is indispensable."—*Westminster Gazette.*

AS THEY ARE
French Political Portraits
by ⁂

CLEMENCEAU, CAILLAUX, MILLERAND, CHERON, COLRAT, DOUMER, FORGEOT, HERRIOT, LOUCHEUR, LEFEVRE, etc.

EVERY one of the figures described herein stands for a definite phase of French opinion, and for the most part they have made and are making French history—and the history of Europe since 1914.

MANDEL, VIVIANI, FOCH, POINCARE, BARTHOU, BRIAND, BERARD, de MONZIE, TARDIEU, BOKANOWSKI etc.

At all bookstores $2.50 net

I RIDE IN MY COACH
By Hughes Mearns
"She rode in her coach and foot passengers had better get out of the way. . . . I will gladly take an hour off any day for the likes of Grandmother Carosse."
Isabel Paterson in the N. Y. Tribune.
$2.00
THE PENN PUBLISHING CO.
Philadelphia

The Eight Paradises
Travel Pictures in Persia, Asia Minor, and Constantinople
By Princess G. V. BIBESCO

These sketches are more than travel pictures, they are a rich mosaic of verse, of Eastern legend of exquisite description and of perfumed memories of the Orient—of whatever can best convey to the Western reader the exotic atmosphere of these cities of lovely gardens, the "eight paradises" of Islam. It is a dreamy, beautiful book, full of Eastern glamour.

$2.50, postage extra, at any bookstore, or from
E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

ADVERTISEMENT. ADVERTISEMENT.

Never again at any price!

The Handy Volume Issue of the new

Encyclopaedia Britannica

will soon be sold out

It will never be reprinted!

To secure one of the few remaining sets now offered

at HALF *the* PRICE

of the regular Cambridge issue

YOU MUST ACT AT ONCE!

THE end of the Handy Volume Sale of the Encyclopaedia Britannica is now only a matter of days. The response to our earlier announcements has been unprecedented. Three bindings have been exhausted. Orders are coming into our office by the score with every mail.

The Greatest Britannica Bargain

And no wonder. This has been the most remarkable offer we ever made—the greatest bargain in Britannica history. Thousands have seized this last chance to secure the Britannica in its most convenient and popular form, the Handy Volume Issue.

If you act at once you can obtain one of these sets at this unprecedented price reduction. We still have sets in two beautiful bindings, Maroon Cloth (always the most popular), and Sheepskin. These are the two most desired bindings, of which our original supply was greatest.

All sets are the 12th and latest edition, 32 volumes, including the three volumes prepared since the war—the most up-to-date compilation of the world's knowledge in any form.

But time is short. If you want to make sure of a choice you haven't a day to lose.

These Handy Volume sets printed on genuine India paper are being sold—while they last—at half the price of the regular Cambridge Issue. Think what that means!

Last date December 24th

On or before — probably long before—December 24th every one of these sets will be sold. The Handy Volume Issue will never be reprinted. When the present stock is gone, that will be the end. After that no more of these wonderful Handy Volume sets will be available at any price.

The End of a Great Issue

Because of the universal demand for the Handy Volume Issue nearly 250,000 sets of this issue have been sold. We had hoped to keep the Handy Volumes in print side by side with the Cambridge Issue, but increased manufacturing costs and changed conditions in the publishing business have made that impossible. We therefore decided to standardize the Britannica on the basis of the Cambridge Issue. For that reason we are selling the Handy Volume sets at the greatest price reduction it ever has been possible for us to make.

A Superb Christmas Gift

No finer Christmas gift could be chosen than one of these beautiful Handy Volume sets in the handsome mahogany bookcase which is given free with each set. Here is the one gift of a lifetime's usefulness, one that all the family will enjoy from henceforth on.

Easy Monthly Payments

You can have the complete set of 32 volumes delivered to any address for an initial payment of only $5.00 and our deferred payment plan makes it easy to spread the balance over six to eighteen months. The price is a bargain to begin with, and your monthly outlay will be so small it never will be missed. Everyone today can afford the Encyclopaedia Britannica on these terms, and there is no one today who can afford to be without it.

Act today before it is too late!

Your chance is here, the time is now, tomorrow it may be gone. Sign the attached coupon (which commits you in no way) and you will receive by return mail full particulars of this remarkable offer.

THE EYCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, Inc.

Sign and mail this coupon to-day!

LATEST EDITION, IN THIRTY-TWO VOLUMES

Beautiful Bookcase

FREE

With each Handy Volume set we will give absolutely free this handsome mahogany finish bookcase, with leaded glass door, especially designed for this Issue by Maple & Co., world-famous cabinet makers.

The Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc.
342 Madison Ave., New York City

Please send me at once, without any obligation whatsoever, 52-page illustrated descriptive book containing specimen pages, maps and full information regarding the Encyclopaedia Britannica, 12th and latest edition, 32 volumes, on genuine India paper, together with complete details of your special half-price closing-out sale.

Name: Mr. Mrs. Miss .....

Address .....

.....

T. B. R. 2

When Allen Was King

(Continued from Page 1)

and American forces of occupation occurred. General Pershing had always been opposed to the French securing a foothold in Coblenz. They desired to be represented there. The coming of a delegation to submit its case caused uneasiness at the American headquarters. General Pershing was in Coblenz at the time. He told General Allen that if the French persisted in their demands he would recommend to the President that "our troops on the Rhine be withdrawn." In an entry in the diary General Allen says:

> The French are now crowding us here in their earnest efforts to dominate the Rhine. They have gone so far as to require instruction in French to the German children in the Kreis of Simmern. I always strive to see the Rhine from their viewpoint.

General Allen early doubted the wisdom of the unyielding front of France toward Germany; especially was he uneasy about measures that seemed to encourage separation among the German States. He said:

> I feel more sorry for France in her plight than ever before, for I realize that she is playing a dangerous game. In her economic distress and her shortage of manpower she should really act in concert with her friends and make some sort of livable terms with her arch-enemy rather than increase hostility.

At the same time General Allen condemned Germany's intriguing to escape complying with the terms of the Treaty of Versailles:

> There can be no longer any doubt [April 23, 1920] that Germany is doing her utmost to maintain a force vastly superior to that laid down in the treaty. * * * Every day I am more impressed with the virility of Germany and her great capacity to rehabilitate herself.

Coming down to April 19, 1921, we have this frank opinion: "It is beginning to appear that France wants to occupy the Ruhr regardless of the proposals and promises of Germany." On June 9 there is a dinner with General Degoutte, and this item is set down:

> General Degoutte insisted that America's participation, by reason of her moral influence, would be all-powerful in the present European embroilment; that France would accept whatever the United States declared was right and just; and that France and England cannot agree.

Three months later General Allen observed that "the French are getting a little more cocky than usual, and they want either the support of other countries or they want to be let alone." On Sept. 29, 1921, General Degoutte is reported as saying that "if France cannot have repairs made and get her reparations money in accordance with the treaty, Germany's forests, factories and mines should be seized if necessary and exploited with German labor under French supervision." On Dec. 1 Lord Curzon declared to General Allen that if France "kept her uncontrolled army, organized her aerial fleet and had numerous submarines, she would dominate Europe."

Of the French advance into the Ruhr General Allen says: "Jan. 11, 1923, will, in my opinion, be a baneful day for the welfare of the world, for present indications are ominously hostile to peace and European restoration." During the occupation General Allen's son married a French lady of family. The fact will explain a personal note in the following paragraph: "My solicitude for France, into the heart of which my blood relations extend, constitutes one of my gravest apprehensions. It is a logical deduction that the divergence between England and France will grow with the French advance [into the Ruhr] and the increase of holdings."

The American flag was hauled down at Ehrenbreitstein on Feb. 19, 1923. It was dark and rainy when the General's train left the station, "routed around the Ruhr so as not to risk delays in that perturbed section." Prince Hatzfeldt in bidding the American commander farewell "expressed the hope that all the good-will toward humanity and the high sense of righteousness of my country shown in 1914 had not been exhausted," and he added that "we had arrived as enemies and were leaving as friends—a rare occurrence in history."

Carl Sandburg's

ROOTABAGA PIGEONS

"Last year Carl Sandburg's 'Rootabaga Stories' captured the hearts of children all over the country. The new book is better and longer.

There are no other stories like these where everything is made up of nonsense, poetry and philosophy."—*C. S. Monitor.*

Illustrated by the Petershams. $2.00.

Paul Rosenfeld's

MUSICAL CHRONICLE

Author of *Musical Portraits*

"There is so much of reverence in the beauty and inspiration of this book that it gives the music lover new strength to get from music the stimulus it carries."—*Chicago Daily News.* $3.00

Dorothy Canfield's

RAW MATERIAL

Dorothy Canfield's new book is human and simply told, generous in spirit; stories of people we all know.

"The work of a master observer in all that moves the human heart."—*Zona Gale in the International Book Review.* $2.00

Margaret Widdemer's

GRAVEN IMAGE

Margaret Widdemer's first serious Novel

"It has such delicate subtlety and kindly humor that readers will never lay it down until they have absorbed its message."—*N. Y. Times.* $2.00

Papini's

LIFE OF CHRIST

The greatest life of the Saviour written in the last 50 years. The most popular non-fiction book in America today. $3.50

Louis Untermeyer's

THIS SINGING WORLD

A delightful anthology of children's verse collected from the finest lyrics, ballads, and nonsense verse of the last 75 years.

"This Singing World" follows Mr. Untermeyer's successful collections of modern British and American poetry.

Illustrated by Florence Irons. $3.00

Harcourt, Brace and Company, 383 Madison Ave., New York

READ JIBBY JONES

"If you like Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer you'll like 'Jibby Jones.'"
—*Toledo News Bee.*

"It's Mark Twain over again."
—*Phila. No. American.*

"This is a boy's story, a great one."
—*Wilmington Every Evening*

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER'S STORY

"'A big true-hearted story of real child life."
—*Fort Wayne Journal.*

"Its appeal is as universal as boyhood itself."
—*Rochester Democrat.*

"A jolly yarn, rippling with fun, spiced with adventure."
—*Worcester Gazette.*

$2.00 H. M. CO.

"BEST BOY'S BOOK FOR YEARS"

THE popularity of Ernest Bramah's two Chinese fantasies: "Kai Lung's Golden Hours" and "The Wallet of Kai Lung" has led to a handsome two-volume boxed edition now ready as a Holiday gift. DORAN BOOKS

"Mankind is so shocking!"

AUNT POLLY'S STORY OF MANKIND *Donald Ogden Stewart*

"A parody outline of evolution" is Mr. Stewart's new book. By the author of "Perfect Behavior." Illustrated by Herb Roth. $2.00

"His business career and personality."

HENRY FORD: The Man and His Motives *William L. Stidger*

In this biography Mr. Ford's personal character is finely drawn and his industrial success accounted for. $2.00

Lloyd George stages a come-back

WHERE ARE WE GOING? *Lloyd George*

The British Prime Minister, 1916-1922, discusses with outspokenness the appalling position of Europe. $3.00

As much Revelation as Genesis

THE GENESIS OF THE WAR *Herbert Henry Asquith*

One of the very few books of contemporary history of the first importance. $6.00

Royal Geographical Society Medalist

TALES OF TRAVEL *Marquess Curzon of Kedleston*

Famous as a world traveller long before he became famous as a statesman. His discoveries in Eastern lands. Illustrated. $7.50

FROM all parts of the country Joseph Collins' "The Doctor Looks at Literature" is reported to be in great demand. The discussion it has started has spread to literary clubs, church classes and college English courses. The book is in its third large printing.

ANTIC HAY *Aldous Huxley*

Mr. Huxley, in a novel presenting many delicious satirical portraits after the manner of his "Crome Yellow," thus circumspectly invites us to enjoy the spectacle of Gumbril about to "dance the antic hay." $2.00

YOUNG FELIX *Frank Swinnerton*

Mr. Swinnerton's new novel, the sympathetic and yet gently ironic account of a young man whose touch brought disaster, is his longest, most ambitious, and most successful novel. $2.00

WIFE OF THE CENTAUR *Cyril Hume*

A story of the youth of today, restless, eager for life, courageous; and beneath the surface glitter, a genuine sense of the true values of life. A novel that will be talked of everywhere. $2.50

STREETS OF NIGHT *John Dos Passos*

A novel of youth and its search for happiness against a Boston background. A frank book written with the characteristic power of "Three Soldiers." $2.00

THE GASPARDS OF PINE CROFT *Ralph Connor*

A story of a man's temptation, devotion and victory, of happy love-making and daring adventure. The best since "The Sky Pilot." $2.00

RICEYMAN STEPS *Arnold Bennett*

Mr. Bennett's new novel, his finest work in years, gives the history of Elsie, a lovable young servant girl, in the year of her life's crucial anxiety and hard-won happiness. $2.00

JEREMY AND HAMLET *Hugh Walpole*

"No more delightful book ever came from the pen of that accomplished writer, Hugh Walpole, than his 'Jeremy and Hamlet.'" $2.00

JENNIFER LORN *Elinor Wylie*

A sedate and satirical extravaganza of the ironical adventures of an eighteenth century English noble and his lady. $2.50

THE GAY YEAR *Dorothy Speare*

Here's a picture of our young married people done with the same deftness that made the great success of "Dancers in the Dark." $2.00

A CONVENIENT booklet containing brief accounts of 200 and more of the best books of the year will be sent on request. Ask also about our Club Program outlines, booklets about Walpole, Swinnerton, etc., and sample copies of THE BOOKMAN—all free on request.

DORAN BOOKS GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, *Publishers* 244 Madison Avenue New York

Historical Melting Pot

(Continued from Page 4)

iban, called the Neanderthal man from the place in the Rhine Valley where remains of him were first found. His hand was undeveloped. And before him are placed the Heidelberg and the Piltdown men, known from still more scanty remains. What are regarded as the ancestors of modern man are known as the Cro-Magnon races, coming, it is conjectured, from the East by way of Northern Africa.

The Crô-Magnons present a sharp contrast to the Neanderthals. In all essential features they were of modern type. They would, dressed in modern attire, pass through the streets of a modern city without particular notice taken of them. One branch of the Crô-Magnons was particularly tall and handsome, with an average height for the males of 6 feet 1¼ inches, with chests very broad in the upper part, and remarkably long shin-bones that indicate swiftness of foot. The Neanderthals had short shins and bent knees and their gait must have been slow and awkward. The Crô-Magnon hand was quite like that of the most civilized man of today. A profound change occurred when the Aurignacian stage of culture was inaugurated by the intruding Crô-Magnons. Skilled workers chipped flint in a new way and, like the contemporary inhabitants of North Africa, shaped artifacts from bone; they also used reindeer horn and the ivory tusks of mammoths. The birth of pictorial art took place in Europe after the Crô-Magnons arrived.

There is no evidence of conflict between these very different races; it may be the Neanderthals died of imported diseases. Some students place the connection of Britain with Europe by land as late as 3000 B. C.; with this Mr. Mackenzie agrees.

Chapter VII., "Ancient Mariners Reach Britain," offers fruitful suggestion of what may have happened while the land between the British Islands and the Continent gave way to the encroachment of the Atlantic. While the east coasts gradually sank, the west coasts rose. Neolithic trade and industries, metal workers, Celts and Iberians, races of Britain and Ireland, are the topics of four chapters packed with information clearly stated. Druidism in Britain and Gaul ends by a return to the old guess that the megalithic monuments like Stonehenge should be attributed to the Druids, this owing chiefly to the arguments of the Belgian Siret, author of essays in L'Anthropologie, 1921. Another chapter filled with suggestive ideas discusses the lore of charms. In "The World of Our Ancestors" Mr. Mackenzie draws upon the sources from which he wrote his interesting book on "Colour Symbolism" and tells how ancient and some more modern peoples have personified the cardinal points of the compass and given colors to them. After a sketchy chapter on "Ancient Pagan Deities in Great Britain and Ireland" he closes with a historical summary in which he draws together the points of most importance:

> The evidence collected of late years by ethnologists shows that the masses of the English population are descended from the early peoples of the pre-agricultural and early agricultural ages. The theory of the wholesale extermination by the Anglo-Saxons of the early Britons has been founded manifestly on very scant and doubtful evidence. What the Teutonic invasions accomplished in reality was the destruction, not of a people, but of a civilization. The native arts and crafts declined and learning was stamped out when the social organization of post-Roman-Britain was shattered. * * * We owe much to Roman culture, but we owe much also to the culture of the British pre-Roman period.

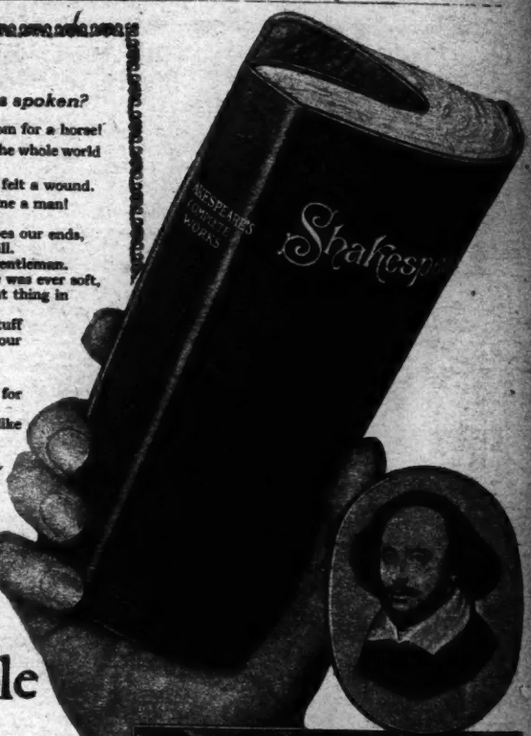
"Ancient Man in Britain" may be commended and recommended. While presenting the best current guesses as to the origin and development of human beings in Europe, it contains a wealth of folklore and myth most necessary to an understanding of present conditions so far as the prejudices and repulsions and hatreds are concerned which menace the existence of society.

The publication of "Pandora Lifts the Lid," by Christopher Morley and Don Marquis, which George H. Doran Company was to have brought out this Fall, has been postponed until next year.

Do you know your Shakespeare?

In what plays, or by what characters, are these famous lines spoken?

1. Homekeeping youth have ever homely wits
2. The course of true love never did run smooth
3. The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose!
4. O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
5. It is a wise father that knows his own child
6. Sweet are the uses of adversity,
   Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
   Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.
7. How far that little candle throws its beams!
   So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
8. Down on your knees
   And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love.
9. Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them
10. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown
11. She is a woman, therefore may be wooed
    She is a woman, therefore may be won
12. A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!
13. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
14. He jests at scars who never felt a wound.
15. I dare do all that may become a man!
    Who dares do more is none.
16. There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
    Rough-hew them how we will.
17. The prince of darkness is a gentleman.
18. Her voice was ever soft,
    Gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman.
19. We are such stuff
    As dreams are made on; and our little life
    Is ended with a sleep.
20. He was a man, take him for all in all
    I shall not look upon his like again.

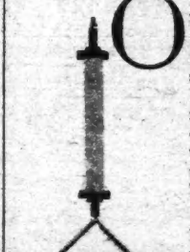


Only three living men know the secret which makes this wonderful book possible

Here, in a single, slender volume, is everything that Shakespeare ever wrote. It is a book of the rarest character, made by the finest book-craftsmen in the world at the Oxford University Press in England. It contains almost 1400 clearly printed pages, yet it can be slipped easily into an overcoat pocket. How is this possible? How can it be done?

OXFORD is very close to Stratford-on-Avon. Shakespeare probably visited it frequently. He must have seen the old printing shop in the university town and must have watched in wonder (for it was wonderful then) how the great craftsmen of those days made books.

They had been making books there a hundred years before he was born—books that today are precious beyond value. Later, Shakespeare's own works were printed in the little Oxford printshop, perhaps by sons of the craftsmen whom the young playwright had seen.



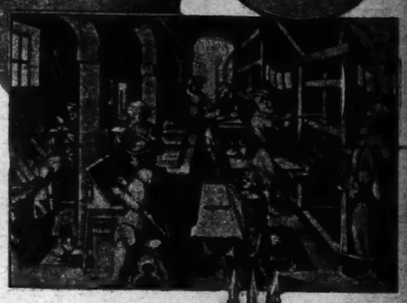
Photograph of a strip of the wonderful India paper, only 2 inches wide, supporting a dictionary weighing 23 pounds.

Ever since, in this old town, the tradition of fine book-making has endured from generation to generation; nothing but the finest volumes, books that craftsmen handled lovingly, proud of their handiwork, has gone out to the world from this Oxford printshop. And now, in this day, has come the culmination of this beautiful tradition, centuries old!

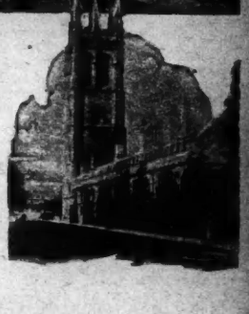
Can you imagine what those old craftsmen would have said; can you imagine how the sensitive Shakespeare himself would have felt, if he could have held in his hand the marvellous volume that the Oxford University Press (the same printshop that Shakespeare knew) has succeeded in achieving.

For, here in one slim volume, is *all* of Shakespeare—every comedy, every tragedy, every poem, the great Master wrote. It is a book of almost 1400 pages, *yet actually it is not more than one inch in thickness.* How can it be done—those old craftsmen would have asked in amazement; and you, too, must wonder how it is possible.

The secret which makes it possible was discovered by an Oxford student in a journey to the Far East, and it now lies locked in a burglar-proof vault at the Oxford University Press. It is the secret of Oxford India Paper, known to only three living men—the most wonderful paper ever made, so thin and light you can scarcely feel it in your hand, but in spite of this, absolutely opaque, so that the printing does not show through. It is a paper often imitated, but never yet equalled in quality.



Old drawing of the printshop at Oxford University. It was at this shop that Shakespeare probably witnessed the old book-craftsmen at their work.



A scene in Oxford today; the old town still preserves its ancient tradition of wonderful bookmaking.

But even this is not all. The men who made this book had determined that this was to be the supreme achievement of centuries of book-making at Oxford. The clear bold type used was finally selected from 550 styles under consideration. The very ink was made in Oxford, to be sure of perfect printing. Each individual book was bound by *hand*, in gold-stamped genuine Pluviusin, by the finest book-craftsmen in the world. The result is—more than a book. It is a work of art.

If you love Shakespeare—and you do love him—you will appreciate this beautiful volume. Think how much he has done for you; how he has *enriched* your life! Is there any living person, indeed, who has had so deep and broadening an influence upon you? When you feel so warmly toward anyone, as you do toward this great Master, is it not fitting that you should own his works in a form really worthy of him? We predict that you will find this to be *the* Shakespeare that you have always longed to possess.

The Plymouth Publishing Company has obtained the privilege of presenting this wonderful book to the American public. For months we have been awaiting the edition, and now the first few hundred copies have just arrived from abroad. Some are thumb-indexed for those who prefer it. We did not get half as many copies as we wished, and we do not know when we can get more; for these rare volumes are not turned out by "machine processes;" they are made by hand, by craftsmen who remember the traditions of Oxford, and who will not be hurried.

If you wish to obtain one of the few hundred copies that have been received we will gladly send one to you for examination. It is not necessary to send money. Simply fill in the request below, or write a letter. When the package comes, give the postman $4.95—plus the delivery charges. Then examine the book at your leisure. If you are not thrilled by the beauty of it, if it does not in every respect come up to your ideal of what a "Shakespeare" should be, return it and your payment will be gladly refunded.

The Plymouth Publishing Company
7 West 42nd Street, Dept. 311, New York City

Christmas reservations must be made now

A few additional copies of this book will be received from Oxford before Christmas; exactly how many will come, however, we do not know. If you wish to obtain a copy as a Christmas gift—and certainly no more acceptable gift could be made to anyone—reservation should be made immediately. *Orders will naturally be filled in the sequence in which they are received by us.* If you are interested, therefore, please do not delay but send the coupon, or write to us, at once.

PLYMOUTH PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 311,
7 West 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y.
Telephone Longacre 5041

Gentlemen: Send me for a week's examination the one volume Oxford edition de luxe of Shakespeare's Complete Works, printed on India paper. When the book arrives I will give the postman $4.95, plus a few cents postage, which is payment in full. It is understood that if I decide to return the book, my payment will be refunded at once.

☐ Mark X here if you prefer your book with a thumb-index. Price 50c additional.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 9)

poems and the stories in magazines on both sides of the water, can guess with what agility and ease, with what keen humor and yet withal with what cool indifference he now embarks on this longer adventure. But there remains even in this full-sized volume the breathlessness of the short flight. For "Piri and I" consists of many little sketches, thirty-three in all, held together by a common interest. They resemble as many multicolored beads fastened on the one necklace, each one possessing an individual glitter.

The binding thread is the relationship that exists between the players of the book's titular parts, as youngsters, as post-adolescents, and as man and woman. Both are children of the gay cosmopolitan society of Paris, and it is against the background of that entrancing capital and of other European pleasure centres that they chance to act the serio-comic drama of their days. Much of the story is autobiographical, for Mr. Vail has had the good fortune to be himself a product of an environment akin to that of his hero, Michael. As a literary craftsman he has taken the wise tip from his artist parents, and now sketches directly from the life. His work, therefore, has a deft precision and a clear-cut effectiveness which come as a welcome change after the blurred generalities of the school of flapper fiction writers who have attempted to cover a somewhat similar ground.

"Piri and I" is pre-eminently a story of youth. True, it has a diverting prologue dealing with Parisian childhood, and an epilogue by way of postscript that affects maturity, but the great bulk of its pages chronicle the days and nights of youth—youth with its superb sophistication, its indifference to everything but itself and its own world, and in particular its scathing scorn, or at times patronizing tolerance, for the generation of its immediate progenitors. Piri and Michael, both relieved of the necessity of toil, adopt the playboy attitude toward life. In their apologia they confess to have "sought dizzy nonsensical crests." They "yearned, strained, to walk like clowns on a tightrope, taut between foolish sun and more foolish moon." There they frolicked in order to dazzle themselves and the world. Eventually, however, they grew bored. And as bored people are heavy, their tightrope snapped. And with a certain crestfallen interest, not unmixed with amusement, they find themselves fallen back into the temper and manners of the out-of-date generations they scorned.

Well in line, and, indeed, part and parcel of this whimsical theme is the book's scintillating conversation. Piri and Michael are great talkers. Talk forms their chief stock in trade in their project to dazzle the world. "Piri and I" has the bouquet and sparkle of champagne and not a little of its "kick" as well.

ARLIE GELSTON

ARLIE GELSTON. By Roger L. Sergel. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $2.

STUDIES of persons mentally defective are tolerably numerous in American fiction, and now Roger L. Sergel adds one more to an already sufficiently long list. His novel, "Arlie Gelston," is the history of a female moron, detailing at very great length her emotional and physical experiences. In one part of the book he compares her to a terrified rabbit, running back and forth across the road in front of a pursuing automobile, a comparison which seems distinctly uncomplimentary to the mentality of the rabbit.

Arlie Gelston is a girl of 19, the author tells us at the beginning, though later he would seem to infer that she is considerably younger. She has a brother, Phil, who is her junior by two years, though later the text apparently implies that he is the elder. When the book opens they are living with their quarrelsome and illiterate parents in a dirty and depressing house in the no less depressing village of Coon Falls, Iowa. Arlie goes to her "first real dance," which her mother has forbidden her to attend; then on an automobile petting party, where she is extensively kissed by a youth named

(Continued on Following Page)

JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK ROOM
33 West 49th Street
has the *best books* for children of every age

Such as:	Age
About Annabel, $2.10	5-10
Child's Garden of Verses, $3.60	5-10
Animal Book for Children, $3.10	6-10
Peterkin Papers, $2.60	8-14
Dog of Flanders, $1.60	8-14
Huckleberry Finn, $2.60	10-16
Wild Animals I Have Known, $2.60	10-16
Rose and the Ring, $1.85	10-14
Treasure Island, $3.60	12-16
Little Duke, $2.60	12-16

Prices Are Postpaid.

JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK ROOM
33 West 49th St., New York.
Please send me free of charge John Martin's Blue List of Best Reading for Children.
Name .....
Address .....
T.-11-18-23

Gifts for Every One

At this the Holiday Season we suggest as Gifts a choice from our comprehensive Collection of

Old and Rare Books
Sets and Single Volumes
First Editions
Books with Colored Plates
Sporting Books

CHRISTMAS CARDS
Desk Sets, Book Ends, Prints, Novelties, Stationery, Brass Goods, Leather Goods, Fountain Pens.

BRENTANO'S
Booksellers to the World
Fifth Avenue New York

HARRY
A Portrait
By NEITH BOYCE
A mother's story of her son—a moving document and a fine work of literature. *Large square 12mo.* $2.00
THOMAS SELTZER, N. Y.

CAT O'MOUNTAIN
By Arthur O. Friel
Romance and mystery in the New York Highlands. The best mountain story since "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."
$2.00
THE PENN PUBLISHING CO.
Philadelphia

Free Books

By Emanuel Swedenborg. Endowed for that purpose, this Society offers to send you, without cost or obligation other than 5 cents each for mailing, the following works of Swedenborg:

Heaven and Hell	432 pages
Divine Providence	420 pages
The Four Doctrines	382 pages
Divine Love and Wisdom	416 pages

Each book is printed in large type on good paper and is substantially bound in stiff paper cover.
American Swedenborg Printing & Publishing Society
Room 311 16 E. 41st Street New York

You can get it now
The great, realistic masterpiece by
DREISER
The "Genius"
To those who have had difficulty in obtaining THE "GENIUS" recently, we are glad to announce that a new large edition will be on sale in all stores, at the time this notice appears.
This is the edition printed unabridged from the original plates. $3.00
BONI & LIVERIGHT, N. Y.

B&L Good Books

The Book of the Moment!
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF
TUT-ANKH-AMEN
By BISHARA NAHAS

This book gives a wealth of new and interesting information on the history, myths and customs of ancient Egypt as well as a vivid presentation of the life and personality of Tut-ankh-Amen. The author is a native Egyptian.
"The layman who desires a handy compendium by means of which to acquaint himself with the main facts of Tut-Ankh-Amen and his time will find a good introduction to Egyptology in this little book. It is concisely written for the average reader."—N. Y. Evening Post.
ILLUSTRATED $1.50
(10c extra for postage)
at all Bookstores or from Publishers.
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
500 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

THE CRY OF VASHTI
By M. A. B. EVANS
A collection of verse by the author of "The Caliph's Secret," etc. "It does," says the *N. Y. Times*, "abundant honor to the New England tradition."
$1.75 at bookstores.
G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York

CHARLES G. NORRIS'S
New Novel
BREAD
By the Author of "Salt" and "Brass."
$2; postage extra.
E. P. Dutton & Co., 681 5th Ave., N. Y.

SINNERS IN HEAVEN
The Whole Town's Talking

A MEMORANDUM ON NEW FICTION

There are three or four American novelists whom almost everybody regards as leaders.

Would you not have enjoyed an early invitation to read their first work if you had been aware of the fame that was to come?

You are now invited to read a story by one who, assuredly, will achieve recognition as one of the select group of American novelists of distinction.

ARLIE GELSTON
is an extraordinary work. Its author is
ROGER L. SERGEL

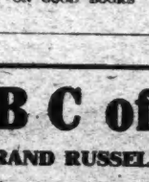
Of the three or four writers above alluded to, none excels
SHERWOOD ANDERSON
No more need be said to his admirers than that his new volume of stories
HORSES AND MEN
is as good a book as he has written. Many who have seen the manuscript think it represents him at his best.

When world-figures in literature are discussed, invariably we speak of Thomas Hardy, Anatole France and
GERHART HAUPTMANN
He has written an almost perfect love story in
THE HERETIC OF SOANA
A word to those studying the technique of the story: this book is worth a course of lessons.

Is there a successor to Gorky, Andreyev, Chekhov and the other Russians who, historically, belong to the generation which ended with the old regime?
IURY LIBEDINSKY
may be the man. At any rate, all of literary Russia is aflame with admiration for the youth whose
A WEEK
is a marvel of story-telling. Truly, a novel to arouse enthusiasm.

Read these books. They constitute a distinguished quartette.

THIS MARK



ON GOOD BOOKS

Handsomely made volumes, moderately priced.

ARLIE GELSTON	$2.00
HORSES AND MEN	$2.00
THE HERETIC OF SOANA	$1.50
A WEEK	$1.50

At bookstores or of the publisher
B. W. HUEBSCH Inc.
116 W. 13th STREET, New York

The A B C of Atoms
By BERTRAND RUSSELL, F. R. S.
An introduction to the amazing advances in our knowledge of the Atom made in the last few years. Mr. Russell takes us into a fascinating wonderland of the infinitely small, infinitely complex, yet infinitely full of energy. He tells us how the velocities and masses of these minute objects are studied and measured, how totally new laws of dynamics have been discovered—in short, manages to give a thoroughly practical working idea of many complicated facts in plain, simple and intensely interesting language.
$2.00, postage extra, at any bookstore or from
E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Preceding Page)

Ned. It is on this party that she first meets Herbert, usually known as "Herb" Shuman, son of a well-to-do farmer. During the Summer he takes her on a number of motor rides, with accompanying love-making, if the word can be applied to such an affair as theirs, one of "Cloyed mouths and wet strained lips. Eagerness sickening to weariness." However, Arlie, though like the majority of her unfortunate type, ready to "snuggle up" to any male creature, seems to have had something of a preference for "Herb."

Presently she discovers that she is going to have a baby, and a hundred or more pages of close print are devoted to the details of her condition. The remainder of the very long book is in accord with the beginning. Arlie marries, is left a widow, and at last comes to the conclusion that her husband's family "had never wanted her." There being no discernible reason why they should desire her company, the reader is inclined to sympathize with their distaste, which does not prevent Arlie from getting all the money she can out of them. She speedily acquires a second husband, and has another succession of experiences, which include a drunken celebration of an especially disgusting kind. The method of the novel is the realistic, but in one instance at least the author is not strictly accurate regarding certain facts of female physiology.

The novel is excessively long, overburdened with words, and more than a little tedious. Yet there are bits here and there which indicate a possibility that the author may some day do better work—bits of description, touches of characterization that have a good deal of promise. The woman doctor, who appears only for a very little while, is the most likable and intelligent person in the book.

THE WHIRLWIND

THE WHIRLWIND. By A. Stone. 312 pp. Milton-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.: The A. Stone Foundation.

THE author of this novel has written three other stories, "American Pep," "The Yazoo Mystery" and "Fighting Byng." In spite of this previous experience, "The Whirlwind" impresses one as the work of a beginner.

The book reminds one of an old-fashioned five-cent thriller of the Nick Carter era. There is enough incident sketched for two or three good adventure stories. Captain Tilden, with the barkentine Durland, sails from Mobile with a cargo of lumber, bound for Spain. It is during the war, and before the entrance of the United States. The Captain is burdened with an inexperienced cook, a mate, Bates, who is a scoundrel and who for no reason adequately explained tries to sink the ship, set it afire at sea and destroy the ship's mascot, a stowaway baby girl.

Captain Tilden brings the Durland through after a severe and dangerous voyage to Bilbao, Spain. He then transports a cargo to South America. At the Azores, Bates deserts and the cook, Jim Conroy, who takes care of the baby, waits on the Captain and cooks for the crew, adds the duties of a mate to his others. Jim Conroy the author meant for the mystery element in the story. In the last part of the last chapter he turns out to be a woman. The reader discovers it in the first chapter, and the biggest mystery of all would seem to be how the Captain failed to discover Jim's secret until he was told.

The best that can be said of this book is that the author must love the sea or he wouldn't have written so many words about it.

STRANGER THINGS

STRANGER THINGS. By Mildred Cram. 314 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

STRANGENESS in greater or less degree characterizes all of the eleven short stories by Miss Mildred Cram, grouped together under the title of "Stranger Things." The author, to judge by her work, has a preference for odd personalities, out-of-the-way places, unusual happenings, and in three instances she ventures beyond realities into the illusory or inexplicable. With the exception of two or pos-

(Continued on Page 19)

Distinguished Books

THE HOPEFUL JOURNEY
By Beatrice Kean Seymour
$2.00

KANGAROO
By D. H. Lawrence
$2.00

MASTRO-DON GESUALDO
By Giovanni Verga
Translated by *D. H. Lawrence*
$2.50

DR. GRAESLER
By Arthur Schnitzler
$2.50

OPEN ALL NIGHT
By Paul Morand
$2.00

The Adventures of MAYA THE BEE
By Waldemar Bonsels
$3.00

ESCAPADE
An Autobiography
By Evelyn Scott
$3.00

STUDIES IN CLASSIC AMERICAN LITERATURE
By D. H. Lawrence
$3.00

THOMAS SELTZER
5 W. 50th St., New York

The New Novel

BREAD BREAD BREAD

By CHARLES G. NORRIS
Author of "Brass"

$2.00, postage extra. Any bookstore.

E. P. Dutton & Co., 681 5th Ave.

"It's a hard book to lay down, even after you've finished it."
—F. P. A., in The Tribune.

BARBRY

A DOWN EAST STORY
BY
HENRY M. RIDEOUT

$2.00 DUFFIELD

SINNERS IN HEAVEN

Stepping Stones

Books That Make A Publishing Season Notable

The Complete Poems of Robert Louis Stevenson *With a photogravure portrait frontispiece*

Among them are more than 200 poems never before published except in a limited edition, poems which he treasured but never gave to the world in his lifetime. $4.00

By the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill
The World Crisis, 1915
With "The World Crisis, 1911-1914" it forms by far the most important contribution yet made to the annals of the World War.
With maps and diagrams. $6.50

By Walter Damrosch *Conductor, New York Symphony Orchestra*
My Musical Life
"Decidedly entertaining . . . He is a good writer and knows how to leaven his pages with jokes and anecdotes."—*Literary Review.*
Illustrated. $4.00

By Prof. A. T. Olmstead
History of Assyria

This fine historical narrative, just published, will be ranked as one of the crowning achievements of American historical research. The author is Professor of History at the University of Illinois.
With many illustrations. $7.50

By John C. Van Dyke
Rembrandt and His School
A book which has attracted wide attention in the art world and which is certain to have a far-reaching influence. With frontispiece and 187 illustrations. Limited to 1,200 copies, printed from type which has been distributed. $12.00

By Michael Pupin *Professor of Electro-Mechanics, Columbia University.*
From Immigrant to Inventor
One of the most remarkable and fascinating American autobiographies ever published. It unfolds a fascinating romance of science.
Illustrated. $4.00

By Edward M. East *Professor at Harvard University*
Mankind at the Crossroads
The author, who was Acting Chief of the Statistics Division of the U. S. Food Administration in 1918, believes that mankind may face starvation within a century.
With maps. $3.50

By H. H. Kohlsaat
From McKinley to Harding
"At once a diverting mine of good anecdotes and a valuable contribution to the political history of our time."—*International Book Review.*
Illustrated. $3.00

By Edward W. Bok
A Man From Maine
"Remarkably fascinating. . . . As full of romance as a novel and inspiring from beginning to end."—*Boston Post.*
Fourth large printing. Illustrated. $3.00

By A. J. Barnouw *Professor at Columbia University*
Holland Under Queen Wilhelmina
"Condensed, as it necessarily must be, it is not mere inventory, but a luminous, penetrating, and sympathetic analysis of Dutch achievements in the past quarter century."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*
Illustrated. $3.00

Quentin Durward *By Sir Walter Scott*
This romantic classic celebrates its hundredth anniversary by appearing in this new edition with beautiful color illustrations by C. Bosseron Chambers. $3.50

Two New Popular Editions. Illustrated. Each $1.00
The Americanization of Edward Bok
Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children

The Short Stories of Robert Louis Stevenson
The first complete one-volume collection. Each story has an editorial note telling forth the circumstances under which it was written and giving any comments by R. L. S. on its character and purpose. $2.50

Earlham
By Percy Lubbock
This memoir of the author's boyhood has just received the James Tait Black prize (London) for the best biography published in 1922. $3.00

As I Like It
By Wm. Lyon Phelps
Delightful discussions of the books, plays and timely questions of the day. $2.00

Ventures in Book Collecting
By Wm. Harris Arnold
The author was a foremost collector of autographs and rare editions. His adventures in assembling his remarkable specimens, many of which are reproduced in these pages, are set forth with charm and humor.
With many illustrations. $3.50

Building the American Nation
By Nicholas Murray Butler
"Dr. Butler's enthusiasm and fine ideals are a torch and a guidance."—*London Morning Post.*
Illustrated. $2.50

The American Constitution
As It Protects Private Rights
By Frederic Jesup Stimson
A popular exposition for ordinary citizens, simple in its treatment. $2.50

American Artists
By Royal Cortissoz
Papers on many of the most significant figures in American painting, by a foremost art critic. $3.00

The Wind in the Willows
A new edition of Kenneth Grahame's childhood classic, with illustrations in color and black and white by Nancy Barnhart. $3.00

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Current Magazines

IN an article entitled "How Long Can the Farmer Hold Out?" printed in the November North American Review, R. L. Holman, who is himself a "dirt farmer," makes an interesting comparison of the incomes of the farmer and the city worker. He asserts that it would take all the yearly income from a 200-acre wheat farm, taking average acre production and present quotations on wheat as a basis, to equal the annual income of a plumber in New York City, allowing him only 250 workdays and 11.5 days of idle time between jobs.

On this basis of computation it would take the proceeds from the sale of a hundred acres of corn to equal the annual income of a New York bricklayer.

A farmer who derived his income from growing oats would have to sell the annual product from a 300-acre farm before he could get enough money in hand to equal the income of a paperhanger in one of our larger cities.

It would require the annual proceeds from the average acre production of a 100-acre cotton farm to reach the yearly remuneration enjoyed by a skilled mechanic in a number of our industries.

Mr. Holman remarks further that the incomes of the various classes of city workers mentioned are all net, while that of the farmer is gross. Out of it he must pay for labor, machinery, taxes, insurance, depreciation, interest on the capital invested, &c. Unfortunately, Mr. Holman neglects to tell us just how many days' labor are required to produce the various crops enumerated, leaving us to assume that the farmer spends his entire year in producing, let us say, a crop of wheat, which, of course, is not the case. It is quite probable that, even allowing for this, the farmer could be shown to be less well paid than the plumber, but the discrepancy would not be quite so great as Mr. Holman would have us believe.

Albert Sterner, writing in the November Arts and Decoration on the subject of "Purposeless Art and Insincere Craftsmanship," says in part:

> Art that is not purposeful, that is to say, not related to the community in which it occurs, is useless. Hence the artist who believes that what he individually thinks, feels and does is of greater importance than the reaction of the community to his performance, is a purposeless artist and must eventually produce purposeless art.
>
> All through the history of art definite periods of reaction are quite precisely recorded and may be clearly detected. Now they move against a too powerful academic tendency, now against the opposite trend. The present reaction has been against a certain imitative realism, against a literal representative art. Its disciples have attempted to portray the inner and mystic moods of the mind, and in their conscious affectations have attributed meanings to things which they do not possess and which most often cannot be rendered in painting or sculpture—both eminently plastic and concrete media of expression—definitely limited in their means.
>
> These experimental exercises in their most elementary form may be classed among the mind's hyperactivities and must, nay do, lead to unlimited vagaries peculiar to each experimentist. It is in this way that so many new languages in art have recently been born, wauniversal symbols which a priori cannot be understood by the normal being, and remain therefore food caviare for the cognoscenti, a mere handful of people more and more negligible in a great democracy.

The November number of St. Nicholas is the Fiftieth Anniversary number and contains an article entitled, "Fifty Years of St. Nicholas," from which we quote:

> At the beginning there were but three persons actively engaged in the editorial work. Mrs. Dodge had as associate editor Mr. Frank R. Stockton; and the third member of the staff was Mr. William Fayal Clarke, not yet quite of voting age, but from his boyhood a devotee of good literature. Mr. Stockton resigned his post in the early '80s to write the books that soon made him famous throughout the land, though he continued his whimsical and delightful contributions to the magazine. To Mr. Clarke St. Nicholas and its growing influence furnished occupation and constant development, so congenial, satisfying, and inspiring in every sense that he proved an example of the saying, "Happy is the man who has found his work," and in that royal state of mind has devoted all his energies and ambition for a full half-century to his beloved magazine. He succeeded Mr. Stockton as associate editor. In the later years of Mrs. Dodge's life, when of necessity she gradually withdrew from active management, the direction of the periodical and the control of the enlarged staff devolved upon him; and after her lamented death, in 1905, he became editor-in-chief.
>
> Thus the magazine presents the probably unique record of having had but two editors in fifty years, and each in control for about half that period,—doubtless a fortunate circumstance, since, combined with the fact that the present editor almost grew up with it, it insured an unbroken continuance of the standards and characteristics which had brought it success from the start.

In the November Scribner's is the opening instalment of "An Intimate Portrait of R. L. S. by His Stepson, Lloyd Osborne," which will run through four numbers of the magazine. Of his first meeting with Stevenson, who was then 28, Mr. Osborne writes:

> It was at the old inn at Grèz-sur-Loing that I first saw Robert Louis Stevenson. I was 8 years old, a tousled-haired, barefooted child who was known to that company of artists as "Pettifish." Though I sat at the long table d'hôte, I was much too insignificant a person to be noticed by this wonderful new arrival, whose coming had caused such a stir.
>
> But after the meal when we all trooped down to the riverside to see the Cigarette and the Arethusa—the two canoes that had just finished the "Inland Voyage"—~~the stranger allowed me to sit~~ in his, and even went to the trouble of setting up the little masts and sails for my amusement. I was very flattered to be treated so seriously—R. L. S. always paid children the compliment of being serious, no matter what mocking light might dance in his brilliant brown eyes—and I instantly elected him to a high place in my esteem.
>
> While the others talked I appraised him silently. He was tall and slight, with light brown hair, a small golden mustache, and a beautiful ruddy complexion; and was so gay and buoyant that he kept every one in fits of laughter. He wore a funny-looking little round cap, such as schoolboys used to have in England; a white flannel shirt, dark trousers, and very neat shoes. Stevenson had very shapely feet; they were long and narrow with a high arch and instep, and he was proud of them. However shabbily he might be dressed, he was always smartly shod. I remember being much impressed by his costume, which was in such contrast to that of his cousin, "Bob," who had preceded him to Grèz, and whom I already knew quite well. Bob was attired in a tattered blue jersey such as fishermen wore, trousers that needed no Sherlock Holmes to decide that he was a landscape painter, and wooden sabots of the slightly superior order.
>
> All these lads—for they were scarcely more—were gloriously under the spell of the Vie de Bohème; they wanted to be poor, improvident, and reckless; they were eager to assert that they were outcasts and rebels.
>
> It was the custom of them all to rail at the respectable and well-to-do: R. L. S.'s favorite expression was "a common banker," used as one might refer to a common laborer. "Why, even a common banker would renig at a thing like that"—"renig" being another favorite word. I got the impression that people with good clothes, and money in their pockets, and pleasant, big houses were somehow odious, and should be heartily despised. They belonged to a strange race called Philistines, and were sternly to be kept in their place.

Novelets is a new magazine, devoted, as its name indicates, to the publication in each number of several complete short novels. The first issue, November, contains stories by Paul Deresco Augsburg, Theodore Goodridge Roberts, Winifred Duncan Ward, Morgan Robertson and Francis James, and a poem by Harry Sinclair Drago.

The December number of Boys' Life, the magazine published by the Boy Scout organization, will contain a story by Rudyard Kipling, written especially for the boys of America. "His Gift" is the title, and the chief character is a Boy Scout.

BORZOI BOOKS

YET AGAIN
by Max Beerbohm

Some of Beerbohm's most delightful and characteristic work, long out of print in England, and never before published in this country. $2.50

CROSSINGS: A FAIRY PLAY
by Walter de la Mare

The famous English poet's magic has never been more convincing than in this holiday play for children. With illustrations by Dorothy P. Lathrop, and music by C. Armstrong Gibbs. $3.50

STEPHEN CRANE
by Thomas Beer
Introduction by Joseph Conrad

The first detailed and accurate biography of one of the most tragic and fascinating figures in American literary history. $2.50

***At* MRS. BEAM'S**
by C. K. Munro

"The most brilliant and most amusing play in London."—*The Saturday Review.* $2.50

LAMPS *Of* WESTERN MYSTICISM
by Arthur Edward Waite

Essays on the life of the soul in God, defining an approach to the understanding of mystic doctrine. $5.00

WEEDS
by Pio Baroja

The second part of the trilogy *The Struggle for Life*, continuing Manuel's adventures in the lower depths of Madrid. $2.50

ESSAYS OF A BIOLOGIST
by Julian Huxley

Engaging essays on the relations of biology to sociology, psychology and religion by one of the foremost investigators of our day, a grandson of the famous Huxley. $2.50

FAILURES: TIME *Is A* DREAM
by H. R. Lenormand

Two plays by the most original and progressive of the younger French dramatists. "Failures" will be produced by the Theatre Guild. $2.00

MY MUSICAL LIFE
by Nikolay Rimsky-Korsakoff

Introduction by Carl Van Vechten

Undoubtedly the most important volume on a musical subject that has appeared since Wagner's *Life*. Illustrated and indexed, with a cover design in many colors. Large 8vo. $6.00

***The* TEMPLE**
And Other Poems
by Arthur Waley

A new volume of superb translations from the Chinese, prefaced by an account of the development of Eastern poetry. $2.50

***An* ANALYSIS *of* WRITING**
by Harold P. Scott

A practical rhetoric text designed to make clear the logic of written discourse, and starting with the contention that learning to write is largely a matter of learning to think. $1.50

At All Bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF
220 West 42nd St., New York

A New Novel by
PETER B. KYNE

NEVER the TWAIN SHALL MEET

A Romance of California and the South Seas

SHE seemed hardly more than a child, this exotic little South Sea queen. But when she kissed Dan Pritchard she was all woman . . . vibrant . . . seductive! ¶ Maisie Morrison, exquisite American beauty, could have put *her* soul into such a kiss too, but aristocratic breeding and pride stood in her way. ¶ Maisie soothed Pritchard's senses . . . Tamea threw them into wild tumult. ¶ Peter Kyne again fathoms the human heart as he tells this magic story of a restless man's search for a perfect love-life.

Never the Twain Shall Meet
is as stirring as Kindred of the Dust—as thrilling as The Pride of Palomar,—*AND as clean as the mountain air.*

Get Your Copy Today—At all Bookstores, $2.00

Publishers Cosmopolitan Book Corporation New York

Constructive Conscious Control of the Individual

By F. MATTHIAS ALEXANDER, author of "Man's Supreme Inheritance." Introduction by JOHN DEWEY.

At the last annual meeting of the *British Medical Association* held in England Mr. Alexander's work was referred to as: "That discovery by Mr. F. M. Alexander . . . which would be epoch-making in the history of medicine and science." (*London Times* report, July 26, '23.)

Professor JOHN DEWEY writes: "It is a discovery which makes whole all scientific discoveries, and renders them available, not for our undoing, but for human use in promoting our constructive growth and happiness."

Dr. Peter Macdonald (England) writes: "Mr. Alexander does not 'cure' and does not profess to 'cure' anything. His function is that of an educator. Incidentally, he cures most things, given the time and energy which may be necessary in any particular case. As a result of being treated by Mr. Alexander three years ago I have thrown off decrepitude."

In "Constructive Conscious Control of the Individual" Mr. Alexander deals with the principles and technique concerned with his discovery.

$3.00, *postage extra. The book can be bought through any bookstore or from*

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

A new MACMILLAN novel

THE MIDDLE PASSAGE

by

Daniel Chase

It has qualities of style and atmosphere that lift it out of the ordinary run of the many tales that have been told about the New England seaports.—*The Boston Herald.*

$2.00 at all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
64-66 Fifth Avenue New York

Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 17)

sibly three of the narratives, they may be described as adventure stories in which the woman motif is prominent, and even those which fall outside of this classification are imbued with the spirit of adventure.

Any attempt to divide the contents as to degrees of excellence might very well be questioned or vigorously disputed, for the subject matter is so varied that personal bias inevitably affects any selection. Moreover, Miss Cram is master of her craft and all that she writes is several pegs above mediocrity. She has chosen a branch of fiction not often invaded successfully by women and already she has made a place for herself in it quite distinct from the average writer of routine adventure yarns.

Both "Stranger Things" and "Odell" are fine examples of her manipulation of events which border on the supernatural. The first concerns an exotic and somewhat decadent English poet who seeks to solve his problems by giving his world to understand that he is dead and then finds a new career as a supposed French minstrel, seer and vagabond until again confronted with his past. In "Odell" we are transferred to Africa to one of those backwaters which exist only as trading-posts. Odell the trader was dead, but the spirit of Odell ruled on until, with the able assistance of black Sambo, it had destroyed the other white man and the woman who violated its rights. A gruesome but exceptionally effective tale.

"The Bridge" will serve to illustrate Miss Cram's essays into less exciting, but not less subtle, currents of life. It is simply the account of two people who attempted the "great romance" by unconventional methods and failed, although pretending success. The author does not moralize and she is remarkably free from sentimentality, but she suggests some highly pertinent comments on certain human foibles.

Although Miss Cram is no second Conrad, her work may be described fairly as following in the Conradian tradition, one marked difference being that, while she may verge on the ironical, she is too downright for irony, attaining her effects rather by penetrating analysis and exposure of her characters' weaknesses.

THE WITCHING OF ELSPIE

THE WITCHING OF ELSPIE. By Duncan Campbell Scott. 248 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company.

THE ruggedness and power of the Northland mountains and rivers have exerted their influences on Duncan Campbell Scott in his volume of short stories called "The Witching of Elspie." The scenes are laid in the region of Hudson and James Bays and a large number of the yarns are of the period around 1815. All deal with characters which Mr. Scott apparently knows well, and there is a certain vividness of characterization and action that sets these stories apart.

Indeed, some of the tales are hardly more than sketches, and more than one is in the old, familiar diary form, but each holds the reader because of its powerful analysis of situation and character. He has even taken the perennial plot—two men snowbound for the Winter in a cabin and thrown into contact so much that their hate ends in the inevitable clash—but with this vehicle Mr. Scott brings a new interest.

The opening story, "The Witching of Elspie," is a study of the superstitions of the Canadian wilds, done with an understanding which reveals the real, innermost thoughts and beliefs of the ignorant woodsman. This yarn with its near O. Henry ending is one of the most charming and powerful in the volume, gaining a quick understanding and a ready sympathy. "The Vain Shadow" is another story with the unexpected denouement which keeps up an unflagging interest to the end.

"At Plangents Rocks" the old fisherman's version of the "eternal triangle," which in this instance turns out to be a quadrangle, stands high in the volume, carrying a number of vivid scenes and portraying clear-cut reality throughout. Yet this tale apparently succeeds despite the fact that it violates practically

(Continued on Page 22)

"More than makes good the exceptional promise of 'Abbé Pierre'" says *The N. Y. Times* of

Nowhere Else In the World

JAY WILLIAM HUDSON'S story of a soul in revolt against America today.

$2.00 This is an Appleton Book

Camille Flammarion's

interpretation of what the skies and planets can teach mankind.

DREAMS OF AN ASTRONOMER

New American Edition Now Ready.

$2.50. This is an Appleton Book

Joseph C. Lincoln's

best book, says Professor William Lyon Phelps, is

DOCTOR NYE

By the author of "Fair Harbor."

$2.00. This is an Appleton Book

Of the foremost British writers each contributes his best story to

31 STORIES

By Thirty And One Authors

Stories of all kinds, for every mood, each one by a famous living writer from Aumonier and Bennett to Wells and Zangwill.

$2.50. This is an Appleton Book

George Gibbs'

romance of Mary Ryan and her rise to social and business success.

FIRES OF AMBITION

By the author of "The House of Mohun," etc.

$2.00. This is an Appleton Book

Dr. Alvah H. Doty

tells why walking is beneficial and how best to do it.

WALKING FOR HEALTH

50 c. This is an Appleton Book

Brand Whitlock

pictures the conflict between the Puritan and the pagan spirits in this powerful romance of American life in a typical small town.

J. HARDIN & SON

$2.00. This is an Appleton Book

Will Irwin

shows the way to permanent and satisfactory world peace in

CHRIST OR MARS?

A ringing challenge to all religious-minded people, by the author of "The Next War."

$1.50. This is an Appleton Book

E. Temple Thurston's

quaint and beautiful story of Roona and how she blossomed into womanhood through love.

MAY EVE

By the author of "The Miracle," etc.

$2.00. This is an Appleton Book

Melville Davisson Post's

innovation in mystery stories

MONSIEUR JONQUELLE

Prefect of Police of Paris

"Worked out with the touch of the master."—*The N. Y. Times.*

$2.00. This is an Appleton Book

Mrs. J. Borden Harriman's

Memoirs

From Pinafores To Politics

As Margot Asquith has known England, so has Mrs. J. Borden Harriman known America—its social life and its affairs of State, for her home in Washington has been one of the social centers around which American politics have revolved.

A delightful human story of the life of a woman who has lived whole-heartedly in a colorful, formative age. Full of the charm of old New York society life, it doubles our interest in the breaking away of Mrs. Harriman from its restrictions and limitations, until she is in the full swing of all the important movements of her time.

From sketches of her early childhood when well-known men of the day came to talk informally with her grandfather; from descriptions of sunny, happy days along the Hudson, she carries us through her debut and gives us a charming picture of the social giddiness of those days that now seem so simple and naive to us. But the real, lasting interest of the book lies in the part after her marriage and the birth of her daughter.

Her full growth attained, she now throws herself with eager interest into the important causes of her country. Beginning with the founding of the Colony Club, her activities spread to politics, to suffrage, to labor. During the war as active member of the Industrial Relations Commission, she became one of the most useful women of the country, and came to know personally all the great men who led in the affairs of war and peace.

The book is full of names that have always been only names to us—Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, John Purroy Mitchel, Bryan, Colonel House, General Pershing, General Dawes, Senator Root, Gifford Pinchot, Senator Borah, and many others. But, somehow, through her telling they become at last personalities.

It is an American chronicle that makes us aware of the actuality of this smouldering, growing age we live in.

With 26 Illustrations. $5.00 at all booksellers.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY
19 West 44th Street New York City

ALFRED A. KNOPF
PUBLISHER

BORZOI BOOKS

220 WEST 42d ST.
NEW YORK

THE BORZOI POCKET BOOKS

This popular series was inaugurated last Spring with the publication of twelve distinguished BORZOI BOOKS at a popular price of $1.25 apiece. Each volume is bound in cloth of extra quality stamped with a design by Claude Bragdon, with colored end papers by the same talented artist. The five new volumes to be included in this series are:

12. THE ROOM
by G. B. STERN, *author of "The Back Seat"*
Women today are losing their capacity for self-deception faster than men. This is the theme of "a very rich and jolly book. It shows Miss Stern's power of creating real people at its very best."—*Rebecca West.*

13. THE ANTICHRIST
by F. W. NIETZSCHE. *Translated from the German with an Introduction by* H. L. MENCKEN.
The best work of the brilliant iconoclast, with an attempt to reflect in English the extraordinarily pungent and dramatic style of the original. It is the most devastating criticism of revealed religion ever written.

14. AN ADOPTED HUSBAND
by FUTABATEI
Probably the first modern Japanese novel to appear in English, this story, which unfolds the lives of five characters, gives a most interesting picture of contemporary life in a Japanese city.

15. CHELKASH AND OTHER STORIES
by MAXIM GORKY
"Representative collection of Gorky's stories—perhaps the best of his work."—*New York Times.*

16. THE STAG'S HORNBOOK
Edited by JOHN MCCLURE
Over 500 selections representing the best convivial man's verse in our language. As an anthology it is unique. There is no end of fun in it.

Previous volumes in this series at $1.25 *net* apiece are:

1. TARAS BULBA *by* NIKOLAY GOGOL
2. PETER JAMESON *by* GILBERT FRANKAU
3. JAVA HEAD *by* JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER
4. HUNGER *by* KNUT HAMSUN
5. ANDALUSIA *by* SOMERSET MAUGHAM
6. THE GREEN GODDESS *by* WILLIAM ARCHER
7. PREJUDICES: *First Series* *by* H. L. MENCKEN
8. CAESAR OR NOTHING *by* PIO BAROJA
9. LONDON RIVER *by* H. M. TOMLINSON
10. THE POPULAR THEATRE *by* GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
11. 170 CHINESE POEMS *by* ARTHUR WALEY
GROWTH OF THE SOIL *by* KNUT HAMSUN (in one vol., $2.50)

ORDER BY NUMBER FROM YOUR BOOKSELLER
In CANADA from The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., St. Martin's House, Toronto.

Brief Reviews

BEST PLAYS OF 1922-23

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1922-23, AND THE YEAR BOOK OF THE DRAMA IN AMERICA. Edited by Burns Mantle. 610 pp. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.

BURNS MANTLE began his commendable project of preparing an annual dramatic year book four years ago, and in this fourth of the series offers a sturdy volume containing a survey of the year, detailed accounts of its high lights and a set of statistics that make it a reference book invaluable to those interested in theatrical affairs. His selection of the ten best plays of the year, which he characterizes as being the ten that "reflect the most credit on the playwrights who composed them, the producers who staged them and the public that endorsed them," is as follows: "Rain," "You and I," "Loyalties," "Icebound," "Why Not?" "The Fool," "Merton of the Movies," "The Old Soak," "R. U. R.," "Mary the 3d." Of each of these there is a brief account of production and run, followed by long extracts from the dialogue, bound together in consecutive narrative paragraphs that condense parts of the action, the whole affording a long résumé of the play, with many pages of characteristic dialogue. This section forms the greater part of the body of the book. Next come short biographical accounts of the authors of these plays, and then there is a section containing short synopses of almost two hundred plays that appeared during the year, with date of production, theatre and cast. An account of the Little Theatre Tournament is followed by a statistical summary of titles of plays and number of performances of each produced from June 15, 1922, to June 15, 1923, the time covered by the volume. A five-page necrology covers the same period. A chapter reviewing the dramatic developments of the year in Chicago is contributed by Sheppard Butler, dramatic editor of The Chicago Tribune, who evinces a pessimistic and puzzled feeling about the theatrical taste of the Mid-Western metropolis. Mr. Mantle writes a chapter surveying "The Season in New York," which he sums up as "an unusually good season, with 190 plays to its credit and a higher percentage of hits than usual." He notes also that it will be remembered as "the season in which no less than five Shakespearean revivals, so cast and staged as to command the interest and respect of a public that had long flouted Shakespeare, were prominent on Broadway." Mr. Mantle offers a capable, comprehensive volume containing a vast amount of information and much just and interesting comment.

MADAME VESTRIS

MADAME VESTRIS AND HER TIMES. By Charles E. Pearce. Illustrated. 310 pp. New York: Brentanos. $4.50.

ALMOST forgotten now, a hundred years ago Eliza Vestris was perhaps the best-known woman in London, even, for that matter, in England, and her fame spread also over the Continent and across the Atlantic to the United States. Fame was generous with her and she won renown as an actress, as a stage manager and as a Circe—and the greatest of these was Circe. For forty years she was prominently before the British public and for and against her there was being waged almost all that time a battle of words that to this present day seems singularly inane and often despicable. But the London of the '20s and '30s of the nineteenth century seemed to like that sort of thing, with its brutal personalities, its leering insinuations, its sly suggestions, its utter ruthlessness and meanness. How very great has been the advance in journalism during this hundred years in dignity, in cleanliness, in intelligence and ethical responsibility is shown, in one phase, by the absolute disappearance of these unsavory personalities.

Mme. Vestris made her début in 1815, when she was 18 years old. She was the granddaughter, through her father, of Bartolozzi, the famous engraver; on the other side her grandfather was a famous dancing master; her mother was an accomplished musician. She was a great beauty, possessed a marvelous voice, a bewitching smile, a magnetic personality, grace and charm in high degree. That she was highly gifted as an actress seems to stand out with

(Continued on Following Page)

HIS MORTGAGED WIFE

By Bonnie Melbourne Busch

Her body mortgaged by the English husband, a lien on her soul by the American she loves, herself penniless, apex of a triangle of money, duty and desire, the Woman is driven to a unique solution.

Cloth, decorative jacket, 12mo, $1.75

At all Book and Department Stores

DORRANCE & CO.

Publishers

325-35 Walnut Street

Philadelphia

Love Courageous

By Concordia Merrel

AN enthralling love story by the author of *"Julia Takes Her Chance"* and *"Love—and Diana."* $2.00

THOMAS SELTZER, N. Y.

CHARLES G. NORRIS'S New Novel

BREAD

By the Author of "Salt" and "Brass." $2.00.

E. P. Dutton & Co., 681 5th Av., N. Y.

Rostand's

Cyrano De Bergerac

Brian Hooker's fine version of Cyrano as played by Walter Hampden universally praised by the press. $1.75

At Your Bookseller or from

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

19 W. 44th St., New York.

"The author of Maria Chapdelaine was content to etch; Mr. Rideout uses water colors—the additional brightness is an added recommendation."

—F. P. V., in The Tribune.

BARBRY

A DOWN EAST STORY

BY

HENRY M. RIDEOUT

$2.00 DUFFIELD

BRENTANO'S BRENTANO'S

HARVEST of JAVELINS

by

BERTRAM ATKEY

Author of "Winnie O'Wynn and the Wolves," etc.

"A vivid tale of love and adventure." —Boston Globe.

"Very well done . . . a noteworthy tale." —New York Herald.

At All Bookstores. $2.00

BRENTANO'S

Publishers. New York

BRENTANO'S BRENTANO'S

The Woman Tamer

By Stanley Shaw

Author of "A Siren of the Snows."

In the Far North, men still talk of the night when the owner of the Chovard tract backed up his faith in a king high-full by tossing his deed for the property on the table. It was valueless, but his opponent bet his gold against it, and won. It was a joke the North could appreciate. Nobody wanted that paper.

Yet the day was to come when men would fight for it. It was soon to be worth millions. Eventually, it was to lead a woman accustomed to the luxuries of wealth into the arms of a man from the rough-spoken North. Mr. Shaw has given liberally of his genius in this stirring tale of a land he knows and loves. $1.75

The Macaulay Co., New York

MA CHEUK

As played by the Chinese

By EDGAR S. WINTERS

One of the most expert players of the famous Chinese game in this country declares that this will soon become the standard book of rules in America as it already is in China.

$1.00, postage extra.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 5th Av., N. Y.

Who carry the finest collection of Mah Jong sets for sale in the city.

THE SABLE CLOUD

By Harriet V. C. Ogden

Author "Then Came Molly"

A compulsory marriage is the sable cloud from which a girl escapes to happiness.

$2.00

THE PENN PUBLISHING CO.

Philadelphia

SINNERS IN HEAVEN

Swan

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

Specialists in Good Books for Young People

"It is plain carping to call for a better children's book," says Mrs. May Lamberton Becker, "Readers Guide," N. Y. Eve. Post, of

DOCTOR DOLITTLE'S POST OFFICE

By HUGH LOFTING

Mrs. Becker says: "Incredible as it may seem to those who read 'The Story of Doctor Dolittle' and said to themselves that this sort of thing does not happen twice, it has happened twice since. The first sequel, last season, was almost as good, and now this new one has so nearly recaptured the first fine careless rapture of the 'Story' that it is plain carping to call for a better children's book." *With frontispiece in color and 76 black-and-white illustrations by the author.* $2.50

THE STORY OF MRS. TUBBS By HUGH LOFTING

Mr. Lofting creates a delightful new character in this little tale which the *N. Y. Herald* calls "a dear, homely little story brought out in a tiny volume that will surely be cherished by its fortunate owners." *With many inimitable illustrations by the author, $1.35.*

DAYS OF THE COMMANDERS By L. LAMPREY

History as it was lived by men, women and children in the thrilling days from the Boston Tea Party, through the Revolutionary War, the birth and growth of the New Nation, and the War of 1812. *Illustrated.* $2.50.

THE BOY'S BOOK OF VERSE

Compiled by HELEN DEAN FISH

An anthology of the best poems, old and new. "How the most scornful and sunburned of boys could resist deeper and deeper dips into so gallefully arranged a collection is hard to see."—*N. Y. Tribune.* $2.00.

JIMMY, THE NEW BOY By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

The well-known novelist writes a schoolboy story sure to appeal strongly to American young people. Every sort of excitement in real school life is met with here. $1.75.

THE OLD WILLOW TREE By CARL EWALD

The great Danish naturalist and fabulist writes quaintly amusing, brilliantly imaginative stories of the growing things of field, heath and wood. *Illustrated.* $1.75.

Your bookseller has every book described or can get it for you promptly. Write for free, postpaid, 40 page pamphlet, cover in full color, fully describing all our new and recent publications.

443 4th Ave. FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY New York

There is insight of a rare quality in the work of

LEONARD MERRICK

The Man Who Was Good

Is a remarkable delineation of character—really a study in feminine psychology, in which Leonard Merrick shows an uncanny knowledge of woman, her contradictions, her strange reticences and amazing candors, her capacity for intense joy and her fortitude in suffering and, above all, her power of incorruptible fidelity. The story, which is a "triangle" problem of an entirely unusual sort, is imbued with that special quality of romance which Mr. Merrick discovers in life.

LEONARD MERRICK'S novels include:—**Conrad in Quest of His Youth; The Actor-Manager; Cynthia; The Position of Peggy Harper; The Man Who Understood Women; When Love Flies Out of the Window; The House of Lynch; The Worldlings; While Paris Laughed; A Chair on the Boulevard; One Man's View; To Tell You the Truth.**

Each, $1.90. Obtainable from any bookstore or direct from

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

Large Printing Orders

We offer Buyers of large printing and binding the most complete facilities of any plant between New York, Boston and Chicago. Our direct mailing and shipping facilities are of the most efficient nature.

Haddon Press

INCORPORATED

Where Federal crosses Nineteenth Street

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY

Brief Reviews

(Continued from Preceding Page)

surety from the accounts of the time. And the tittle-tattle of the age, to say nothing of her own letters, makes it equally sure that she possessed a heart not difficult to conquer. She was the first woman theatrical manager, and for more than twenty years her productions at Covent Garden, the Olympia and the Lyceum were among the most important of the time. The author of this study of her life and character thinks that she exercised an important influence on the development of the English theatre that was wholly beneficial. He sums it up in these words:

> She entered the stage at a time when the drama had sunk to a state of lethargic artificiality: she left it imbued with her own vitality, freed from the fetters of conventionality and moved by an impetus the influence of which, despite the changes in taste and fashion, it still retains. Mme. Vestris's management of the Olympic, of Covent Garden, of the Lyceum, tells the same story of consummate art, of a devotion to the beautiful, of a passion for accuracy and completeness and of an abhorrence of all that was stilted, of bad taste crusted by tradition, of the unforgivable sin—dullness.

And it is his conviction that "when the list of remarkable women of the first half of the nineteenth century is scanned there is not one to be found who can be placed any where near the plane which she occupied." Mr. Pearce has diligently studied the sources of information concerning his subject, and his account of her and her activities is copiously "backgrounded" with much graphic presentation of the manners and customs of that phase of the social world of London in which she moved, a brilliant, much praised and much adored figure. He gives overmuch attention to the nauseous tittle-tattle battles which rage round about her and goes into such extensive details concerning her life and character that one sometimes almost loses the sense of her individuality in their trivial complications. But he has rescued from oblivion, for a little space, a gallant figure engaged in a brave fight and achieving worthwhile things.

BUSINESS STABILITY

BUSINESS CYCLES AND UNEMPLOYMENT. With a Foreword by Herbert Hoover. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc.

THE STABILIZATION OF BUSINESS. By Wesley C. Mitchell, Irving Fisher, Frank Haigh Dixon, John R. Commons, Lionel D. Edie, Edwin R. A. Seligman, John B. Andrews, Walter D. Scott and Henry S. Dennison. Edited by Lionel D. Edie. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE first mentioned of these volumes is explained as being the outgrowth of the conference on unemployment called by the President of the United States in Washington, September, 1921, over which Mr. Herbert Hoover presided. The second may be said broadly to comprise a series of deductions by highly qualified writers arrived at from the proceedings of the conference and from economic conditions generally. The National Bureau of Economic Research is responsible for what is termed the fact report, given in "Business Cycles &c.," so that the details provided may be regarded as possessing the quality of unequivocal reliability.

Mr. Hoover's foreword to "Business Cycles and Unemployment," although short, is much to the point. It states in a few terse paragraphs the reasons for the conference and it indicates that, while no panaceas or economic revolution is suggested, the report of the proceedings will place business men in a position to exercise better judgment and enlarge their views. Mr. Hoover is careful to point out that the general conclusion of a committee appointed by him for general investigation of matters involved is that business slumps are due to waste, extravagance, speculation, inflation, overexpansion and inefficiency in production. Following the foreword are the report and recommendations of the committee, and for those we recommend readers interested to turn to this valuable compendium itself. It will amply repay careful study and lead to a realization by thinking men of actual conditions throughout the country. It is only necessary to mention the names of writers who give their views on the labors of the

(Continued on Page 23)

New DUTTON Books full of distinction

The Lion and the Rose

By ETHEL RICHARDSON

The Great Howard story, tracing the thrilling history of the line from before the Conquest down to the death of the 19th Earl of Suffolk in the World War. There were Howards at Bosworth, at Flodden Field, at the defeat of the Armada. Two women of this line were, fatally, wives of Henry VIII.

Two illustrated vols. $12.00

The Master of the Russian Ballet

The Memoirs of the Cav. Enrico Cecchetti

By OLGA RACSTER. With an Introduction by Anna Pavlova.

The famous teacher of dancing gives here what is really a delightful history of the ballet in its best development. With eight illustrations. $5.00

An Englishwoman in Angora

By GRACE ELLISON

The author so strongly held the confidence of the Turkish that she was summoned to Lausanne by Lord Curzon to aid in the establishment of a better Anglo-Turkish understanding.

With 24 illustrations. $5.00

Below the Snow Line

By DOUGLAS FRESHFIELD

A book of walking memories which opens wonderful vistas of accessible beauty — narcissus lawns in the Abruzzi, among the oleanders and asphodels of Greece, and along the lesser ranges of Bosnia, Algeria, Japan, etc. Nine maps. $7.00

Celebrities

Little Stories About Famous Folk

By COULSON KERNAHAN

Ease of thorough knowledge and the fascination of a genial personality make every page delightful, whether it be filled with a flash of wit or a serious appreciation.

With 12 illustrations. $5.00

Carlyle Till Marriage

By DAVID ALEC WILSON

The long-awaited "Life" which the author promised in his famous "Froude and Carlyle." A wonderful picture of the young Carlyle and his surroundings.

Illustrated. $6.00

The Medici

By COL. G. F. YOUNG

A new edition of the story of that extraordinary family who ruled in Florence for three hundred and fifty years. 2 vols.

Over 100 illustrations. $12.00

Russia's Women

By Mme. N. N. SELIVANDOVA

A study of the rise of woman in Russia, of her condition at various times, of her part in past history and possible influence upon the future of Russia. $3.00

Recollections of a Rolling Stone

By BASIL TOZER

Quite frankly and racily the author tells of "selling round," as companion to a friendly millionaire, who hitched his private car on any train going a new way. Again we see him acting as publicity man to artistes on a concert tour, and at all times enjoying life with contagious enthusiasm. $5.00

The Chevalier de Boufflers

By NESTA H. WEBSTER

Biography, not fiction, yet "one of the most interesting love-stories in the world," says William Lyon Phelps. $5.00

The French Revolution

By NESTA H. WEBSTER

A study in democracy of especial interest because its viewpoint is different from either the conservative or the radical history. $5.00

At any bookstore, or (postage extra) from

E. P. DUTTON & CO.

681 Fifth Avenue, New York

Under the Serbian Stars

THE stars burn bright above the plains of Banat. Somewhere, lost to sight in the darkness, oxen are grazing. The night is still, but to a herdsboy who lies hidden in the grass, with his knife-blade thrust deep in the ground and with an ear pressed against the handle, it is alive with sound. The hard earth brings to him the tramp of the roaming oxen—a sudden silence would tell him that they had strayed to the soft soil of the grain fields where cattle thieves are lurking. The positions of the constellations tell him how far the long night has advanced. Ears to the ground, eyes on the stars, he waits for the dawn. His being is filled with the wonder of light and sound. He meditates deeply concerning the nature of these phenomena.

The scene above is taken from the boyhood of Michael Pupin, one of America's leading scientists, who tells the remarkable story of his life in

"Pupin is a poet," says H. G. Prout, the noted engineer. "Not an arranger of harmonious syllables, but a real poet, and being a poet, he had to invent. His epic, unsung in words, is written across the face of this planet, legible in the solar system. . . . And his inheritance is great."

From Immigrant to Inventor

By Michael Pupin

Professor of Electro-Mechanics, Columbia University

OFFICIALS examining the immigrant boy, Michael Pupin, shook their heads. He had five cents in his pocket, and confessed that he knew of no one in America except Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. One said: "You showed good taste when you picked your American acquaintances."

* * *

Michael Pupin's autobiography is a record of Americanization seldom equalled. It has all the charm and "go" of a tale of adventure, and from its narrative there unfolds a scientific romance until now untold—the amazing story of the astounding developments in the field of the physical sciences in recent decades.

Illustrated. $4.00 at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

A Book of Memoirs of the First Importance by a Former Editor of the *Century*

REMEMBERED YESTERDAYS

By ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

MR. JOHNSON'S reminiscences are unusually entertaining and novel, and their diversity of appeal is extraordinary. From the time when, as a stripling, he went to New York to join the staff of *Scribner's Monthly*, afterwards the *Century*—with which he was connected for forty years, as associate editor and as editor-in-chief—he has been a leader in movements of national importance.

In a section dealing with "The White Company," Stedman's name for the remarkable group of men who made the *Century* and *St. Nicholas* formative influences on American character, the reader is admitted to the editorial sanctum and given intimate glimpses of Dr. J. G. Holland, Richard Watson Gilder, Frank R. Stockton, Theodore Low DeVinne and others.

In another section, "'Spiritual Lobbying' at Washington," Mr. Johnson tells of hard work for good causes: the first of these the International Copyright Campaign of 1890-1891, the inside history of which is told for the first time, another the fight for conservation of the forests, in which John Muir and Mr. Johnson were pioneers. Many pages are devoted to intimate impressions and amusing anecdotes of Mark Twain, Roosevelt, Emerson, Lowell, Jefferson, Walt Whitman, Burroughs, Marion Crawford, Mrs. Field, Joel Chandler Harris, Kipling, Paderewski and other famous men and women, while there are chapters on New York in the Seventies, foreign travel, "the great Salvini" and "the incomparable Duse," the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and Mr. Johnson's official service as Ambassador to Italy in Wilson's second term.

All of this is but a partial resume of the contents of REMEMBERED YESTERDAYS—a volume whose broad cultural appeal places it well up in the foremost rank of the biographies of the year.

An octavo of 624 pages. With numerous illustrations. $5.00 at all Bookstores.

Boston LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY Publishers

Latest Fiction

(Continued from Page 19)

every rule laid down in the short-story writing manuals.

Buried far over in the book are two tales of the picturesque timbermen—the singing, fighting river men of a hundred years ago—which bid fair to become classics of the Northwest. "The Winning of Marie Louise" and "A Legend of Welly Legrave" both paint an exciting picture of love and life and death and song amid the swirling rapids and in the silent depths of the silent, snow-covered forests. Another exceptional yarn is "Spirit River," a tale of a rare old violin and the part it played in the lives of the inhabitants of an isolated village in the Northland.

Throughout the volume there seems to run an undercurrent of fatalism akin to Scandinavian fiction, or the Russian, and in almost every story death plays its part. Still there is nothing of the morbid and gloomy; rather, it is simply that attitude of acceptance of whatever God wills. The volume contains an even dozen stories and out of that number at least ten maintain an average high standard. "An Adventure of Mrs. Mackenzie's" and "Escapade of the Rev. Joshua Greer" show amateurish traces here and there, evidently among the earlier stories by the author.

MONTE FELIS

MONTE FELIS. By Mary Brearley. 287 pages. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.

"MONTE FELIS," which is Mary Brearley's first novel, is a woman's novel and a good one. It is the story of the golden adventure of Rachel Cassilis, an unobtrusive little English lady who had never lived and, at scarcely 30 years of age, was "dead," "too dead even to feel sorry for herself." The story is told from the woman's point of view and with a sympathy and a subtle poignancy that is distinctly feminine.

Rachel had married young and had married for no other reason than that she was flattered by the attentions of a prominent man and by his proposal of marriage. After ten years of monotonous and disappointing married life, and after the partner of the ten years had become incurably insane, real love came in the person of Captain Maurice Bannister. Captain Bannister, who was simultaneously jilted by a flapper and blinded during service in India, labors under the delusion that Mrs. Cassilis is an elderly woman and employs her to accompany him, as his nurse, to Monte Felis in Portugal. Rachel buys a new hat, keeps the secret of her age and accepts the challenge of fate. In Portugal life and youth and beauty return to her and the adventure begins.

Of necessity, the book touches upon the question of English divorce laws and their failure to recognize insanity as grounds for anything but a separation. The legal quibble, however, is merely a part of Mary Brearley's plot and never assumes the proportions of a social problem.

In fact, Miss Brearley touches life and its problems lightly. She is primarily interested in the rebirth of her quiet little heroine and she has woven about her a story that is convincing and appealing. The style in which it is told is neither forceful nor compelling, but it has a pathos that is free from sentimentality and a humorous touch that, at times, verges on easy, rather harmless satire. The characters are well drawn and the situations are sketched with a sureness and an inherent urbanity that gives no place to melodrama.

A CADET FROM GASCONY

SKETCHBOOK OF A CADET FROM GASCONY. By James Warner Bellah. 148 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

THIS slender blue volume contains the eleven stories and impressions which won for their author a prize awarded yearly by Alfred A. Knopf for the best book by an undergraduate of Columbia. Mr. Knopf is himself a Columbia man.

The jacket records that this is the third award and outlines briefly the varied career of the author, James W. Bellah, of the class of 1923. Turned down by the Marine Corps at seventeen on account of his age, he went into the Transport Service and later became a commissioned pilot in the Royal Flying Corps. Declining a captaincy in 1919, he returned to this country to enter Wesleyan University. But the urge for further adventure led to travel in Canada. Later he came to Columbia.

With this in mind the reader is not surprised to find that college and war experiences furnish the material for most of these sketches. Five deal with the life of the campus, its fun, its intimacies, its trivial chatter and mild-mannered flirtations, with now and then a hint of something deeper in the doings of the "Three Triumvirs," the "Varsity Divers," "the Girl whose name has been forgotten," and the "Cannon Scrap Committee." But the background of these memories is not the massive brick and stone of a great city university. It is the quiet streets and elm-shaded yard of a small town college. Wesleyan, not Columbia, has furnished the stage setting. The modern undergraduate, as seen by Mr. Bellah, is Willie Baxter grown older with a dash of Scott Fitzgerald jazz added to Booth Tarkington's sentiment. To at least one reader this formula seems nearer the truth than either. These boys are more the real thing than many met hitherto in the frat houses and college yards of fiction.

Three sketches take us across seas into the war zone. "Flotsam" is a tragic tale of a young naval officer who takes his own life rather than face an undeserved court-martial. "The Swashbuckler" and "Scapa Flow" are in happier vein. The latter, a delightful bit of humor, is a picture of a swanky little English middy making the commander of a captured German ship toe the mark, drawn with the broad, sweeping strokes of a cartoonist.

Of all the eleven "The Neophyte," dealing with neither war nor student days, is the surest and the strongest. Five short pages are packed with impressions of the operating pit of a medical school as seen by a green student who mistakes the effect of ether for a cowardly fainting fit. It is stark realism, both restrained and forceful, far and away better than the youthful exuberance of style noticeable in others. In "Maleboige," for example, the opening paragraph is a riot of "blue-black nights," "soft, silvery moonlight," "velvet waves," the "swish of shale"—one and twenty adjectives and adverbs in a scant nine lines.

OF CLEAR INTENT

OF CLEAR INTENT. By Henry C. Rowland. 282 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

IT was once proposed to a magazine editor that he should consider placing his order for a novelette having for its heroine a gypsy Princess. After deep thought the editor answered, "No, it wouldn't do. You couldn't put her across. In the public mind, my boy, gypsy princesses are not associated with ample bathing facilities."

Henry C. Rowland may have encountered the same editor, for the gypsy heroine of his latest published novel is taking a dip in a forest pool when first we lay eyes upon her. Thus Dr. Rowland silences fastidious objection right at the start.

Reine is so lovely in the pool that Hammond Hadden, wakened by her splashings, believes her to be a phantom of his dreams and closes his eyes to dream again. Ham is just as gentlemanly as that all through the book. When he finds out that she is not a gypsy, after all, but an heiress worth a million in her own right, he knows at once that he can never marry her, for he is only a poor young composer of music revues. And he tells her so, like the gentlemanly though red-blooded hero he is.

"I'm sick of vacillation," said Reine impatiently. "You've made it clear enough that while you don't feel quite at liberty to marry me now, perhaps at some future date and under different circumstances and all things being equal if the heavenly bodies in their due relations and time and tide and tax rates permitting, you may perhaps with the approval of your conscience and the sanction of the authorities possibly reconsider my impulsive proposition if you happen to feel so disposed at this future date. Good-bye." * * * And without a backward glance she glided away with her springy woodland tread.

Ham did not attempt to follow her. Instinct told him that she was not only deeply offended but working herself into a rage.

"Of Clear Intent," while not very

(Continued on Page 24)

THRILLS!
MORE LIVES THAN ONE
by Carolyn Wells
who has saved her best mystery story in recent years for *The Red and Green Mystery Detective Series* of which she is the chief editor.
It's a corker! Get it at your bookseller now.
$2.00
BOBBS & LIVERIGHT, N.Y.
Good BooKS

BREAD
The New Novel by
CHARLES G. NORRIS
Author of "Brass."
BREAD
$2.00 at any bookstore
postage extra

LITTLE DAVID
By Robert Stuart Christie
ANOTHER charming, whimsical, enchanting romance by the author of *The House of The Beautiful Hope.* $2.00
THOMAS SELTZER, N. Y.

THE MOULD
By Grace Kellogg Griffith
The Mould of Wealth
The Mould of Pleasure
The Mould of Poverty
succeed each other in forming the heroine's character.
$2.00
THE PENN PUBLISHING CO.
Philadelphia

"Barbry" reminds us of a west wind blowing across the backbone of Greylock to the hills beyond. It is a clean, clear book."
—F. P. V., in The Tribune.
BARBRY
A DOWN EAST STORY
BY
HENRY M. RIDEOUT
$2.00 DUFFIELD

OXFORD BOOKS

THE NEWSPAPER AND THE HISTORIAN
By Lucy Maynard Salmon — Net $7.50
Considers the essential characteristics of the newspaper as they affect the historian. "An admirably made volume. This book is a work of scholarship."—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
By H. E. Egerton — Net $2.85
A comprehensive attempt to put forward a view of the cause of the American Revolution, free from prejudice.

THE PAGEANT OF GREECE
Edited by R. W. Livingstone — Net $2.75
A companion volume to the Legacy of Greece. Consists of passages chosen from the acknowledged greatest among Greek authors and translated into English. It is more than a mere anthology of selection. It supplies in outline the most important part of the intellectual development which started with Homer and outlasted the Roman Empire.

SCENE
By E. Gordon Craig
With a foreword and an introductory Poem by John Masefield — Net $8.35
A brilliant sketch of the development of the theatre in Europe from the Classical times with collotype reproductions of nineteen special etchings and four plates reproduced from old Italian prints.

SITE PLANNING IN PRACTICE
By F. L. Thompson — $5.35
An investigation of the principles of Housing Estate Development. Very fully illustrated with numerous plans and photographs.

THE LIFE AND TEACHING OF JESUS THE CHRIST
By the Rev. A. C. Headlam — Net $4.50
"It has had a remarkably enthusiastic reception from the critic and is already regarded as the theological book of the year."—*The Congregationalist.*

THE POETS' LIFE OF CHRIST
By Norman Ault — Net $3.25
"All the most famous English Poets are represented, and the life of Christ is told in a definite scheme of selected poems, from the Nativity to the Resurrection. Of real literary as well as of religious value."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS *American Branch*
35 West 32nd Street — New York City

A few extracts from a long article by
Hugh Walpole
IN THE INTERNATIONAL BOOK REVIEW FOR NOVEMBER

WALDEMAR BONSELS, in his "Adventures of Maya the Bee,"(!) has created one of the classics of modern literature for children—for the children of the world, and not only for the children but for every one alive who sees, beneath all that is apparently so ugly, so restless and so selfish, the persistent good-will, kindliness and charity that, we feel, will never perish from the human heart.

Very remarkable, too, is the exciting quality that inhabits the little story. We feel that something very dramatic is going to happen to Maya, and we are as deeply expectant as tho we were in the thick of the conflict of the most able of modern novels. Maya's own curiosity and interest become ours, and ...

It is good for the peace and happiness of the world that "Maya" should be finding everywhere so true a welcome.

The Adventures of MAYA the BEE
By Waldemar Bonsels
Illustrated in full colors by Homer Boss.
8vo. $3.00
THOMAS SELTZER, 5 W. 50th St., NEW YORK
Handsome booklet by Hugh Walpole sent free on request.

LOVE AND LIFE
By LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD
LEONARD MERRICK writes:
"I have read 'Love and Life,' and read it with great interest. . . So far as I remember, this is the only novel I have read in which a woman like Joan is fully presented. To me she is the outstanding figure of the book. If I may, I want to tell you that she is a fine piece of work."
And that is praise, indeed, for Merrick himself is credited with a power to depict women which is just short of uncanny.
$2.00, postage extra. You can buy this novel in any bookstore or from
E. P. DUTTON & CO., Publishers, 681 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from Page 21)

conference and some of the titles of their contributions for readers to appreciate the value of the enunciations. We have Wesley C. Mitchell on "Business Cycles"; Frederick R. Macaulay on "Individual Industries and Enterprises in the Business Cycle"; Wesley C. Mitchell and Willford I. King on "The Economic Losses Caused by Business Cycles"; and there are such contributors to the symposium as William A. Berridge, Paul F. Bressenden, Stuart A. Rice, Ernest A. Bradford, Julius H. Parmelee, Thomas Sewall Adams, John B. Andrews, &c.

One of the evils resulting from unemployment of the head of the family, pertinently indicated by Mr. Rice, is that there is an increase in the commitment of children to institutions. Elder children, furthermore, are prematurely taken from school and obtain jobs, mostly of the unwholesome sort. A Western coal miner whose statement is incorporated in Mr. Rice's essay says that the worst thing about unemployment is the uncertainty of the future.

A working man has a sort of a treadmill existence. The treadmill sets on the edge of a cliff. You work for a while, pay your debts, unemployment comes, back you go into debt, each time a little further. When work comes again it finds one a little weaker, and the battle against the mill is not as successful as before. Your creditors become alarmed; possibly a garnishment of your next earnings. The mill has got you over the cliff.

A terse, pathetic description of the lives of thousands of willing, intelligent workers throughout the United States. Indeed the psychology of the subject of unemployment must be taken along with the statistics with which this valuable work abounds.

Eleven essays and an introduction by Herbert Hoover, edited by Professor Lionel D. Edie, constitute the contents of "The Stabilization of Business." Each covers a business problem and each is written by an expert in his particular line, so that the perplexities of commercial troubles and their remedies are dealt with in a masterly way. Wesley C. Mitchell starts the ball rolling with an article on "The Problem of Controlling Business Cycles," which is as illuminating as one might expect from his acknowledged eminence. The conclusion he arrives at is that "the money economy" stands in the way of control, that we are practically hoisted with our own petards; that is to say, as he puts it, "we are periodically mastered by this social machinery we have made, and stand idle and needy at its bidding." In a few words, however, Mr. Mitchell sums up the situation—"What we want as human beings is to make serviceable goods."

Professor Irving Fisher tells us that while we are attempting to solve the outstanding economic problem of the day, the stabilization of the world's moneys, we should not ignore the settlement of governmental conditions. He points out that the opportunity of the United States to adopt a stable standard of value now presents itself, and that other nations would surely follow in our wake. It is our business to set and regulate monetary standards, and Professor Fisher is of opinion that now is the time to begin operations. Professor Frank Haigh Dixon contributes an erudite but not the less interesting article on "Transportation and the Business Cycle," which deals comprehensively with the relation of movements of merchandise to business developments. The details set down will no doubt be appreciated by those for whose benefit they have been collated. Professor John R. Commons thinks that unemployment insurance is scarcely enough to stabilize industry; what is also necessary is a stabilization of the currency. He has the opinion of other professors with him in this proposition.

Samuel Coffin Eastman's translation of Jonas Lie's "The Family at Gilje," recently published by Doubleday, Page & Co., first saw the light as a serial in The Granite Monthly some years ago. Mr. Eastman was a New Hampshire lawyer who had two hobbies, the White Mountains and Scandinavian literature. The first hobby resulted in the writing of his "White Mountain Guide," and the second in his translation of Lie's novel.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.'S LIST

Christopher Morley's

INWARD HO! A book that will be welcomed by all who have read *Where the Blue Begins.* ($1.75)

Floyd W Parson's

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS. How the business cycle may be avoided. Fundamental economics as explained by one of the country's most interesting economists. ($3.50)

Caldwell & Slosson's

SCIENCE REMAKING THE WORLD. Sixteen of the nation's leading scientists tell the lay world of the astounding developments made in science in *the last few years.* ($2.50)

Rollin Lynde Hartt's

The MAN HIMSELF: *The* NAZARENE. An interpretation of the life of Jesus of Nazareth that is receiving nation-wide praise. ($2.50)

Samuel Crowther's

JOHN H. PATTERSON: PIONEER IN INDUSTRIAL WELFARE. A life of the founder of the National Cash Register Co., and the originator of modern salesmanship and advertising. ($5.00)

Frank R. Kent's

The GREAT GAME OF POLITICS. "I think Mr. Kent has done us all a great service in giving so true and clear an account of practical politics."—Henry H. Curran, Commissioner, N. Y. City. ($2.50)

RUFUS
by GRACE S. RICHMOND
($1.90)

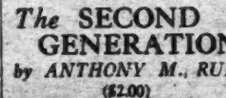
BUTTERFLY
by KATHLEEN NORRIS
($2.00)

The WHITE FLAG
by GENE STRATTON-PORTER
($2.00)

The SHADOWY THIRD
by ELLEN GLASGOW
($2.00)

JOHN-NO-BRAWN
by GEORGE LOOMS
($2.00)

The SECOND GENERATION
by ANTHONY M., RUD
($2.00)



NOTABLE BOOKS OF THE AUTUMN

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

MY RHINELAND JOURNAL

General Henry T. Allen

This intimate diary of the general in command of the American forces on the Rhine is a unique document of the first historical importance illuminating from within the political situation in Europe. *Illustrated.* $6.00.

FIFTY YEARS — Bishop Lawrence
An inspiring discussion of present-day religious beliefs, showing how doctrine's must be readjusted to meet new knowledge. $1.00

THE CHEERFUL GIVER — Dr. Crothers
Includes "Satan Among the Biographers," "New Poets and Poets Not so New," "The Laboratory Method in Morals." $2.00

THE PRAISE OF FOLLY — Bliss Perry
Professor Perry discusses Poetry and Progress, Wilson as a man of Letters, Literary Criticism in American Periodicals, etc. $2.00

THE MAGICAL CHANCE — Dallas Lore Sharp
Essays that open new vistas to the reader and point out roads of escape from the commonplace and conventional. $1.75

GROUPS AND COUPLES — Frances L. Warner
Sprightly sketches of family life by the author of "Endicott and I." $1.75

SOCIAL LIFE IN ANCIENT EGYPT — Sir W. M. Flinders Petrie
Daily life, art, fashion, etc., vividly described by the foremost Egyptologist. $2.00

SILK — Samuel Merwin
"Vivid, human, absorbing."—*Springfield Republican.* $2.00

FORTUNE'S FOOL — Rafael Sabatini
"I did not know anyone today could write so glorious a tale."—*Chicago Post.* $2.00

HARILEK "Ganpat"
Far mysterious countries and enthralling adventure. $2.00

BANNER OF THE BULL — Rafael Sabatini
Three stirring episodes in the life of Caesar Borgia. $2.00

JIBBY JONES — Ellis Parker Butler
"If you like Huck Finn, you'll like Jibby Jones." $2.00

MY GARDEN OF MEMORY

Kate Douglas Wiggin

"One of the most vivid and entertaining autobiographies published for years."—*Springfield Republican.* "Here are the same sprightliness, gaiety, unquenchable zest, that made her own delighful Penelope so engaging a figure."—*New York Post.* *Illustrated.* $5.00

THE STORY OF THE BIBLE

by

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Author of

THE STORY OF MANKIND

RARELY has there been such a spontaneous and universal response to a book. Many special articles and reviews, letters and telegrams of praise for THE STORY OF THE BIBLE have appeared. It is interesting to find so many different religious beliefs and various types of mind concurring so heartily. Naturally there are also a few controversial opinions. These offer a tribute to the tremendous human interest of THE STORY OF THE BIBLE.

"I believe that its publication and the wide reading that it is almost certain to obtain, will come near to marking an epoch in religious teaching."

"I believe this book will have a wide reading and that it is the duty of the clergy thoroughly to inform themselves of the contents so that they can discuss it intelligently with members of their congregation into whose hands it comes."
The Southern Churchman

"The really interesting aspect of this latest adventure of Mr. Van Loon's is the simple objectivity of the whole performance—in itself a striking psychological achievement."

"Nobody but Mr. Van Loon would have measured himself against the impossible with just this engaging blend of robustness, sophistication, and simplicity." The Survey

"If anyone is looking for proof that the world is growing in tolerance, he need pursue his investigation no further than the reading of a few of its pages. The appearance of this volume coming from so talented a writer at the present hour is of singular importance."
Rev. Dr. J. A. MacCallum

"His book can be read with profit by all persons interested in the Bible whether they be fundamentalists, liberals, or persons with no church connections. It is told in simple language, but it is not, any more than his "Story of Mankind," a book for children alone. The book is fascinating reading for anyone with an open mind."
—George W. Douglas in Philadelphia Public Ledger

THE STORY OF THE BIBLE is handsomely and attractively bound in royal blue cloth with a full color inlay and contains nearly 200 illustrations of which 16 are in full color and etching tone, done by the author with characteristic vigor and individuality. Gold stamped—$5.00

BONI & LIVERIGHT GOOD BOOKS 61 WEST 48TH STREET NEW YORK, N.Y.

Bards of New England

(Continued from Page 6)

And indicates the solitary soul,
Who dreams that light might yet prevail as law—
Who ponders on the love that light distills,
Whose merest drop or two a dungeon fills!

Since Alfred Kreymborg began to write he has shown marked individuality, and his new experiment will be watched with great interest by those who have acknowledged his power of thought while still unable to subscribe to his earlier manner of expression.

For a thoroughly readable and likable book that should enjoy great popularity among harassed Christmas shoppers there is Arthur Guiterman's "The Light Guitar." Guiterman, who is well known through the pages of Life, to say nothing of other magazines and previously published books, is a master of light verse. He is not a supreme master, for his wit is not dazzling or his handling memorable. But his humor is infective and his verse facile. And he exercises his talents over a wide field. Picking out a sample of his wares at random, this shaft will serve admirably:

Amoebas at the start
Were not complex;
They tore themselves apart
And started Sex.

And Sex has ruled the earth
From then till this,
Producing woe and mirth
And pain and bliss.

Through Sex the seedling wakes
To cleave the ground;
'Tis really Sex that makes
The world go 'round.

It sublimates the mind
With noble themes,
Or sends its unrefined
Suggestive dreams.

'Tis Sex that makes the lives
Of clods and kings;
It gives us books and wives
And other things—

Ambition, love and strife
And all the ills
And ecstacies of life—
And Freuds and Brills.

The author is generous in his offering, the book running to nearly 300 pages, with the number of titles in proportion. Almost every subject under the sun is touched upon, from Pets to Poets, from Golf to Egyptomania. We intend to read them all some time, and to laugh, grow fat and become wise in consequence.

Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 22)

plausible, serves well enough as a piece of literature by which the romantic reader may escape from the prison of reality and vicariously enjoy life as it should be. There is no resisting a story whose hero arrives in a picturesque community deadbroke and leaves soon thereafter on his honeymoon with the leading rich girl of the place, especially when that girl detests "the sort of life which is led by the people of my set," takes up with a band of gypsies, and practices fancy dancing by moonlight.

TWO NO-TRUMP

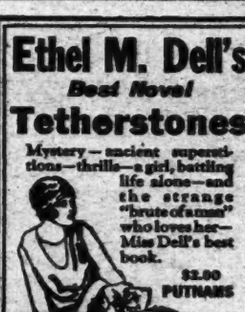
TWO NO-TRUMP. By Gertrude Myers. Chicago: Covici-McGee Company. $2.

THE demoralising influences of life in an apartment hotel form the theme of Gertrude Myers's novel, "Two No-Trump." The scene is laid for the most part in the "Kings Arms Apartment Hotel, situated on one of Chicago's boulevards." All, or nearly all, the book's many characters live in this hotel. There is a young married couple with two children who grow weary of struggling with the servant problem and with a niggardly landlord, and give up their house in consequence. They are apparently intended to be the book's central figures. At any rate, they come to live at the Kings Arms, the wife spends most of her time playing bridge for high stakes and loses a great deal more than she can afford to part with, the husband becomes entangled with a pretty ex-cloak model, now the wife of a rich old man, and the children's nurse takes to morphine.

There are a number of other people in the book, all of whom get into more or less trouble through living at the hotel, but toward the end they are each and every one summarily extricated from their difficulties and from the hotel.

Rudyard Kipling's
new book
LAND AND SEA TALES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS
At bookstores,
$1.75.
Doubleday, Page & Co.

Dr. Frank Crane
at his Best
4 *delightful essays beautifully printed, bound separately.*
Love and its relation to Success.
Agreeableness
A little lesson in charm.
Sensitiveness
Its pain and cure.
Habit One good habit is worth a dozen rules.
You will want to read these and read them again and again. Just put one dollar in an envelope and tell us where to send the essays. $1
THE PRINT SHOP
215 Central Avenue Newark, N. J.

Ethel M. Dell's
Best Novel
Tetherstones
Mystery—ancient superstitions—thrills—a girl, battling life alone—and the strange "brute of amour" who loves her—Miss Dell's best book.

$2.00
PUTNAMS

PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY
By FARNSWORTH
Psychology as treated by this author is not a deep mystery nor a mass of theories—he shows any normal person how to put Psychology into harness and make it work.
PRICE $3
At Your Bookstore or sent Postpaid.
C. W. CLARK COMPANY
128 West 23rd St., N. Y.

SINNERS IN HEAVEN
Steadfast

PUTNAM BOOKS AND AUTHORS

J. S. FLETCHER'S
Latest Mystery
RIPPLING RUBY
gets off on the right foot, and before you have read two chapters, you are all tangled up in a web of intrigue, in which mystery, murders, jewels and racehorses furnish the thrills. Fletcher outdoes himself in Rippling Ruby.
$2.00

• • •

Heywood Broun's
latest novel has to do with the marriage of a ball player and an intellectual. There isn't any problem in it, unless how to be happy though married is a problem. But there are a lot of entertaining incidents, of splendid characterization, of real atmosphere—and it is a whale of a yarn. You will find Heywood Broun at his best in

The Sun Field $2.00

• • •

Wherever you find rocks or pebbles, there you find material for interesting observation, and perhaps opportunity for discovery. Frederick Brewster Loomis opens up an entirely new field of outdoor interest in his
Field Book of Common Rocks & Minerals
73 illustrations, 24 in color.
Cloth $3.50. Leatherette $5.00

• • •

Have you seen the first volume of this exquisite work?
WONDERS OF THE PAST
Edited by
J. A. Hammerton
Has civilization advanced? One is not so complacently certain about the speed or the extent of the advancement after a glance through the pages of "WONDERS OF THE PAST." There is something awe-inspiring about the magnificent cities, palaces, temples, monuments, and works of art of primitive civilizations. Nothing today surpasses them in beauty. You will find a succession of thrills in this sumptuous work. See the first of the four volumes at any bookstore. It contains 550 pages and more than 400 illustrations, of which 24 are in color.
$5.00 per volume.

• • •

Benjamin A. Morton's
startling history of the reign of Mahmoud II
The Veiled Empress
receives an avalanche of praise here and abroad.

The Paris Temps in a leading article by its literary editor, Rene Puaux, says, "A magnificent volume, illustrated with ravishing pictures. . . . Research of infinite merit."
"Fresh news from 1812 is given to the public in 'The Veiled Empress.' . . . History with a kick in it. New and startling. . . . The reader is carried swiftly through the mazes of diplomatic intrigue. . . . There is not an insipid line. . . . Seraglio life, with its plots and counterplots, is described with animation. It is 'inside stuff.' "—*Providence Journal.*
The Boston Transcript calls it "One of the most romantic biographies uncovered in many years."
The eight illustrations in color by Christine Morton add charm to a delightful volume. $5.00

• • •

LEW TYLER'S WIVES
By Wallace Irwin
"As thoroughly an American story as one is likely to find. . . . ' Far and away above the average run of stories."—N. Y. Times. "Better than 'If Winter Comes' and much more interesting."—Columbus Dispatch. $2.00
G. P. P.

A TEN-STRIKE!
At Last
A novel for *EVERYONE* to read
THE BIG HEART
By John G. Brandon
Even the hard-boiled professional book buyers write to us about it! One says that he stayed up all night reading THE BIG HEART, and another that he couldn't simply take it or leave it alone. He had to *take* it! Here is a book that has universally been praised by men and women from every walk of life.
HAVE *YOU* READ "THE BIG HEART"?
At All Bookstores, $2.00
BRENTANO'S
PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

It seems hardly possible that you have missed reading
DR. FERDINAND OSSENDOWSKI'S
Beasts, Men and Gods
but if so, a treat is in store for the long evenings. It is a tale of such adventures as do not happen twice.
The Boston Transcript says: "The author of this most extraordinary volume of adventures is a Polish Professor and scientist."
The New York Herald says: "It is one of the most thrilling authentic personal narratives ever written."
The Chicago Daily News: "Ossendowski is no romancer; he tells his story with a remarkable candor and sincerity."
The Argonaut, San Francisco: "His recital forms one of those literally breath-stopping tales one can not lay down."
The New York Tribune: "In addition to all this book is full of sidelights on current political and religious conditions in Eastern Asia."
A marvelous, absorbing book. On sale at all bookstores. $3.00, postage extra.
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, 681 Fifth Ave., New York

EATING WITHOUT FEARS
By G. F. Scotson-Clark
A book that should bring joy to the heart of everyone who likes good living, and who hesitates to indulge for fear of adding weight, or suffering from indigestion. A book that tells how to enjoy life and all the good things of life. Maurice Francis Egan compares this book with the great Brillat-Savarin. The N. Y. Tribune says: "Reading this book is like wandering with Alice in Wonderland through the kitchen." Life says: "Delightful reading." Cloth, $1.50

2x2—5 A Comedy *By Gustav Wied*
Authorized translation by Bruce Boyd and Holger Koppel.
Gustav Wied is the embodiment of the comic spirit. His work marks a complete departure from that of Ibsen, Strindberg and other Scandinavians who deal with the darker side of life. For him there was no moment, however tragic, but had its humorous aspect; no mask but was comic viewed from his own perspective, and which wore the "essential smile." *Boards, $1.50*

SULAMITH *By Alexandre Kuprin*
The story of King Solomon's love for the naive Shulamite peasant maid, who came into his garden all unaware of the great King's presence and captured his heart with her entrancing simplicity and loveliness. *The Literary Review (N. Y. Eve. Post)* says: *Sulamith* is written for people who think that love is worth while. Every page of this masterpiece is impregnated with beauty. It possesses all the qualities of "Sulamith" herself. It possesses the charm and tone of the "Song of Songs" and is optimistic in spite of the tragic ending. *Boards, $1.50*
NICHOLAS L. BROWN, 15 West 37th St., New York

A new MACMILLAN novel
LABYRINTH
by
Helen R. Hull
The modern wife and mother who yearns for a career
A very well done book. It contains excellent and intelligent character drawing.—*The Sun and Globe.*
$2.00 at all bookstores
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
64-66 Fifth Avenue New York

Latest Books

History and Biography

MY RHINELAND JOURNAL. By Henry T. Allen. 8vo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.

Diary of the General in command of the American forces on the Rhine.

HE WAS "JUST FOLKS." Edited by Cash Asher. 12mo. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $2.

The life and character of Warren Gamaliel Harding as mirrored in the tributes of the American press.

HARRY. By Neith Boyce. 12mo. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.

A mother's story of her son.

A HISTORY OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE. By Guy de la Batut and Georges Friedmann. 8vo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

The French people in their fight for freedom against the privileged classes.

ADVENTURES IN JOURNALISM. By Sir Philip Gibbs. 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.50.

Reminiscences of a newspaper correspondent.

THE BIG SANDY VALLEY. By Willard Rouse Jillson. 12mo. Louisville, Ky.: John P. Morton & Co.

A regional history prior to the year 1850.

LIFE AND WORKS OF THE REV. FERDINAND KONSCAK, S. J. By Mgr. M. D. Krmpotic. 12mo. Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.

The subject of the biography was an early missionary in California. The book covers the years 1703 to 1759.

BERNARD VAUGHAN, S. J. By C. C. Martindale, S. J. 12mo. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.

Memoir of a Jesuit who served in London and abroad.

GERMAN STRATEGY IN THE GREAT WAR. By Lieut. Col. Philip Neame. 8vo. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50.

The most important military crisis during the war and the effect on the German high command and German strategy.

IN PRISON. By Kate Richard O'Hare. 12mo. New York: Alfred Knopf. $2.

Experience of a political prisoner at Jefferson City, Mo.

HISTORY OF ASSYRIA. By A. T. Olmstead. 8vo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.50.

With many illustrations and maps.

EMBASSIES OF OTHER DAYS. By Walburga, Lady Paget. 8vo. New York: George H. Doran Company. Two volumes. $12 boxed.

Recollections of days in England, Copenhagen, France, Rome and Vienna.

MADAME VESTRIS AND HER TIMES. By Charles E. Pearce. 8vo. New York: Brentano's. $4.50.

The intimate history of an eighteenth century prima donna.

THE REVOLUTION IN IRELAND. By W. Alison Phillips. 12mo. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4.

History from 1800 to 1923.

THE LION AND THE ROSE (THE GREAT HOWARD STORY). By Ethel Richardson. 8vo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Two volumes. $12.

History of an English family which dates from feudal times.

THE BANNER OF THE BULL. By Rafael Sabatini. 12mo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

Three episodes in the career of Cæsare Borgia.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. 8vo. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.

"The only life in English of Loyola written by a non-Catholic."

DAVIDSON COLLEGE. By Cornelia Rebekah Shaw. 8vo. New York: Fleming H. Revell Press. $1.50.

Story of the origin, growth and development of Davidson College, North Carolina.

ACTORVIEWS. By Ashton Stevens. 12mo. Chicago: Covici McGee Company. $2.

Intimate portraits of Ditrichstein, Elsie Ferguson, the Barrymores, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Laurette Taylor, Drew, Sothern and Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske and others.

MANIN AND THE VENETIAN REVOLUTION OF 1848. By G. M. Trevelyan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4.50.

Fourth volume in the author's study of the Italian Risorgimento.

EUROPE. By E. R. Turner. 8vo. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.50.

The years from 1450 to 1789.

A HISTORY OF ULSTER COUNTY UNDER THE DOMINION OF THE DUTCH. By Augustus H. Van Dorsen. 8vo. Kingston, N. Y.

History of a New York county.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Nesta H. Webster. 8vo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.

A study in democracy.

Essays and Literature

LAMB'S CRITICISM. By E. M. W. Tillyard. 12mo. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A selection from the literary criticism of Charles Lamb.

THE LATIN DUAL AND POETIC DICTION. By Andrew J. Bell. 8vo. New York: Oxford University Press.

Studies in numbers and figures.

THE EQUALITY OF STATES. By Julius Goebel. 8vo. New York: Columbia University Press.

A study in the history of law.

STORIES FROM THE EARLY WORLD. By R. M. Fleming. 8vo. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $3.50.

Myth and folklore of many races from the early times retold by a storyteller.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF GREECE. By William Chase Greene. 8vo. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $3.50.

A chapter in human experience.

AUNT POLLY'S STORY OF MANKIND. By Donald Ogden Stewart. 12mo. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A burlesque history of mankind.

STEPHEN CRANE. By Thomas Beer. 12mo. New York: Alfred Knopf. $2.50.

A study in American letters.

GROUPS AND COUPLES. By Frances Lester Warner. 12mo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.

Intimate sketches of family life.

Poetry, Drama and Art

LEAVES FROM A GRASS-HOUSE. By Don Blanding. 12mo. Honolulu: Honolulu Star-Bulletin Publishing Company.

Poems about Hawaii.

A CHINESE SEAL AND OTHER POEMS. By Mildred Palmer Cain. 12mo. Philadelphia: Dorrance. $1.

Short verses.

AUTUMN AFTERNOON AND OTHER POEMS. By Rose Cave Gould Clark. 12mo. Philadelphia: Dorrance. $1.

Verses on many themes.

NEW HAMPSHIRE. By Robert Frost. 12mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

By the author of "North of Boston."

ROSTAND'S CYRANO DE BERGERAC. Translated by Brian Hooker. 8vo. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.75.

The text as used in the current production by Walter Hampden.

HEINE'S POEMS (ROSES AND CYPRESS). Translated from the German by Clara Horine. 12mo. Boston: Stratford Company.

Contains fifty-four translations of Heinrich Heine's poems.

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1923-1923 AND THE YEAR BOOK OF THE DRAMA IN AMERICA. By Burns Mantle. 8vo: Boston: Small, Maynard Company. $2.

Excerpts and criticism of dramas produced in 1922-23.

A DINNER OF HERBS. By Nancy Barr Mavity. 12mo. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $1.25.

Some poems previously published and some new ones.

SONGS FOR MEN. By James Stuart Montgomery. 12mo. Philadelphia: Dorrance. $1.

Poetry of people and things.

AT MRS. BEAM'S. By C. K. Munro. 12mo. New York: Alfred Knopf. $2.

A boarding-house play.

BAMBOO CURTAINS. By Anna Heckscher Newbold. 12mo. Philadelphia: Dorrance. $1.

Brief poems on many themes.

ROYAL BLOSSOM OF TRISEVYENE. By Kostes Palamas. Translated by Aristies E. Phoutrides. 12mo. New Haven: Yale University Press.

With an introduction by the translator and another by the author.

THE ETCHINGS OF SIR FRANCIS SEYMOUR HADEN. By Malcom C. Salaman. Folio. London: Halton & Truscott Smith.

A critical study with a hundred reproductions of his works.

STORM IN HARVEST AND OTHER POEMS. By Edward Steese. 12mo. New York: The Brick Row Book Shop.

Lyrical poems.

THE TEMPLE AND OTHER POEMS. Translated from the Chinese by Arthur Waley. 12mo. New York: Alfred Knopf. $2.

With an introductory essay on early Chinese poetry and an appendix on the development of different metrical forms.

Religion

SEPTENARIUS SACRAMENTORUM. By the Rev. P. J. Kinney. 12mo. Boston: The Stratford Company.

The number of the sacraments and their mode of operation.

THE PREACHER'S OLD TESTAMENT. By Edward Mack. 12mo. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.25.

A study by a professor in the Department of Hebrew of the Union Theological Seminary of Richmond.

THE FRONTIER SPIRIT IN AMERICAN CHRISTIANITY. By Peter G. Mode. 12mo. New York: The Macmillan Company.

History of the American Church.

LAMPS OF WESTERN MYSTICISM. By Arthur Edward Waite. 8vo. New York: Alfred Knopf. $5.

Essays on the life of the soul in God.

Fiction

WEEDS. By Pio Baroja. 12mo. New York: Alfred Knopf. $2.50.

Second volume of a trilogy of "The Struggle for Life."

THE KANSAN. By Mark Gretcher. 12mo. Philadelphia: Dorrance Company. $2.

A novel of Western development, dealing particularly with political growth.

STREETS OF NIGHT. By John Dos Passos. 12mo. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

The story of three people who are afraid to live.

ANANIAS'S DAUGHTER. By Alice Garden. 12mo. Philadelphia: Dorrance. $1.75.

A small-town story concerning an orphan.

ONE OF THE GUILTY. By W. L. George. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

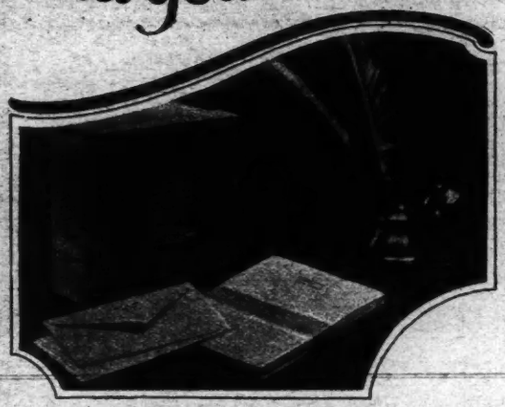
Episodes in the life of Owen Prendergast.

THE MAN WHO WAS GOOD. By Leonard Merrick. 12mo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.90.

A triangle story, with an introduction by J. K. Prothero.

(Continued on Following Page)

Send your "Christmas List" to me



Without Leaving Home—without worrying in crowded stores, you can correctly settle most of your Christmas problems with—

Wallace Brown's Famous "Cameo Club" Stationery

I DELIVER FOR YOU, ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD, YOUR CARD ENCLOSED, WITH SPECIAL HOLIDAY PACKING, WITHOUT ADVERTISING OR PRICE. SAFE AND PROMPT DELIVERY GUARANTEED—IF YOU ORDER EARLY.

Correct "Club" size sheets—single or folded, 6½x5⅛, extra heavy watermarked bond paper, either White, Gray, Buff or Blue, round edge, long pointed flap envelopes. Your name and address embossed at top centre of sheets and on envelope flap; name may be omitted from either paper or envelopes, if desired.

SINGLE SHEET OFFER

100 single sheets and 100 envelopes, all embossed, with 100 extra or plain sheets. Prepaid, $2.00. (For embossing entire 200 sheets, add 50 cents.)

DOUBLE SHEET OFFER

100 double (folded) sheets and 100 envelopes, all embossed. Prepaid, $2.00.

FOR EACH BOX THAT YOU ORDER JUST TELL ME:

(1) Single or Folded Sheets
(2) Color Paper
(3) Color Embossing
(4) What you want on paper and envelopes (write plainly)
(5) Where to ship and when. (I will time shipments so as to arrive just before Christmas, or ship at once when ready)
(6) Send your enclosure card for gift boxes to be delivered direct.
(7) Enclose check, money order, or currency for $2.00; West of the Mississippi, Canada and U. S. Island Possessions, $2.20. Foreign countries, $2.50.

Wallace Brown, Stationer, 225 Fifth Ave., New York

DODD MEAD BEST SELLERS DODD MEAD

Sir Hall Caine's

The Woman of Knockaloe

By the author of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," "The Christian," etc.

"A story that is told," says the *N. Y. Times*, "with the starkness of an Old Testament epic. The inevitable end, the self-sacrifice of Mona is one of the noblest conceptions of Hall Caine. . . . A story of tragic beauty." "It is a book which everyone will want to read and discuss," says the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. $1.75

William J. Locke's

The Lengthened Shadow

By the author of "The Beloved Vagabond," "The Mountebank," etc.

Coningsby Dawson sums up Mr. Locke's new novel in the *International Book Review*—"It is Locke all over, but with an added strength. I do not remember one of his novels as intriguing in plot or more deft in workmanship." $2.00

Archibald Marshall's

Anthony Dare

By the author of "The Honour of the Clintons," etc.

"It is all very real and the reader feels that he has lived with Anthony and known the places and the people he knows. There are many beautiful descriptions of the Norfolk country, and the portrait of Anthony Dare himself is exceptionally well drawn."—*N. Y. Times*. $2.00

George Barr McCutcheon's

Oliver October

By the author of "Graustark," "Viola Gwyn," etc.

Just the kind of romance that has made Mr. McCutcheon one of our most popular novelists. It is "as wholesome and clean as an October gale," in the words of the *Boston Traveler*. $2.00

At All Booksellers

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY *Publishers Since 1839* New York

Latest Books

(Continued from Preceding Page)

THE MARRIAGE OF YUSSUF KHAN. By Frank Heller. 12mo. New York: T. Y. Crowell Company. $2.

A cosmopolitan adventure and detective story.

POSTSCRIPTS. By O. Henry. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.

Short stories, burlesques, poems and whimsies previously unpublished in book form.

MISS WATTS. By Ernest Oldmeadow. 12mo. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.

An old-fashioned romance.

BLIND BROTHERS. By Tate W. Peek. 12mo. Philadelphia: Dorrance. $1.75.

An adventure novel of Montana.

THE WITCHING OF ELSPIE. By Duncan Campbell Scott. 12mo. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

Tales of the Hudson Bay region.

THE WHIRLWIND. By A. Stone. 12mo. Milton-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.: The A. Stone Foundation.

A novel of the exploits of the American merchant marine during the war.

MAY EVE. By E. Temple Thurston. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Or the Tinker of Ballinatray.

PIRI AND I. By Lawrence Vail. 12mo. New York: Lieber & Lewis.

Piri's love affairs and her marriage to a man twice her age.

JENNIFER LORN: A SEDATE EXTRAVAGANZA. By Elinor Wylie. 12mo. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

Episodes in the lives of the Hon. Gerald Poynard and his bride, complete in three books.

Travel and Description

THE FRENCH ALPS. Edited by Findlay Muirhead and Marcel Monmarche. 12mo. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A new volume in the Blue Guides Series.

THINGS SEEN ON THE RIVIERA. By Captain Leslie Richardson. 12mo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A description of its peoples, their ways, and the scenes of the French and Italian Rivieras lying between Marseilles and Genoa.

New Editions

PAINTING IN THE FAR EAST. By Laurence Binyon. 8vo. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $10.

An introduction to the history of pictorial art in Asia, especially China and Japan.

THE AMERICAN PUBLIC LIBRARY. By Arthur E. Bostwick. 8vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A handbook of information for librarians.

ORIENTAL FAIRY TALES. Illustrated by Rie Cramer. 8vo. New York: Duffield & Co. $4 boxed.

Stories from the Arabian Nights.

TRAVELS IN ARABIA DESERTA. By Charles M. Doughty. 8vo. New York: Boni & Liveright. Two volumes. $17.50.

A travel classic previously available only in limited editions.

THE NEW ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF ETIQUETTE. By Emily Holt. 8vo. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

What to write, what to do, what to wear and what to say.

GROWTH AND STRUCTURE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By Otto Jespersen. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3.

By a professor of the University of Copenhagen.

INSECT STORIES. By Vernon Kellogg. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.75.

An introduction to the study of insects.

SONS AND LOVERS. By D. H. Lawrence. 12mo. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

A novel of mining people in England.

THE CLOCKWORK MAN. By E. V. Odle. 12mo. New York: Doubleday Page & Co. $2.

The story of a living man, yet a mechanical one, of the future looking back to the present.

BLACK BEAUTY. By Anna Sewell. 8vo. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

With full-page colored illustrations.

THE ANALYSIS OF THE HUNTING FIELD. By R. S. Surtees. 8vo. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $7.50.

A series of sketches, forming a souvenir of the season 1845-46.

FLAME AND SHADOW; RIVERS TO THE SEA; LOVE SONGS. By Sara Teasdale. 12mo. New York: The Macmillan Company. Three volumes, boxed, $6.

Sara Teasdale's poems bound in leather in a special edition.

BARCHESTER TOWERS. By Anthony Trollope. 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.

With an introduction by Clarence Dimick Stevens.

Juvenile

CAMP KEN-JOCKETY. By Ethel Hume Bennett. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.

A group of young people at a Summer camp.

A PARIS FAIR. By Beatrice Bradshaw Brown. Illustrated by Barbara Haven Brown. Oblong. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Verses and colored drawings.

PAN THE PIPER AND OTHER MARVELOUS TALES. By Anna Curtis Chandler. 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.

With decorations and illustrations from many works of art.

THE RAINBOW CAT AND FAIRIES AND FAIRIES AND CHIMNEYS. By Rose Fyleman. 12mo. New York: George H. Doran Company. First volume, $2; second volume, $1.25.

Stories of a fairyland cat.

(Continued on Following Page)

BRENTANO'S BORGIA BRENTANO'S

Rafael Sabatini's Colorful Biography

The Life of
CESARE BORGIA

"As exciting as anything its author has ever written."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Sabatini is an excellent historian as well as an accomplished romancer."—*Phila. No. American.*

At All Bookstores—Illustrated $4.50

Publishers BRENTANO'S New York

BRENTANO'S BRENTANO'S BRENTANO'S

Robert Frost's New Book

New Hampshire

A Poem with Notes and Grace Notes

This new volume by Mr. Frost, his first in seven years, is a charming and unique expression of the best work of a great American poet. The title poem, "New Hampshire," is "orchestrated" with a series of footnotes, which in turn are explained with illustrative notes, all in the shape of individual narratives and lyrics, complementing the main theme.

With woodcuts by J. J. Lankes. Octavo. $2.50.

De luxe, autographed edition, limited to 350 copies, $5.00.

The Bookman: "The most profound and the most beautiful poetry that Frost has ever published."

Henry Holt & Company, Publishers, New York

The
Turning Point

A Romance of Today

By the famous author of
The Wings of the Morning

LOUIS TRACY

Wherever Books Are Sold

EDWARD J. CLODE : *Publisher* : New York

NEW HAMPSHIRE BEAUTIFUL

The latest Wallace Nutting book on the States Beautiful

Issued yesterday. It is packed with all the pictures it will hold and it is the best book of the series.

Other books out: Massachusetts, Connecticut and Vermont.

Price on all, $4.00.

Also American Windsor Chairs with additions, $1.50; and, completely revised, Furniture of the Pilgrim Century (in December), $15.00.

OLD AMERICA COMPANY
FRAMINGHAM MASSACHUSETTS

Novels and Stories of Distinction

By John Galsworthy

Captures

These stories "prove his mastery of the short story form," declares the *Literary Review.* $2.00

By Meredith Nicholson

The Hope of Happiness

"A solid and interesting novel which reflects American life of the day without preachiness or distortion."—*Time.* $2.00

Edith Wharton's Greatest Novel

A Son at the Front

"Extraordinary power and beauty."—Wm. Lyon Phelps. $2.00

By Woodward Boyd

Lazy Laughter

A new novel by the author of "The Love Legend," of whom Zona Gale says: "One who understands youth because she is of it and who is yet able to view the show." $2.00

By Arthur Train

His Children's Children

"One of the books of 1923 that will live beyond 1923," says the *Philadelphia Public Ledger. Seventh very large printing.* $2.00

Tut, Tut! Mr. Tutt

Eight new episodes involving Ephraim Tutt, one of the best-loved characters in modern fiction. *Second large printing.* $2.00

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Bobbs Merrill Books

The Soul of an Empire Builder

Sir Harry Johnston

The Story of My Life

By the Author of
The Gay-Dombeys, Mrs. Warren's Daughter, etc.

Student, painter, traveler, novelist; explorer in unknown Africa: linguist of distinction; naturalist who discovered new plants and animals; empire builder who added thousands of square miles to the British domain; diplomat, treaty-maker; biographer of Livingstone; coworker with Stanley in the Congo, with Cecil Rhodes from Cape to Cairo; friend of Salisbury and Roosevelt; a man who has been everywhere, seen everything, known everybody.

The astounding and significant self-revelation of a many-sided personality.

8vo. Profusely Illustrated Price $5.00

The Tapestry of Life

By RAYMOND BLATHWAYT

RALPH WALDO TRINE writes of these reminiscences:
"The wealth of experience and personal human contact; the keen observing powers; and even more than these—the thoroughly human and sympathetic spirit that is employed in bringing these to the reader—all combine to make it a volume of unusual value and charm."

$3.50, postage extra, at all bookstores or from

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

Latest Books

(Continued from Preceding Page)

THE GIANT OF APPLE PIE HILL AND OTHER STORIES. By Miriam Clark Potter. 8vo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Short stories and poems.

THE BLACK-EYED PUPPY. By Katharine Pyle. 8vo. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co.

A puppy tells his own story.

THE CHRIST STORY. By Abraham Mitrie Rihbany. Illustrated by Gustav Tenggren. 8vo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

An attempt to describe Christ as an Oriental teacher; written for young readers.

STORY-SERMONS FOR JUNIORS. By Alfred J. Sadler. 12mo. New York: The Abingdon Press. $1.50.

Sermons in story form for young people.

THE TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES AND OTHER FAIRY TALES. Retold by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. 8vo. Illustrated by Kay Nielsen. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Old fairy stories told anew, with many illustrations in color.

ELLA. By Eva March Tappan. 12mo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.

A little schoolgirl of the '60s.

THE BOY WITH THE UNITED STATES DIPLOMATS. By Francis Rolt Wheeler. 12mo. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

A new volume in the United States Service Series; America's representatives in history all over the world.

FOUR COUSINS. By Dikken Ewilgmeyer. Translated from the Norwegian by Emilie Poulsson. Illustrated by Astri Welham Heiberg. 12mo. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. $1.75.

A year spent in Norway by four girls.

Business

PERSONNEL MANAGEMENT. By Walter Dill Scott and Robert C. Clothier. 8vo. New York: A. W. Shaw Company.

Its principles, practices and point of view.

Science

VITAMINS. By Ragnar Berg. 12mo. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. 8vo. New York: Alfred Knopf.

A critical survey of the theory of accessory food factors.

DWELLERS OF THE SEA AND SHORE. By William Crowder. 12mo. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

Forms of natural life on the seashore and in the water, with many illustrations.

THE COMMUNICABLE DISEASES. By Dr. Allan J. McLaughlin. 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

How diseases spread and how they may be controlled.

Economics and Sociology

GERMANY AND HER DEBTS. By L. L. F. Abgar. 12mo. London: Harry J. Simmonds.

A critical examination of the reparation problem, with an appendix on exchange stabilization.

CITIZENSHIP FOR NEW AMERICANS. By William E. Scott. 12mo. St. Paul, Minn: Scott-Mitchell Publishing Company.

American geography, economics and history, for use in the classroom.

THE CONTROL OF THE SOCIAL MIND. By Ariand D. Weeks. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.25.

Psychology of economic and political relations.

Miscellaneous

KIPLING CALENDAR. Anonymous. 12mo. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

A quotation from Kipling for every day in the year.

A TREATISE ON ENGINE BALANCE USING EXPONENTIALS. By P. Cormac. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6.

With a survey of the more complex types of aviation engines.

EXERCISE FOR HEALTH AND CORRECTION. By Frank D. Dickson and Rae L. Diveley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.75.

For physical directors, doctors, nurses and the general public.

TAMING OF WILDINGS. By Herbert Durand. 12mo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

A book of information of wild flowers, wild bushes, ferns for those who desire to grow them for landscape and garden effects or for planting. Illustrated with numerous colored plates and cuts.

THE ENJOYMENT AND USE OF COLOR. By Walter Sargent. 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

A method of approach to the study and appreciation of color.

WONDERS OF THE PAST. Edited by J. A. Hammerton. 8vo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Four volumes. Volume I. $5.

Marvels of the vanished civilizations.

THE CANADIAN ANNUAL REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS. By J. Castell Hopkins. 8vo. Toronto: The Canadian Review.

For the year 1922; international conditions, foreign relations, literature, education, commerce and other Canadian affairs.

THE VIGIL OF HOPE. By F. A. MacLeod. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.

Thoughts and prayers for mothers during the months of expectation.

METHODS OF TEACHING MODERN DAY ARITHMETIC. By George Hastings McNair. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

For the use of teachers of arithmetic.

INTRODUCTION TO MEDICAL BIOMETRY AND STATISTICS. By Raymond Pearl. 12mo. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Company.

For use in the classroom.

The Freeman

To hold your own among people of culture;

to be able to discuss the latest books in all fields on the basis of expert reviews by specialists;

to discuss politics—domestic and international—with assurance founded on sophisticated opinion;

to meet loose talk on economics with a philosophy that is grounded in fundamentals;

to equip yourself with the authoritative comment and interpretation that stamp men and women of the world;

to improve your vocabulary and to burnish your diction,

read the Freeman weekly

Don't take our word: ask for a sample copy, FREE

Better still:

Use the coupon and read the paper 10 weeks for $1.00

15 cts.

Special Offer

For One Dollar

($1.00)

you may have ten (10) weeks of the paper which prompted

HAVELOCK ELLIS

to remark:

"America is to be congratulated on the production of a paper which maintains so high a level alike in thought and expression."

THE FREEMAN
116 W. 13th St., N. Y.
Please send me the Freeman as checked:
☐ 10 weeks for $1.00
☐ One year for $6.00
☐ Free sample copy
Name .....
Address .....
Write Plainly. NYT 11-18

Give St. NICHOLAS for Christmas

HERE is the very gift you have been looking for—the ideal Christmas present for the boy or girl of 6 to 18 years. It is a splendid and welcome gift—one that goes straight to the youthful heart and becomes an increasingly intimate companion.

St. Nicholas is youth's own magazine—fresh, joyful and full of hearty, wholesome entertainment. Its pages are beautifully illustrated.

If your own boy or girl is already receiving St. Nicholas regularly, perhaps you know some other boy or girl who should have its friendly all-year companionship and whose heart would be touched by a gift so appealing.

$4 sends St. Nicholas to any address once a month for one year. Hand your subscription to your magazine agent, or send it directly to us.

ST. NICHOLAS
353 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Dept. A D 27

FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING—
WOMRATH'S BOOK BARGAINS

Our Holiday Bargain List contains hundreds of books and sets of books for man and woman, boy and girl—and all at reduced prices. The following are selected at random:

MASTERPIECES OF WIT AND HUMOR, edited by Thomas L. Masson, 6 volumes, ($6.00) $2.75
MORRIS, KATHLEEN, WORKS, 5 volumes, Fabrikoid, ($9.50) $4.75
MORRIS, KATHLEEN, WORKS, Autograph Edition, limited to 377 sets signed by the author, 11 volumes, Vellum and boards binding; large type, ($33.00) $14.75
CHECKHOV, ANTON, WORKS, 10 volumes, bound in five, large type, ($20.00) $10.25
IN THE HANDS OF THE ARABS, Zetton Duchanan, Illus., ($4.00) $1.45
ROBERT BURNS POEMS, edited by J. S. Hughes, 100 illustrations, ($5.00) 98c
SHORT HISTORY OF THE SCOTTISH PEOPLE, by Donald MacMillan, ($3.50) $1.49
TAHITI DAYS, by Hector MacQuarrie, Illustrated, ($4.00) $1.65
WORKS OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT, 10 volumes, cloth bound, ($10.00) $3.98
OURWOOD, JAMES OLIVER, WORKS, 5 volumes, Fabrikoid, ($9.50) $4.75
TARKINGTON, BOOTH, WORKS, 6 volumes, Fabrikoid, ($7.50) $3.00
IBSEN, HENDRIK, WORKS, 12 volumes bound in six, ($21.00) $10.75
POE'S WORKS, 5 volumes, bound in genuine lime leather, ($20.00) $6.75
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, HISTORICAL, RARE AND UNIQUE, by H. A. Hipkins, 62 colored plates, ($10.00) $3.45
THE LAST DAYS OF THE ROMANOVS, by C. G. Tolmie, Illus., ($3.00) 98c
GALLIPOLI DIARY, by General Sir Ian Hamilton, 2 vols., ($10.00) $3.75
CARDINAL MERCIER'S OWN STORY, ($4.00) $1.25
SOME THINGS THAT MATTER, by Lord Riddell, ($2.00) 69c
WINTER JOURNEYS IN THE SOUTH, by J. M. Hammond, ($3.00) $1.25
KUTNAR, SON OF PIG, by Gustav Langenfeld, ($1.75) 69c
NIETZSCHE, WAGNER CORRESPONDENCE, ($4.00) $1.95
GEORGE SAND-GUSTAVE FLAUBERT LETTERS, ($4.00) $1.65
MY AMERICAN DIARY, by Clare Sheridan, Illus., ($3.00) 98c
PIG, THE WEAPON MAKER, by George Langfeld, ($1.75) 69c
THE COMING OF GABRIELLE, by George Moore, ($4.00) $1.35

Prices include transportation charges. Money back unless pleased. Be Sure to Send for Holiday Bargain Catalog. Also List of "Used by a Few Good as New" Books.

ARTHUR R. WOMRATH, INC.,
Mail Order Dept., 21 W. 45th St., New York
Most of the above books may also be secured at our branches in New York, Brooklyn, Newark, Washington, Chicago, Erie, Utica and New Haven.

THE TERMS OF CONQUEST
By
HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN

This new novel by the author of "Trodden Gold" is a fascinating narrative of ambition, of youthful revolt against parental guidance, of marriage, of romantic love and of courage and honesty unbeaten by life's bitterest trials.

$2.00 at all Booksellers

Boston LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY Publishers

"The author is one of the World's great jurists."—*Canadian Law Times.*

Modern American, English, Continental-European, Latin-American Law as affected by Roman Law

ROMAN LAW IN THE MODERN WORLD
By CHARLES P. SHERMAN, D. C. L.

Formerly Asst. Professor Yale University Law School.

"Prof. Sherman's erudition is wide and deep; his style is eminently readable."—*New York Times.*

"Of great assistance to students of comparative law. It is clearly written and well arranged."—*American Bar Association Journal.*

"Brilliantly accomplished."—*Yale Law Journal.*

Second Edition, 1922

3 Vols., $14. Single Volumes also sold: Vol. I, $5.50; vol. II, $6.00; vol. III, $2.50

There are in existence no books like these: epoch-making, unique, thoroughly modern.

P. O. BOX 1376.
New Haven Law Book Co., New Haven Conn.

Everybody's Reading—

The Hawkeye By HERBERT QUICK

Every American should read The Hawkeye—

William Lyon Phelps

All Stores $2.00 Bobbs-Merrill Publishers

A new MACMILLAN novel

LUTHER NICHOLS
by
Mary S. Watts

She has given us a cross-section of life, a drab and somewhat sordid cross-section, to be sure, but so eternally true that her manner of presenting it gives a finer significance to the term of realism.—*The Boston Herald.*

$2.00 at all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
64-66 Fifth Avenue New York

GARET GARRETT'S brilliant novel

The Cinder Buggy

By the Author of "The Driver."

Through the tragic story of human passions runs the story of steel and it is hard to tell which is the more interesting and thrilling. Mr. Garrett knows steel, knows the giants who moulded the young industry, and he knows Wall Street, as probably no other man in America who can also write vivid fiction does.

$2.00, postage extra, at any bookstore or direct from

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Publishers, 681 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

BOOK EXCHANGE

Bargain Offers

WOMRATH'S, INTERESTING ITEMS. Monograph of the Petrels, 2 vols., small quarto, 30 colored plates, by Godman, London, 1907, 225 printed, $37.50; The Birds of North and Middle America, Ridway, 9 vols., $45.00; Schlater, Papers on the Birds of Pacific Islands, India, West India and South America, 2 vols., many colored illus., $40.00; History of India, 9 vols., ¾ Levant, Grolier Society, $50.00; Courtiers and Favorites of Royalty, Memoirs of 18th Century, 8 vols., ¾ morocco, published $80.00, now $17.50; Browning's Complete Works, 10 vols., $22.50; Tolstoy, Dana Estes, limited edition, 27 vols., buckram, $75.00; Hugo, 30 vols., ¾ morocco, published at $250.00, special $100.00; Balzac, Harper's Saintsbury edition, specially bound, ¾ mor., 18 vols., $125.00; Dickens, 32 vols., ¾ mor., extra illus., by Dooley, $125.00; Aldine Poets, 50 vols., specially bound, 15 mo., ¾, $125.00; Lever's Novels, Chapman & Hall edition, illus., by "Phiz," 20 vols., ½ cf., $50.00; Macauley, complete, Life by Trevelyan, 10 vols., tree calf, $75.00; Bret Harte, 20 vols., subscription edition, tree calf backs faded, $25.00; Balzac, 38 vols, ½ mor., $60.00; Universal Anthology, 33 vols., ½ mor., published at $198.00, special $37.50; Great Events of the Great War, full leather, new, published at $84.00, now $25.00; Bronte, 7 vols., cloth, new, $12.50; Smollett, 6 vols., Ballantyne Press, limited edition, to rebind, $12.50; Correspondence of Napoleon, unpublished, 3 vols., cloth, new, $5.50; holiday catalogue, including books in fine bindings ready. A. R. Womrath, Inc., 42 Broadway, New York City. Phone Broad 3900.

MARKS'S SPECIAL OFFERINGS: BURton's Anatomy of Melancholy, What It is, Its Causes and Cures, etc.; 3 volumes, ¾ morocco, Boston, limited edition of 250 copies, $45.00; The Koran, translated by Sale, engraved frontispiece, 2 volumes, handsome new ¾ calf, gilt. London, 1825, $22.50; Burton's complete and unabridged translation of the Arabian Nights, including the supplemental Nights, Terminal Essay, Anthropological and Ethnographical Notes, etc, illustrated by Lalauze, Letchford and others, 17 volumes, new, original price $75.00, my special price, $43.50; Junis: including letters by the same author under other signatures, His Correspondence with Wilkes, Letters to Woodfall, etc., second edition, 3 volumes, new, ¾ morocco, London, 1814, $37.50; complete writings of O. Henry, illustrated by Gordon Grant, Memorial Edition, signed by publishers, 14 volumes, boards, vellum backs, new, New York, 1917, $119.00; many other choice, scarce and unusual books. Harry F. Marks, New York's Finest Book Shop, 187 Broadway.

DAVIS' BARGAINS — SWINBURNE, 10 vols., $9.00; Bulwer-Lytton, 25 vols., $20.00; Burton Holmes, 8 Travelogues, 13 vols., flexible morocco, $37.50; Thomson's Outline of Science, 4 vols., $12.00; World's Orators, 10 vols., $12.00; Stoddard's Lectures, 15 vols., half morocco, Edition De Luxe, $25.00; Young Folks' Bible History, 4 vols., $2.50; Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary, India paper, 1920, flexible morocco, $32.50; Jewish Encyclopaedia, 12 vols., morocco, $70.00; Webster's New Unabridged Dictionary, thin paper, $8.00; Payne's Arabian Nights; 13 vols., vellum, limited edition, $30.00; Great Essayists, 12 vols., half morocco, $15.00; Darwin, 15 vols., Limited Edition De Luxe, $25.00; Maupassant, 17 vols., flexible morocco, $20.00; Arthur Train, 5 vols., full leather, $7.50. Catalogue ready. Davis' Bookstore, 49 Vesey.

HARRY F. MARKS ANNOUNCES AN exhibition of the writings of Arthur Machen, embracing First Editions, Original Autograph Manuscripts, Autograph Letters, Signed Portraits, Association Copies, etc., etc., forming the finest and most complete collection of this Author's Works ever brought together. It includes several unpublished articles and a number of unique items not described in the Bibliography, and unknown to most collectors. Exhibition opens Nov. 20, from 9 to 6, daily. All "Macheniacs" and other booklovers are cordially invited. Harry F. Marks, New York's Finest Book Shop, 187 Broadway.

SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFERS AT THE Bargain Book Store, Winston's Encyclopaedia, 10 vols., $6.50; The World History and Its Makers, 10 vols., ¾ lea., $10.00; Story of Nations, 69 vols., lea. backs, $65.00; American College Course, 13 vols., $7.50; L. Sterne, 12 vols., $13.50; O. Wilde, 12 vols., $25.00. We have received several interesting collections of books. All are well displayed; obligation to buy never comes with a visit. Bargain Book Store, 79 4th Av., N. Y. Stuyvesant 4318.

NOW ON SALE—LIBRARY OF PROMInent New York Architect and Interior Decorator. Books, illustrated magazines and loose plates, consisting of works on architecture, applied art and design, decoration, furniture, interiors, ornament, costume, &c. Prices are low for quick turn, as we need the room for holiday display. This collection warrants perusal from student and professional. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue (Tenth Street).

FRIEDMANS' SPECIAL OFFER—HARvard Classics, 51 vols. leatherette binding, $75.00; Book of Knowledge, 20 vols., $35.00; Encyclopaedia Britannica, 29 vols., handy volume edition, sheep binding, $65.00; Dickens, 30 vols., $30.00. Send for our latest list, Friedmans', 70 West 51st St. (Phone Circle 3162).

MASTERPIECES OF MYSTERY AND Adventure, 8 volumes, $8; Ridpath's History of World, 9 volumes, $15; Speltz's Styles of Ornament, $4; Beacon Lights of History, 9 volumes, $8. Empire State Book Co., 167 East 59th Street, New York.

THE TALMUD IN ENGLISH, ONLY complete edition, 10 volumes, offered to the trade and collectors. For quotations, write J. G. Williams, Publisher, 10 High St., Boston.

USED CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL courses bought and sold. Bargain catalogue 1,000 courses free. Students' Exchange, Dept. 6, 47 West 42d St., New York.

BARGAIN CATALOG OF NEW BOOKS sent free. C. W. Clark Company, 122 West 23d St.

Specialists

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINES, back numbers and complete volumes supplied. Special offer: 1912 to 1922, inclusive, two volumes to one year, bound in half morocco, gold lettered, any single year, $10.00; half year, $5.00. We also supply back numbers and volumes of other magazines and newspapers; correspondence invited. American Library Service, Department 15, 500 5th Av., New York. Longacre 10435.

THE NORTH NODE, AN OCCULT BOOK Shop, 30 East 53rd Street. Books on Occultism, Mysticism, Metaphysics, Astrology, The Kabbalah, The Tarot, Hermetics, Alchemy, Symbolism, The Rosicrucians, Theosophy, Comparative Religions, Ancient Civilizations, Mythology, Folklore, and kindred subjects—old, rare and out-of-print new and contemporary.

ROSICRUCIAN AND HERMETIC TEACHings by mail. Exclusive monthly lessons in Occult and Mental Science, leading to mastery, unfoldment, health and success. Enroll on voluntary subscription plan. Free booklet. Societas Rosicruciana in America, 420 City Hall Station, New York City.

MASONIC BOOKS, HISTORIES, CYCLOpedias, Monitors, Stories, Symbolic Teachings, etc. Free Reading room; liberal Library Plan; Descriptive Catalogue on request. Macoy Publishing and Masonic Supply Co., 45 John Street, New York.

ASTROLOGY, OCCULTISM, MYSTICISM, Science, Philosophy and Kindred subjects, by standard authors; free reading room, liberal library plan. Catalog on request. Macoy Publishing and Masonic Supply Co., Publishers and Importers, 45 John Street, New York.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE. Back numbers and volumes supplied. American Library Service, Dept. 15, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York. Telephone Longacre 10435.

OCCULT—NEW BOOK OF INTEREST TO readers of occultism, "H. P. Blavatsky As I Knew Her," by A. L. Cleather, on sale, Brentano's, N. Y. City. $1.10.

THE WEST, THE INDIANS, LOCAL history, genealogy. Catalogs on request. Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th Street, New York.

INTERESTING LISTS OF BOOKS BY and about Lincoln, Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson mailed on request. M. H. Briggs, 5,113 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CONDER'S BOOKSTORE, 65 5TH AV. Apply for new catalogue of second-hand books.

ORIENTAL LANGUAGES — GRAMMARS and Dictionaries. Benj. F. Gravely, Martinsville, Virginia.

Stamps and Curios

BOOKS, STAMPS, MAGAZINES, ANY quantity; old United States stamps especially wanted. Open evenings. Mittler's Book and Stamp Exchange, 194 Second Avenue. Tel. Stuyvesant 6592.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES AND STAMP COLlections bought. William Casement, 228 West 43d Street.

Community Book Shops

SEXOLOGY AND PSYCHOANALYSIS. Send for new catalogue. The Bookery, 14 West 47th St., New York.

Bargain Offers

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES SOLD complete, 1-3 usual prices because slightly used; easy terms; money back guarantee. All schools and subjects. Write for Special free catalog. Courses bought for cash. Economy Educator Service, W 202 West 49th St., New York.

THAT BOOK YOU WANT! WE HAVE 1,000,000 (second-hand and new) in stock. All subjects. On approval. Also Rare Books. Catalogues free. Commissions executed. Foyles, 121 Charing Cross Road, London, England.

GOTHAM BOOK MART. WE SHALL BE pleased to welcome you in our larger and better quarters, 51 West 47th St. A new catalogue, mainly of first editions, sent on request. Gotham Book Mart, 51 West 47th St. (Bryant 5812).

FRANKLIN BOOKSHOP, 920 WALNUT St., Philadelphia, Pa. Natural History, Sporting, Typography, Old Medicine and Americana. Send 4c. stamps for Catalogues, naming your Specialty. Liberal Discounts now given, due to removal.

MENCKEN FIRST EDITIONS: EUROPE After 8:15, $2.00; Democracy and Will To Power, by Wood, $1.75; We Moderns, by Muir, $1.75; Nietzsche-Wagner Correspondence, $4.00. Gotham Book Mart, 51 West 47th St.

FOR SALE — TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES of bound editions of Harpers Monthly Magazine, dating from December, 1867 to 1879. Phone Pelham 5866.

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, 12TH edition, 32 volumes, including 3 supplementary volumes, bookcase included; arrange monthly payments. H 575 Times.

BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE—20 VOLUMES for sale; like new; price reasonable. A 159 Times.

Advertising rate 12 cents a word.

Literature of Other Nations

WORLD-ROMIC SYSTEM, MASTERKEY to all languages. Primers, 23 languages, $1.94 each language. Arabic, Cantonese, English, French, German, Italian, Portuguese, Russian, Spanish. Pronunciation-Tables, 102 languages, 30c. each language; Afrosemitic, Amerindic, Eurindic, Indopacific, Siberic, Sinindic. Languages Publishing Company, 8 West 40th Street, New York.

RUSSIAN NATIONAL BOOKSTORE, 5 Columbus Crcle. Most complete line of Russian books and English translations of Russian authors. All English books on Russia. Expert salesmen in attendance. Krasnoff's "From Two-Headed Eagle to the Red Flag" on sale. Phone Columbus 2814.

FRENCH XMAS CARDS, CALENDARS, books for children, gifts books, French bindings in great varieties at reasonable prices. Chagnon & Co., 804 6th Ave., between 45th and 46th Sts. French books exclusively.

ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN NEWSpapers and Magazines. Open until midnight. Foreign News Depot, Times Building (Subway Entrance, Downstairs), 42d St. and 7th Av.

BOOKS IN SPANISH — WE SEND ENtirely free catalogues of books in Spanish covering all branches of human knowledge. Libreria "Cervantes." Ricardo de Veloso, Apartado 1115, Havana, Cuba.

SWEDISH, NORWEGIAN AND DANISH Books, Scandinavian Art Magazines Books in English by Scandinavian Authors. Catalog free. Bonnier's, 561 Third Av.

LIBRARIE FRANCAISE, HOTEL BREvoort, New York—Latest French publications on sale. Information, lists mailed on request.

FOREIGN BOOKS, ALL LANGUAGES. Established 1856. Catalogue of French, Italian, Spanish or German. Schoenhof's, 387 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

FRENCH AND GERMAN CHRISTMAS cards and calendars; send for list. Schoenhof's, 387 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

FRENCH BOOKS AND MAGAZINES—Special lot of 10, $2. French-American Bookshop, 71 West 96th St.

SPANISH BOOKS AND MAGAZINES—Large stock, wholesale, retail, catalogues. James V. Lago, 156 West 14th.

GERMAN BOOKS—LARGE, WELL SElected stock. Beyer's Bookshop, 207 Fulton St., opposite Terminal. Upstairs.

Scientific Books

G. E. STECHERT & CO., 151 WEST 25th Street, New York, have stock of half million books and periodicals, new and second-hand. Ask for catalogue on subjects interested in. Libraries purchased.

CLAIRVOYANCE, OCCULTISM, REINcarnation, Karma, Theosophy, Mysticism, Life After Death, Fourth Dimension, free leaflets on Theosophical teachings. Are you interested? Philosophers Book Shop, 26 West 48d St.

CHEMICAL, MEDICAL AND TECHNIcal Books; French and German. Monthly catalogue of importations gratis. Lemcke & Buechner, 32 East 20th St., New York.

Autographs

AUTOGRAPHS OF CELEBRITIES bought and sold. Letters of Washington. Lincoln and other Presidents of United States particularly wanted. Highest prices paid. "The Autograph Bulletin" mailed on request. Thomas F. Madigan (successor to P. F. Madigan, established 1888). The Autograph Shop, 8 West 47th Street, New York.

BOOKS AND AUTOGRAPHS — CATAlogues free. R. Atkinson, 188 Peckham Rye, London, S. E. 22, England.

Circulating Libraries

THE LATEST FICTION AND NONfiction books brought to your home or office at a nominal rental fee; regular weekly service, parcel post department for out-of-town residents. Write or phone for book lists and terms. Morrison Library Service Company (founded 1913), 170 Broadway. Cortlandt 6644.

Code Books

BENSINGER, 23 WHITEHALL ST., N. Y., most widely known publishers and distributers of Commercial Code-Books. Buy, Sell, Trading encouraged; circulars free upon request.

Law Books

OLD LAW BOOKS WANTED—EARLY Acts and Laws especially. Send list or brief description. Business established twenty-five years. Address C. S. Hook, Weymouth Apts., Atlantic City, N. J.

Children's Books

CHILDREN'S BOOKSHOP, 108 EAST 57th St. Visit us in our new location.

Rare First Editions

PRIVATE SALE, 400 GRAND STREET, Newburgh, N. Y.—Aucassin and Nicolete, Black's colored illustrations, $5; Reynard the Fox, Arnold, with Kaulbach and Wolf illustrations, handsomely bound, $15; Hudibras, rare, 1709 edition, Hogarth drawings, $12.50; Burckhardt's Travels, Syria, Arabia, Nubia, 4to volumes, $7.50 each. Cellini's Memoirs, Symond's translation, 2 vols., $9.00, Scarron's Roman comique, &c., in English, illustrated, 3 vols., $15.00; Chaucer, the Black Letter edition of 1532, in the British Museum, reproduced by photography, large 4to, $30; Oscar Wilde's works, limp leather, thin paper, large print, 5 vols., $12.50. Fanny Burney, Mme. d'Arblay's Diary and Letters. Beautiful library set, 4 vols., ½ calf, $15. Catalogues. John Galletti.

DICKENS "MEMENTO," AUTOGRAPH Album. Containing correspondence concerning the complimentary dinner given to Dickens April 28th, 1868, at Delmonico's. Including autograph letters of Holmes, John Bigelow, Curtis, Norton, W. D. Howells, Nast, R. W. Emerson, Lowell, D. G. Mitchell, W. C. Bryant, G. W. Childs, J. T. Fields, J. G. Saxe and many others. Ernest Dressel North, 4 E. 39th St.

LOVES OF CLITIPHON AND LEUCIPPE —"Most Delectable and Pleasant Historie"; fine example Elizabethan prose and modern bookmaking; Burtonian interest. Free prospectus. Bluefaun Books, 128 E. 25th St., N. Y. City.

A CATALOGUE OF AN UNUSUAL COLlection of old and modern, rare and curious, books on the Occult Sciences, Folklore, Mythology, etc., sent on request. W. A. Gough, Bookseller, 41 East 60th St., New York.

FIRST EDITIONS, RARE AND OTHER desirable books: old, modern; illustrated books; French engravings; Eisen, Moreau, Cochin; color plate, facetiae. Send for catalogue. Bibliophile, 160 Brookside Av., Mt. Vernon, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS AND RARE BOOKS. Private Press Books, Authors' Presentation copies. Catalogues gratis. Antiquarian Book Company, Stratford-on-Avon, England.

COLLECTORS' BOOK SERVICE. Specializing in modern first editions and association copies. Catalogue just off press sent on request. Chas. Romm, 152 4th Av., N. Y. C., near 14th St.

OLD AND RARE BOOKS, MODERN First Editions, Books by Private Presses. Catalog on request. Harry Stone, 137 Fourth Ave., City.

CALIFORNIA — HANDSOME REPRINTS of rare old books; lim. eds.; hand-set type. Private Press of T. C. Russell, San Francisco.

CATALOGUE OF MODERN FIRST EDItions and Early Printed Books. Davis & Orioli, 24 Museum Street, London, England.

CATALOGUE OF RARE BOOKS, ETC., sent free upon request. Rare Book Co., 99 Nassau St., New York.

FIRST EDITIONS, OLD WESTERN items, lists issued. The Book Peddler, 3,204 Myrtle Av., Omaha, Neb.

RARE BOOKS BOUGHT AND SOLD. Miller & Beyer, Inc., 50 West 49th St., New York.

FOR SALE, FIRST EDITION SCIENCE and health; perfect condition. Paredes, 22 Morningside Av., city.

Binderies

JAMES MACDONALD COMPANY — ESTablished 1880—216 West 18th St., City. Finest equipped bindery in America; (Purchaser of the "Club Bindery"). Special bindings for collectors. Extra fine binding for private libraries. Solander and slip cases of every description. Representative will call at your request.

SEND YOUR NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC Magazines, Periodicals for Eggeling's guaranteed binding, $1.50. Request descriptive literature. Eggeling Bookbindery, 16 E. 13th St. Stuyvesant 3912.

CORLIES, MACY & CO., 441 PEARL St., New York. Magazine, periodical and fine book binding. Established 1857.

Printing

WE ARE THOROUGHLY EQUIPPED, by experience and results, to publish for authors, books and pamphlets of every descriptions, handling the printing, advertising, distribution, sales, etc., on a national scale; correspondence invited. American Library Service, Publishers, Department 900, 500 5th Av., New York. Longacre 10435.

WE PRINT: BOOKS OF FICTION, Poetry; Plays; Essays; Travel; History; Medical; Scientific; Convention Reports; Year Books; Cook Books; Directories, &c. Peter G. Boyle, Book Manufacturer and Publisher, 267-273 West 17th St., New York City.

WE PUBLISH, AS AGENTS FOR THE author, unusual books of all kinds, handling the printing, advertising, sales, etc. The Hills Press, 105 West 40th St., New York City. Longacre 1330.

Art and Applied Art

JAPANESE PRINTS AND BOOKS, OLD copper, brass, curios, Oriental fabrics. Artist removing studio. Make appointment. Miss Benjamin, Hotel Rutledge.

ANTIQUE JEWELRY, PAINTINGS AND Indian curios. Alaquah, 720 Lexington Av., New York.

Books Wanted

THOMS & ERON INC.—A CORPORATION with experience of thirty years in New York City, dealing in fine editions of Standard Sets, old and rare books and other literary property, etc., etc., are the largest buyers and distributers of standard works in sets and second-hand books in this country. We are in the market to buy for spot cash books in large or small quantities and entire private libraries. We especially desire limited sets, editions de luxe Encyclopaedia Britannica, Book of Knowledge, Harvard Classics, etc., etc. Absolutely the highest prices paid. Our buyers make calls by appointment to appraise and pay cash for purchases. Books packed and removed promptly at our expense by our expert packers. In competition we have bought some of the largest private libraries that have been sold, and can furnish convincing recommendations that our dealings are fair to those disposing of their books. If you have a large private library anywhere in the United States, and want to get New York prices for your books, which are better than those you can secure from local dealers, it will pay you to communicate with us. Executors of estates having books to dispose of should get in touch with us. The advantages accrued to the seller of books in dealing with a large concern are obvious. Thoms & Eron, Inc., 34 Barclay St., New York. Telephone Cortlandt 3062-3063.

WOMRATH, INC., LARGEST BOOKsellers in New York, dealer in new and old books, largest circulating library in the world; 13 stores in New York, 30 stores in other cities; we buy books in any quantity; entire libraries or small lots purchased for cash; our representative will call, make you an offer, which, if accepted, we will send expert packer with our automobile truck and remove books promptly at our own expense and without inconvenience to you; calls made anywhere, whether you have a few books or thousands of volumes; we are interested and are in the market to buy them; do not sell your library until you have received our offer; you are dealing with one of the largest, most reliable firms in the City of New York; we have traveling representatives on the road at all times; if you are a great distance from New York, we will arrange to have one of them call on you when in your section of the country; if you live near New York we can usually arrange to have our buyer inspect your books within two or three days. A. R. Womrath, Inc., 42 Broadway, New York. Tel. Broad 3900.

ABSOLUTELY HIGHEST PRICES PAID for books in any quantity. We are interested in entire libraries or single volumes. Especially wanted: Library Sets, Encyclopedias, Books on Art, Architecture, Science, Literature, History, Americana, Travel, Anthropology, Philosophy, Occultism, Spiritualism, Christian Science, First Editions and other Literary Property. Will call anywhere, pay cash and remove books promptly at our expense. Don't fail to get our estimate before selling. Dauber & Pine, Inc., 83 Fourth Avenue, New York. Telephone Stuyvesant 1383.

LIBRARIES BOUGHT—HIGHEST PRICES paid for complete libraries and fine sets. Calls made anywhere. Specially wanted: Hubbard's Little Journeys, Cambridge Britannica, Encyclopaedia Americana, Harvard Classics, Book of Knowledge, Victor Hugo, Stevenson, Kipling, New International 2nd Edition, Catholic Encyclopaedia, Mark Twain, Thackeray. Davis' Bookstore, 49 Vesey. Tel. Cortlandt 4604.

BOOKS BOUGHT IN ANY QUANTITY; get our estimate before selling. We are ready to buy any small or large collection of books, complete sets or entire private libraries. Our prices are always satisfactory. Calls made everywhere. We pay spot cash and remove books at our own expense. For information write, phone, or call Bargain Book Store, Stuyvesant 4318. 79 4th Av., N. Y. C.

BOOKS BOUGHT—FULL VALUE PAID for complete libraries or small collections of sets or miscellaneous books. Our representative will call at your residence and estimate and, if offer is accepted, will pay cash and remove books immediately at our expense. Open evenings. Madison Book Store, 61 East 59th St. Telephone Plaza 7391.

LIBRARIES WANTED — ESPECIALLY desired: Encyclopaedia Britannica, Harvard Classics, Book of Knowledge. All the standard authors in fine sets; and general literary property. Estates, executors and others will do well to consult Williams' Bookstore, under the Old South Meeting House, Boston, Mass.

LITHOGRAPHS BY CURRIER & IVES and other American Lithographers, showing all field sports; also views of American Cities, or of historical interest. Wanted by Harry Stone, 137 Fourth Avenue, New York.

SPOT CASH PAID FOR BOOKS, MAGAzines, pamphlets, complete libraries. Will call everywhere. Immediate removal. Stammer's Bookstore, 61 4th Av. (opposite Wanamaker's), New York. Phone Stuyvesant 2448.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE LITERATURE Libraries, Old Historical Books, Old Acts and Statutes of all States, purchased and sold. Rare Book Company, 99 Nassau St., New York City.

WE WANT TO BUY ANY OR ALL OF your books, and guarantee honest prices. Bargains in new and old books. Send for catalogue. MARCUS, 48 Vesey St.

WILL PURCHASE FINE SETS AND rare books. Guy Stonestreet, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR FINE sets and rare books. Thoms & Eron, Inc., 34 Barclay St., N. Y. C.

OLD NEW YORK PICTURES AND books wanted, particularly Manuals of the Corporation. Arthur Carlson, 1,239 Barnes Avenue, New York.

PERSONAL CALLS MADE FOR INSPECtion of your salable books. Write us! Large display new and old books for sale. Franklin Book Shop, 127 East 59th St.

Other Book Exchange Advertisements on Following Page.

BOOK EXCHANGE

Continued from Preceding Page.

Out-of-Print

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS THOROUGHLY searched for and found expeditiously. No charge or obligation for this service. Our system locates books and magazines of every nature and description that you greatly desire and cannot obtain ordinarily. We have perfected our methods, which bring your particular inquiry and requirements to the attention of One Thousand antiquarians and booksellers in this country and Europe. We specialize in English books. First editions supplied. Imperfect sets completed. Send us your list of Out-of-Print Wants for immediate attention. Send your name for regular announcements. American Library Service, Dept. 100, 500 8th Ave., New York. Telephone Longacre 10425.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS AND BOOKS ON special subjects promptly supplied from our stock, or diligently searched for and reported free of charge. Intelligent Service and Reasonable Prices. Correspondence solicited. Dauber & Pine, Inc., 66 Fourth Avenue, New York. Telephone Stuyvesant 7386.

FOR OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS AND SPECial subjects, write phone or call Stammer, the bookhunter, 61 4th Ave., (opposite Wanamaker's), New York. Stuyvesant 2448.

BOOKS — ALL OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS supplied, no matter on what subject. Please state wants. Baker's Great Bookshop, 14-16 John Bright St., Birmingham, England.

"TELL US YOUR BOOK TROUBLES." Books out of print searched for gratuitously. Ginsberg's Book Shop, 1,831A Pitkin Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS FURNISHED. Catalogues issued. E. R. Robinson, 410 River St., Troy, N. Y.

50,000 RARE AND SCARCE BOOKS. Lists issued. Aurand's Book Store, Harrisburg, Pa.

Professional Services

MANUSCRIPTS CRITICISED, REVISED, advice as to markets. Constructive criticism. Twenty-five years' experience as writer, editor, publisher. Circular on request. Correspondence invited. *James Knapp Reeve, Miami Av., Franklin, Ohio. (*Founder and former editor of The Editor.)*

PROFESSIONAL TRAINING FOR WRITers—Psychological analysis of writer's abilities; diagnosis and constructive criticism of manuscripts; thorough, systematic training in fictional technique. Particulars on request. Thomas H. Uzzell, Formerly Fiction Editor, Collier's Weekly, 342 Madison Av., New York.

MANUSCRIPTS AND POETRY TYPED. Expert services. Necessary corrections. Market suggestions when requested. One carbon copy. 30c for 1,000 words. Verse, 3c a line. Check with order. Nor-el Typing Service, 230 West 137th St., New York City.

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY ADVISER, The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 135 East 58th Street, New York. Established since 1919. Circular on request.

TYPING OF MANUSCRIPTS. POEMS stories, scenarios, etc., for publication. Terms reasonable. National Typing Bureau, Box 74, Plainfield, N. J.

PUBLIC STENOGRAPHERS: PLAYS, Novels, Scenarios, Short Stories. Stephany & Co., 133 West 44th Street. Bryant 8178.

GRACE LASALLE, AUTHOR'S REPRESentative, 140 West 42d St., New York. Wanted, for marketing novels, short stories, plays, scenarios: write for terms.

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, TEN cents per page. Address Box 14, Monument Beach, Mass.

General Items

ANY BOOK REVIEWED OR MENtioned in this issue, or any other book in print, supplied at publishers' prices. Orders filled same day received. We pay postage to all parts of the United States and Canada. Send for copy of our monthly magazine, "Books of the Month," free of charge. American Library Service, Dept. 25, 500 8th Ave., New York. Longacre 10425.

INTERNATIONAL ANTIQUARIAT (MENno Herzberger) Singel 264, Amsterdam, Holland; large stock of old and rare books; catalogues sent free on application.

TIMES MID-WEEK PICTORIAL MAGAzine, complete 1914-23, perfect condition, elegantly bound; splendid Xmas present. Make offer. Room 413, 110 Nassau St.

OUT-OF-TOWN NEWSPAPERS—STREET News Stand, north end of The Times Building, Broadway and 42d St., 500 papers on display. Open all night.

ASTROLOGICAL AND RARE OCCULT books sold, also horoscope writing. Dr. Smallwood, 487 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

THE CLASSIC OF SPIRITISM, Lucy McDowell Milburn, postpaid, $2. Darrow Co., 31 Stag 42d St.

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES TO be had at Abraham's Bookstore, 125 4th Ave.

BOOKS ON OCCULTISM AND KINDRED subjects. List free. The Grail Book Shop, Dept. X, Washington, D. C.

WORLD WAR POSTERS FOR SALE; also old valentines. T. 2013 Times Annex.

BACK NUMBERS OF METROPOLITAN newspapers and magazines. Henry P. McGown, 1,487 Broadway.

Advertising rate 12 cents a word.

The End of the House of Alard

By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

Author of "Joanna Godden," "Tamarisk Town" "Green Apple Harvest," "The Four Roads," etc.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS'S comment is:
"'The End of the House of Alard' is Sheila Kaye-Smith's best novel; it is full of vivid characters, tells a significant and absorbing story, and simply reeks with cerebration."

Philadelphia North American says:
"Now at last an author has given us a group of novels which, to our thinking, comes very close to those of George Eliot, Hardy and Meredith."

The Argonaut of San Francisco says:
"'The End of the House of Alard' is as far above one's expectations as Miss Kaye-Smith's previous novels have been above the average best seller. . . . It is her genuineness that puts her work over, coupled with a mind which in its scope and strength and clairvoyance amounts to the mind of genius."

The Boston Herald says:
"In its craftsmanship, in its fidelity to its Sussex atmosphere and types, in its impartial handling of situations and problems that inevitably stir prejudices, and in its marvelous work of characterization, it is a work of the power and balance that the reading world is justified in counting on from Miss Kaye-Smith's pen."

The Literary Review of the New York Evening Post says:
"If some intellectual earthquake should topple down the reputations of living English novelists, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's would be the last to fall."

Miss Kaye-Smith's novels are on sale in your local bookstore; or, if not, they can be ordered, postage extra, from

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Publishers, 681 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

"Here's that treasure of a dictionary

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE"

Based on the
NEW INTERNATIONAL
the "Supreme Authority"

One might write a book on the excellences of this BEST abridgment. An eminent educator says: "Certainly a gold mine about *words, places, people.* Only a little less valuable than the New International." It has a wonderful vocabulary—over 106,000 words—complete definitions, adequate etymologies, and uses the familiar Webster diacritical marks. 1256 Pages. 1700 Illustrations.

An Ideal Holiday Gift

The Thin-Paper Edition is so light, so handy, so well printed that it is a real pleasure to use it. It is just the thing for a lady's writing desk, a gentleman's table, or a tourist's satchel.

Art Canvas, $5.00. Fabrikoid, $6.00. Leather, $7.50

Guaranteed or money returned. Order from your Bookseller or write to the Publishers. Free Specimen Pages if you name *The New York Times.*

G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY,
Established in 1831. Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

On Making and Collecting Etchings

Edited by
E. HESKETH HUBBARD

MADE for the Print Society of England, by authorities in each field, Etchers, Students, Collectors, and anyone interested in art will find it fascinating, attractive, and practical.

The wide public which already knows about this work, and which has been disappointed in efforts to obtain imported copies will be pleased to know that the American issue, identical except for binding, is now ready. Physically it is one of the finest books Printing Craft has offered this season.

Illustrated—$4.00

BONI & LIVERIGHT, N. Y.

B&L GOOD BOOKS

"A Remarkable Book"
—Brooklyn Eagle.

ISLES OF ILLUSION

Anonymous

Edited by BOHUN LYNCH

"Will lie snugly on the bookshelf beside Stevenson's 'IN THE SOUTH SEAS'—A perfect companionship."

We are vehemently approving. . . The style of the letters is art of the highest order. . . . —*John A. Weaver, Brooklyn Daily Eagle.*

The book contains a great portrait.—*Alice Beal Parsons, The Nation.*

The most interesting of all the recent South Sea books—the most interesting because the most real.—*Raymond Holden, The Literary Review.*

Here, at last, is a book that tells the whole truth about the South Seas.—*New York Times.*

Net $3.00

Small, Maynard & Company

"This new story will add materially to the growing fame of Rupert Holland as a writer of mystery yarns."

Crooked Lanes

BY
Rupert Sargent Holland

Author of "The Panelled Room," "The House of Delusion," etc.

John Caradine, a famous explorer, is found shot dead in his study. While the authorities are busy there appears a most unusual detective who reveals a most remarkable criminal conspiracy. *Jacket in color.* $2.00.

George W. Jacobs & Company
Publishers Philadelphia
Third printing within a week after publication

"Success is your birthright. Claim it today!"

TRAINING FOR POWER AND LEADERSHIP

By Grenville Kleiser

Author of "How to Develop Power and Personality," "How to Build Mental Power," "How to Speak in Public," etc., and formerly instructor in Public Speaking at Yale Divinity School.

$3.00 *At All Bookshops* DORAN BOOKS

Secret Service Smith

Capital Detective Stories **By R. T. M. SCOTT**

Exciting plots—in interesting scenes—Ceylon, Bombay, Simla, etc.—baffling mysteries solved by a real man. Order it for the next rainy week-end.

$2.00, postage extra. At all bookstores.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

Silver Moon

By ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT

Author of "Molly Make-Believe," "Old-Dad," etc.

Fancy an old woman incurably romantic arranging a week-end party of the children of six of her early admirers. It is an irresponsible bit of delight, full of bright, elusive talk, exquisite descriptions, and romantic situations, with a surprising climax—her best book since "Molly Make-Believe."

$2.00, postage extra, at any bookstore or from

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

Queries and Answers

Communications for these columns should be addressed to the Editor of Queries and Answers, New York Times. They should be written on one side of the paper only, and must contain the name and address of the writer as an evidence of good faith.

QUERIES

God Lives in This House

L. D.—Will you please help me locate a poem about a child who goes to church and looks at the stained-glass windows throughout the sermon. She makes friends of the figures in the windows and says in one part of the poem:

God, who lives here in this house,
Won't care if I sit still.

Around Sabago's Lake

E. R. P.—Can any one supply me with the poem in which the following lines occur:

Around Sabago's lonely lake
There lingered not a breeze to break
The mirror that its waters make.

"Lips Wet With Wine"

C. J. McD.—I should like to know the author and where a copy can be secured of the poem the first line of which reads:

I love your lips when they are wet with wine.

The Jovial Monk

W. E. R.—I would like to know the words of a song called "The Jovial Monk." I believe the song is from the opera "La Poupli." The first lines run something like this:

A jovial monk am I, contented with my lot.

Down by the Rolling Sea

O. A. J.—Will some one tell me the author and give me the rest of the poem containing these lines, which I quote incorrectly:

As I went strolling down by the rolling, down by the rolling sea,
I saw three maids a-watching me,
* * * down by the rolling sea.

Man Touches Mother Earth

R. S. W.—Will any of your readers give me the name of the author of the following quotation:

"Each time man touches Mother Earth his strength is renewed."

"I'm Tired of Kings"

W. B. L.—Can some one tell me where I might find an article by W. D. Howells, published in 1914 or 1915, in which he quoted the lines, "God said, 'I'm tired of Kings, I'll suffer them no more.'"

Wasteful Woman

D. A. D.—Can any reader locate the following lines for me:

Ah, wasteful woman! She who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
How she has cheapen'd Paradise!

An Angel Beside My Bed

G. B. B.—Can any one give me the author and the rest of the poem containing these lines:

I dreamed last night an angel came
And stood beside my bed,
And she was oh, so beautiful!
This is what she said.

The King of Babylon

M. M.—Will some one tell me the author and the complete poem in which these lines occur:

On ever, the knightly years were done,
With the old world to the grave,
I was the King in Babylon,
And you were the Christian slave.

A Barking Ghost

WHITE—Can any one tell me the author and where I may find the poem in which these lines occur:

Your little joyous barking ghost
Will leap to kiss my phantom hand.

ANSWERS

The Life of Life

PAULINE R. THOMAS, Erie, Pa.—Following is the complete quotation called "The Salutation of the Dawn," taken from the Sanscrit, to be found in Hoyt's "New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations," asked for by "G. T. M." in your issue of Nov. 4:

Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn!
Look to this Day, for it is Life.
The very Life of Life.
In its brief course lie all the Verities
And Realities of your Existence;
The Bliss of Growth,
The Glory of Action,
The Splendor of Beauty;
For Yesterday is but a Dream,
And Tomorrow is only a Vision;
But Today well lived
Makes every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness
And every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.
Look well, therefore, to this Day!
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

Several correspondents answered this query.

Torrents in Summer

NITA WALL-BEECHER, Northampton, Mass.—The quotations beginning "As torrents in Summer, half-dried in their channels," for which "Manila" asks in your issue of Oct. 28, is to be found in the twenty-second canto of "The Nun of Nidaros" of the "Saga of King Olaf"—the musician's first tale in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," by Longfellow. It has been set to music by the English composer Edgar, in his cantata, "King Olaf."

Several correspondents answered this query.

A Game of Whist

ANNA E. ESBREE, Ithaca, N. Y.—The rhyming rules for the old-fashioned game of whist, for which "T. B. B." asks in your issue of Oct. 28, are to be found on the last two pages of "Pole on Whist." The poem contains fifteen stanzas and is too long to publish.

In Savage Bosoms

C. E. VAN EMDEN, New York—Answering "Randall," in your issue of Oct. 28, for the lines "In even savage bosoms there are longings, yearnings, strivings," &c., these lines are to be found in the introduction to Longfellow's "Hiawatha."

Several correspondents answered this query.

Yellow God's Green Eye

ADELAIDE M. PRIME, Middletown, N. Y.—"V. C.," in your issue of Oct. 28, inquires for "The Green Eye of the Yellow God," a curious and interesting poem—a tragedy of camp life in Hindustan. It has been asked for many times, but on account of its length (there are ten stanzas) it has never been printed in full in these columns. The author is J. Milton Hayes, and the story is published as a musical monologue popular in music halls in London.

A Hospital Chaplain

Mrs. EMMA L. DOLL, New York—In your issue of Oct. 21 "A. McC." asks for the poem entitled "The Hospital Chaplain." The author is Anna B. Bensel, and the poem is contained in her book, "A Voice From the Silence," published in Boston by Sherman French & Co. The poem contains ten stanzas and is too long to print. Miss Bensel is totally deaf and almost blind. I have been told that the sale of her book means a great deal to her.

"A Maiden From Bosphorus"

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—In your issue of Oct. 28 "A. B." asks about the poem beginning "A Maiden From the Bosphorus." This is called "The Facts in the Case of Bluebeard," by Guy Wetmore Carryl, and will be found in his volume "Grim Tales Made Gay," published in 1902 by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Muezzin's Call

ADELAIDE M. PRIME, Middletown, N. Y.—The poem asked for by "F. C. C." in your issue of Oct. 28 is "Ad Coelum," as follows:

AD COELUM.

At the muezzin's call for prayer
The kneeling faithful thronged the square,
And on Pushkara's lofty height
The dark priest chanted Brahma's might.
Amid a monastery's weeds
An old Franciscan told his beads;
While to the Synagogue there came
A Jew, to praise Jehovah's name.
The one great God looked down and smiled,
And counted each His loving child;
For Turk and Brahmin, monk and Jew
Had reached Him through the gods they knew.

Marie Robinson, Van Ness, N. Y., writes that the poem is by Harry Romaine and appeared in Munsey's Magazine for January, 1895.

Humble Ways of Men

F. R. ASHBAUGH, Bethlehem, Pa.—The poem asked for by "V. L. H." in your issue of Oct. 28 is by Mary Brent Whiteside and is as follows:

WHO HAS KNOWN HEIGHTS.

Who has known heights and depths shall not again
Know peace—not as the calm heart knows
Low, wild walls; a garden close,
The old enchantment of a rose.
And though he tread the humble ways of men,
He shall not speak the common tongue again.
Who has known heights shall bear forevermore
An incommunicable thing
That hurts his heart, as if a wing
Beat at the portal, challenging;
And yet—lured by the gleam his vision wore—
Who once has trodden starry seeks peace no more.

Where Bells Nor Whistles Blow

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, 107 Massachusetts Av., Boston.—The lines "J. R. McD." quotes in your issue of Oct. 28 are from Nixon Waterman's poem, "Far From the Madding Crowd," included in his volume, "A Book of Verses," published by Forbes & Co., Boston and Chicago, in 1900. Mr. Waterman is a Boston newspaper man. The poem follows:

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike nor gongs don't sound,
But where there's stillness all around.
Not real still stillness; just the trees'
Low whisperings or the croon of bees;
The drowsy tinkling of the rill,
Or twilight song of whippoorwill.
'Twould be a joy could I behold
The dappled fields of green and gold,
Or in the cool, sweet clover lie,
And watch the cloud-ships drifting by.
I'd like to find some quaint old boat,
And fold its oars, and with it float
Along the lazy, limpid stream
Where water lilies drowse and dream.
Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust
For fields of green and skies of blue.
And, say! how does it seem to you?

75th Thousand

DIM LANTERN

By Temple Bailey

"THE CLEAN BOOK"

At All Bookstores $2.00

THE PENN PUBLISHING CO.
Philadelphia

$2.00 at all bookstores, or from E. P. Dutton & Co., 681 5th Av., N.Y.

SINNERS IN HEAVEN

Runnin' Wild

THIS MARK ON GOOD BOOKS

In this space Mr. HUBSCH names an important book every week. Use it at any book store.

THE SMALL FAMILY SYSTEM
by
C. V. DRYSDALE
$1.50

The International News Company
83-85 Duane St., New York
Importers of
English, German, French books and periodicals
Write for subscription rates to Illustrated London News, Graphic, Sphere, Sketch, Punch, etc., etc.
Free catalogues on application

BOOKS BOUGHT
Highest prices Paid for Single Books and Complete Libraries. Calls made anywhere. Specially Wanted: Book of Knowledge, Jewish Encyclopaedia, 2nd New International Encyclopaedia, Sets of Twain, Kipling, Burton's Arabian Nights and other Standard Sets.
DAVIS' BOOKSTORE,
42 Vesey. Cortlandt 4994.

The COPPER HOUSE
A New Mystery Novel by JULIUS REGIS
$2.00
HOLT
Publisher

Book of New York
By Robert Shackleton
At All Bookstores, $3.50
The Penn Publishing Company, Phila.

THE MOSHER BOOKS
The new 1923 catalogue is now ready
Mailed free on request.
THOMAS BIRD MOSHER
PORTLAND, MAINE

How I Became Popular Overnight

Posed by Miss Ann Forrest, Famous Movie Star, and Arthur Murray, the World's Dancing Instructor

"They used to avoid me when I asked for a dance. Some said they were tired, others had previous engagements. Even the poorest dancers preferred to sit against the wall rather than dance with me. But I didn't 'wake up' until a partner left me standing alone in the middle of the floor.

"That night I went home feeling pretty lonesome and mighty blue. As a social success I was a first-class failure. At first I wouldn't believe that you could teach by mail because I always had the idea that one must go to a dancing class to learn. But I figured I could risk 10c—especially since you guaranteed to teach me.

How Dancing Made Me Popular

"Being a good dancer has made me popular and sought after. I am invited everywhere. No more dull evenings—no bitter disappointments! My whole life is brighter and happier. And I owe it all to Arthur Murray!

"I was astonished to see how quickly one learns all of the latest steps through your diagrams and simple instructions. I mastered your course in a few evenings, and, believe me, I surely did give the folks around here a big surprise when I got on the floor with the best dancer and went through the dance letter perfect. Now that I have the Murray foundation to my dancing I can lead and follow perfectly and can master any new dance after I have seen a few of the steps.

"My sister's family have all learned to dance from the course I bought from you, and it would do your heart good to see how fine her little kiddies dance together after quickly learning from your new method of teaching dancing at home without music or partner."

Learn Any Dance in a Few Hours

Whether you want to learn the Fox-trot, One Step, Waltz or any of the new dances, you won't have any trouble in doing it through Arthur Murray's new method. More than 50,000 people have learned to dance by mail, and you can learn just as easily.

Arthur Murray is America's foremost authority on social dancing. Through his new improved method of teaching dancing by mail he will give you the same high-class instruction in your own home that he would give you if you took private lessons in his studio and paid his regular fee of $10 per lesson.

Five Dancing Lessons Free

So sure is Arthur Murray that you will be delighted with his amazingly simple methods of teaching that he has consented for a limited time only to send FIVE FREE LESSONS to all who sign and return the coupon.

These five free lessons are yours to keep—you need not return them. They are merely to prove that you can learn to dance without music or partner in your own home.

Write for the five lessons today—they are free. Just enclose 10c (stamps or coin) to pay cost of postage, printing, etc., and the lessons will be promptly mailed to you. You will receive: (1) The Secret of Leading. (2) How to Follow Successfully. (3) How to Gain Confidence. (4) A Fascinating Fox-trot Step. (5) A Lesson in Waltzing. Don't hesitate. You do not place yourself under any obligation by sending for the free lessons. Write today. ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 856, 801 Madison Ave., New York.

Arthur Murray, Studio 856,
801 Madison Ave., New York City.

To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening, you may send the FIVE FREE LESSONS. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin) to pay for the postage, printing, etc.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY'S
New Books—Just Published

REMEMBERED YESTERDAYS
By ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

A volume which deals with life of notable activity in public affairs, by a former editor of the *Century* who was later Ambassador to Italy in Wilson's second term. Particularly interesting are his touch-and-go reminiscences of famous American and foreign visitors, and his anecdote of foreign travel. Illustrated. $5.00

THE TERMS OF CONQUEST
By HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN

In this novel the author of "Trodden Gold" has given us a fascinating narrative of ambition, youthful revolt against parental guidance, marriage, romantic love, courage and honesty unbeaten by life's bitterest trials. $2.00

MICHAEL'S EVIL DEEDS
By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

The theme of Mr. Oppenheim's latest thriller is the pursuit of Michael Sayers, a criminal of international reputation, by a former Scotland Yard official, with Janet, a girl of strange beauty, as Michael's accomplice. Nothing so ingenious has come from Mr. Oppenheim's pen since he wrote "The Great Impersonation." $2.00

BY INTERVENTION OF PROVIDENCE
By STEPHEN McKENNA

Not a novel, but a happy blending of diary, essay and short story, written by the gifted young author of "Sonia" during an extended visit to the West Indies. Readers who have liked Mr. McKenna's novels will be entertained as given much about which to think if they read "By Intervention of Providence." $2.50

These books are for sale at all Booksellers

Boston LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY Publishers

Fearless *Frank* *Unbiased*

The Manchester Guardian
WEEKLY

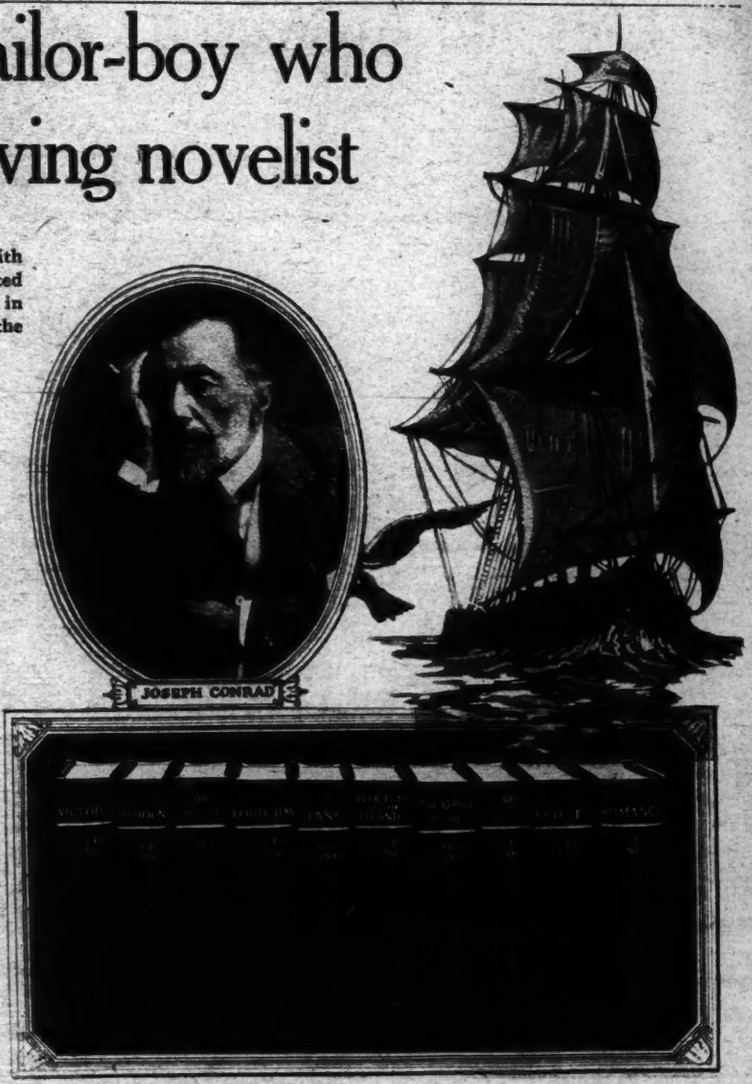
Places before you all the significant news of the world—civil, political, literary—without suppression or distortion of facts. A resume of the leading features of that great English "daily," THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN. Mailed to you direct from England. Send subscription, $3.00 for one year, to New York office.

GUARDIAN NEWSPAPERS, INC.
224 W. 42nd St., New York City.

ADVERTISEMENT. ADVERTISEMENT.

The romantic little sailor-boy who became the greatest living novelist

Nothing that Joseph Conrad himself has written is more filled with romance than the amazing story of his own life. How a spirited Polish lad with a longing for the sea rose to a pre-eminent place in the world's literature is an incredible narrative woven out of the slender threads of chance.



A LITTLE BOY in Poland placed his finger upon a map of the world and said: "I shall go there." He had pointed to the Congo, in darkest Africa. And years later he went to the Congo.

He had an inborn desire for the sea, this sensitive child of an inland race—an inexplicable desire that no parental objections could overcome.

In 1874, at the age of seventeen, he went to Marseilles and shipped as cabin-boy aboard a sailing vessel. For twenty years thereafter the open sea was his home; he visited almost every corner of the globe except North America.

Of all the amazing facts of Joseph Conrad's life perhaps the most amazing is this: that until he was past twenty he had never spoken a word of English; nor until he was past thirty had he written his first story!

Yet, today, this former impressionable cabin-boy is acclaimed—not only by the public, but by other writers themselves—as **the foremost living English novelist.** At the right are reproduced the words of some of the foremost authors of today—words filled with unstinted admiration for the work of this great master. And all over the world tens of thousands of Conrad lovers echo their seemingly uncontrollable praise. The "Conrad fever" has become epidemic; everywhere men and women are eagerly reading and re-reading his books, discussing him, and groping for words to express their wonder at the irresistible fascination of his writings. As Gouverneur Morris says: "He is becoming necessary to contemporary education."

JOSEPH CONRAD

What magic is there in Conrad to account for this unexampled enthusiasm? His is an astonishing combination of gifts, quite indescribable. "His books have no counterpart in the entire range of English literature," says Sir Hugh Clifford.

His mastery of language is amazing; he is the delight of lovers of fine writing. And those who read for the sheer liking of a good story, find a gripping interest in his books that makes it difficult to lay one down until the very last line has been reached. Here is romance, adventure, chance—the mystery of distant places—and, above all, the haunting spell of the sea.

"All the majesty of illimitable oceans, all the charm of the mysterious Southern seas, all the adventure and dark passions of unknown lands and races—all these Conrad gives us, as no other ever has and no other ever can!"

Publishers' Note: The demand for this Conrad set has been tremendous. The present printing must soon be exhausted. No guarantee can be given of how long this special offer can be held open. To take advantage of this free examination opportunity and the low price, therefore, it is essential to send the coupon or write immediately.

Now the opportunity that Conrad lovers have clamored for

For no other living author has there been such a spontaneous demand for a "uniform set." Now, at last, the plea of booklovers is answered. A uniform ten-volume set of Conrad has been arranged by the publishers. *It is the only set of Conrad on the market at a popular price that contains the author's own prefaces.*

This set includes: The Rescue; Youth; Chance; Victory; Typhoon; Lord Jim; Almayer's Folly; The Arrow of Gold; An Outcast of the Islands; The Shadow Line. The volumes are bound in deep-sea blue, pure linen, with titles in gold. They are printed from de luxe plates in large readable type.

SPECIAL AUTUMN OFFER

Will you examine the set FREE?

This beautiful and durable Conrad set is now offered during the present SPECIAL SALE at such an amazingly low price and on such convenient monthly terms that an unparalleled opportunity is afforded to add this great master to your library. But before you decide whether you want to own these ten volumes, even at the present low price, you are invited to examine them in your home, entirely without cost or obligation.

It is only necessary to mail the coupon below or a letter. When the volumes arrive, take a week to inspect them. Then you can either return them at our expense or send only $1.00 as first payment and pay the balance at the rate of $2.00 a month. What more could be said than that?

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.
Dept. C-2311
Garden City, New York.

John Galsworthy says:
"Probably the only writing of the last twelve years that will enrich the English language to any extent."

H. G. Wells says:
"One of my claims to distinction is that I wrote the first long appreciation of Conrad's works."

Sir Hugh Clifford says:
"His books, I say it without fear of contradiction, have no counterpart in the entire range of English literature."

Gouverneur Morris says:
"Those who haven't read him are not well read. As for those who are engaged in reading him for the first time, how I envy them!"

James Huneker says:
"The only man in England today who belongs to the immortal company of Meredith, Hardy and Henry James."

Rex Beach says:
"I consider him the greatest living author in the English language."

Joseph Hergesheimer says:
"In all his novels there is a harmony of tone absolutely orchestral in effect."
—and enough additional words of praise similar to these could be added to fill this issue of The New York Times Book Review.

Doubleday, Page & Co.,
Dept. C-2311, Garden City, New York.

Yes, I would like to borrow, charges prepaid, the ten volumes of Joseph Conrad. I will either return the set within a week or send you $1.00 as a first payment and $2.00 a month for 9 months.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Reference .....

ADVERTISEMENT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Do People Talk Behind Your Back?

What do they say? Are their remarks complimentary? Or do they tell each other how embarrassed you seemed at that last party, how ill at ease you always are, how little poise you have?

DID you ever ask yourself: "I wonder what people think of me? I wonder whether I make a good impression—or a bad impression?"

What people think of us, what they tell one another about us, depends upon the impression we ourselves give them. If we give them the impression that we are entirely at ease and self-possessed, they will naturally think that we are always at ease, always well-poised—that we are accustomed to good society, accustomed always to doing the right thing.

But if we are always ill at ease and uncomfortable, always blundering and making apologies, they will think—and rightly—that we are not sure of ourselves, that we are afraid, hesitant, embarrassed because *we do not know.*

There is only one way to have perfect poise—to be comfortable and at ease even in the most highly cultivated circles. That is by knowing absolutely what to do and say on every occasion—knowing without the merest suggestion of a doubt exactly what is expected of you. At dinners, parties, teas, at the dance and the theatre, wherever and with whomever you happen to be, your peace of mind, your popularity and the impression you make upon people depend entirely upon the ease with which you conduct yourself. Embarrassment instantly betrays you.

Let us pretend that you just received an invitation. It may be a dinner invitation, or an invitation to a wedding, or a dance, or a party.

Are You Sure of Yourself—Always?

Would you know exactly how to acknowledge that invitation? Would you know the correct thing to wear? If it were a dinner invitation, would you know exactly how to conduct yourself at the table? Would you take olives with your fingers or the fork? How would you take asparagus? May chicken bones be lifted in the fingers?

And when your hostess introduces you to a charming dinner guest, what would you say? How would you create conversation and keep it flowing smoothly? How would you give the impression that you are accustomed to the finest society, that you are absolutely at ease, that you know precisely what to do and say on every occasion?

Why suffer the humiliation and embarrassment of little unexpected blunders? One little error at the table and people misjudge you at once, underestimate you, silently condemn you. Make them marvel at your poise. Make them admire and respect you wherever you happen to be? Let the famous Book of Etiquette be your guide. Let it protect you from the embarrassment of blunders. This famous authority will tell you exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion.

The Comfort of Always Knowing What to Do and Say.

Half a million people know and use the Book of Etiquette. It is a lifetime social secretary. It solves all your problems, tells you what you want to know. It helps you plan your own social entertainments—and enables you to enjoy more those given by your friends.

The Book of Etiquette will give you a wonderful new ease and poise of manner. It will dispel all doubt and hesitancy—make you sure of yourself, well-poised, at ease. It covers every phase of social conduct, contains chapters for the business woman, for the bachelor, for the engaged girl, for the country miss. There are chapters that tell of the etiquette of the wedding, of the tea, the dance, the theatre party, the etiquette of correct dress, of gift-giving, of introductions. Nothing is omitted or forgotten. It is the most complete, authentic and fascinating work of its kind.

Social authority in hundreds of thousands of homes! Silent advisor to half a million people! An armor against embarrassment, a protection against the humiliation of blunders, a "finishing touch" to your personality!

The Famous Book of Etiquette.

Realizing that there are still thousands of men and women who want to own this famous two-volume work, Nelson Doubleday, Inc., is making a most generous and wholly unprecedented special offer. A great saving is offered you if you act at once. By taking advantage of the big special offer now being made, you can actually secure the famous, two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette at practically half the usual publisher's price!

NOW ONLY $1.98

For a Very Limited Time

The same, authentic, highly fascinating Book of Etiquette for which 500,000 people have paid $3.50. Word for word the identical Book of Etiquette which is today being used in half a million homes. Yours for only $1.98 under this big special offer.

Send for your set today. See what a wealth of valuable and interesting information it contains. See how it answers instantly some questions which have long been bothering you. See how it gives you a wonderful new poise and ease of manner—how sure it makes you of yourself—how it smoothes away the little crudities that, perhaps, you never even suspected.

Don't miss this remarkable special offer. It is quite possible that you may not be given again the opportunity to secure the $3.50 set of the Book of Etiquette for only $1.98.

Send No Money

Your name and address on the coupon below is all that is necessary. Clip and mail the coupon now. When the Book of Etiquette, complete in two volumes, arrives just give the postman $1.98 (plus few cents delivery charges) in full payment—instead of $3.50, the regular price. It will be mailed in a plain carton, with no identifying marks. You have the guaranteed privilege of returning the books and having your money refunded any time within 5 days if you are not delighted with them in every way.

Don't put it off. Clip and mail this coupon today, NOW. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 311, Garden City, N. Y.

- -

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 311,
Garden City, New York.

I am glad to know that I can secure the Book of Etiquette at your big special-reduction price. You may send me these two volumes in a plain carton without any money in advance. When they arrive I will give the postman only $1.98 (plus a few cents delivery charges) in full payment—instead of the regular price of $3.50. I am to have the privilege of returning the Book of Etiquette any time within 5 days if I am not delighted with it.

Name ....

Address ....

☐ Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at [illegible] with same return privilege.

Orders from outside the U. S. are payable [illegible], cash with order. Leather binding, outside U. S., [illegible], cash with order.

The New York Times
Magazine Section
Section 4
NEW YORK, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1923 SIXTEEN PAGES

(Copyright, 1923, by The New York Times Company.)

MASTER MINDS OF THE MID-WEST

Especially George B. Leonard, Whose Origin Was Far Away in Russian Kovno

By HELEN BULLITT LOWRY

MINNEAPOLIS.

THE stork did not bring the Farm Labor Party to the Northwest. Nor are the inner councils of that amazing new political machine composed entirely of picturesque dirt farmers.

Brains of the first order effected the merger of farm and labor. It was a business deal on as gigantic a scale as a merger of bank or oil or packing interests. It took the Socialist Intellectuals to do the heavy thinking—a group a deal more practical, though certainly not so intriguing socially, as a like tribe would be in Greenwich Village. Or, rather, there are two distinct companies of them, each with its own cast. Each has its stars, who have played sensational rôles in the political melodrama. Each has its strutting ham actors, trying to push to the centre of the stage now that a nation-wide audience fills the orchestra chairs and the galleries. But above all else the labor contingent has an unseen, unpress-agented director, whose name does not even appear on the program.

Far away in the Russian Province of Kovno this "master mind" of the laborites had its origin—for all his American seeming name of George B. Leonard. A romantic figure, he looms behind the somewhat prosaic, home-grown Socialists of Minnesota. In the tantalising shadows of the theatre wings we can just discern the outlines of an intense, esthetic face. He has never held office himself. He is not even a member of any of the organizations that have been mingled into the one Farm Labor Party. Yet, whenever an important Socialist victory was achieved at court or poll in fifteen years, this smug, conservative community woke up to the realisation that Leonard had been at work among them again.

He it is, so the capitalists say, whose spirit has entered organized labor of Minnesota till the vocabulary and key phrases of Marxian philosophy pass as glibly through its lips as does tobacco smoke—to the consternation of the domestic A. F. of L. The man who, as a lad of 13, was tutoring others in the ancient City of Shavli, has known how to tutor Minnesota's labor.

The story of his life stretches back into the mystery of Russia. We catch fleeting glimpses of an intense young boy attending a Government "gymnasium." Already a radical and a free thinker, we see him establishing a secret "academy" within the Government school—a sort of extension university, teaching forbidden subjects, ranging from Darwinism to socialistic philosophy. We see the Government officials—pictorial characters, these, in long Cossack coats and Bakst designed boots—stalking melodramatically across our film—straining to discover the secret school, yet never quite succeeding.

"Eighteen years of age and forbidden to enter the University of Kazan," reads the next caption.

For young Leonard is now under police surveillance. Born to a passion for education as the sparks fly upward, we see him migrating to Paris. Student days at the Sorbonne next, and the young Socialist in close touch with the advanced leaders of the international labor movement. The scene shifts to London. There he meets refugees from the old secret school of Shavli. In 1903 he is in on the political rise of Keir Hardie, Scotch miner, the first Labor member of Parliament. This marked the beginnings of the party which is now the second political power of England.

Hardie himself is again to appear in the plot when, two years later, he comes to America. Young Leonard has moved on westward because of a train of circumstances unimportant in themselves. He has become a law student in the University of Minnesota. We find the young devotee arranging a meeting for Hardie in Minneapolis. The tutoring of labor and of students is already in full swing in the industrial metropolis of the wheat-growing States.

From this point on Leonard becomes a potent factor in socialism in the Northwest.

Not that he himself will admit his power. Any agitator brought up under the Czar's spy system doesn't go around advertising his activities, however legalized. There is, too, another reason for this reticence just as important and entirely altruistic.

Leonard is not trying to get anything for himself out of socialism. A few quiet, uninterrupted hours spent in talk with him leave no doubt that this thing is a religion with him, a passion, a philosophy. This Farm Labor Party experiment is to Leonard just that—an experiment—one of many experiments toward working out the problem of the "perfect social Government," where political and industrial power will be entirely in the hands of the workers of the world and "selfishness in political life be educated out of the human heart."

The Russian Soviet is such an experiment. So is the British Labor Party. The Non-Partisan League was an experiment. America in the test tube of this impersonal political "scientist." Leonard thinks in terms of centuries where his Minnesota confrères think in decades.

Meanwhile there are plenty of front men who are glad enough to capitalize politically all the prestige that he leaves lying around loose—are glad enough to deliver, as their own, the speeches which he writes. That is why the front men of the organization rarely give Leonard credit. That is left to the opposition—to the attorneys of public utilities and to the Presidents of great corporations. They know that Leonard has been their implacable—and highly efficient—enemy for twenty-seven years. A corporation lawyer representing hundreds of millions of dollars in capital summed up his activities thus:

"Leonard has been a propagandist in the sense of keeping something going all the time in the way of court action against public utilities, during elections and between elections. He has made front-page news of his sensational suits until the conservative papers have had to take cognizance of them. Some private citizen starts proceedings—sooner or later the trail leads back to the master mind. He finds loopholes through which the radical Aldermen may attack the utilities. The educational equipment of our radical Aldermen—at least to date—is of the brand which would serve to cope with bungalow leases. But when the case comes to court, we find Leonard appearing as attorney.

"He chases figures from subsidiary to subsidiary as we corporation lawyers do. His findings—or at least his conclusions—are published in pamphlet form and sold on the news stand. And we find the people voting down the new franchise."

This unremitting propaganda has broken down the confidence of the financially and socially unimportant general public in the capitalistic class of Minneapolis. It has bred the indifference of the middle classes that keeps voters away from the polls and elects Shipsteads and Magnus Johnsons by default.

The middle-income classes have got the fixed impression that the check-room privileges for this whole section of the country had been handed out by the present batch of Republican politicians before they even got here. A generation ago, fortunes in these parts were being carved out of the natural resources by high-handed methods that, to express it conservatively, aren't being used this season in public. Leonard has dragged these deals out into the open—also any current deals that the heirs of these fortunes may think up for themselves. For an agitator against special privileges, perhaps the choice of a Minnesota residence was a stroke of genius.

A good choice, too, it has proved, by the way, for his worldly fortunes. Logically or not for a Socialist, Leonard is a wealthy man in this world's goods. His home is in the $50,000 class. He has a lucrative law practice and a prophetic taste in downtown real estate lots that together have placed him at least beyond the need of a new deal. A characteristic of master minds, seldom noted, is that they can get along very nicely under the present economic system.

* * * * * *

The farmer end of the coalition has no such one personality that outscales all others. Yet there is one—a red-haired Irishman, a nonchalant daredevil with all of the racial genius—(Continued on Page 14)

"Phrases of Marxian philosophy pass as glibly through their lips as does tobacco smoke."

MEDIEVAL KRAKOW

The Italianate Capital of Ancient Poland

THE tourist abroad often encounters disappointment in his travels. He has journeyed far from familiar scenes; he has crossed the seas to foreign lands. But he is still among every-day human beings who dress in the ordinary styles of Broadway and hurry about their business in the customary Main Street fashion.

Once or twice in his life, however, he wakes up in really another world—when, for example, with a few leisurely strides he passes from Paris and all that the boulevards signify, across the Pont Neuf to the Left Bank, and enters the City of St. Genevieve and St. Louis, of Julian and Cluny and François Villon—or when he comes to the old Polish City of Krakow.

Krakow is built on hills and circled with beautiful public gardens, the "Planty," which mark the site of the ancient walls. One step from the station in the Rondel, a 1498 barbican, a huge red brick bastion, bristling with ancient fierceness, redolent with memories of stone cannon balls, boiling pitch and all the now harmless terrors of medieval war.

Beyond the barbican is St. Florian's Gate, through which we must pass to enter the business district. Remains of the ancient walls are still standing here; old towers vividly recalling in their names the guilds of the Middle Ages—"the Tower of the Lacemakers," "the Joiners' Tower," "the Carpenters' Tower." The clang of a trolley beyond the Florian Gate or the "toot" of an automobile shooting under its turreted arch breaks the picture. But the gayly dressed peasant sitting low in his basket cart and driving his tawny little horse fits better into the scene.

In the centre of the town we come to the Rynek, or market place, where in olden times the Kings of Poland, on their election, received the homage of the people; where tournaments were held, and all public concourses. It was here that the famous old game "Konik" was played and still is played, though in a much modified fashion in modern times—a game which gives us a curious touch of the ever-recurring parallel between the stories of Poland and America.

"Konik" celebrates a feat in Polish history much resembling our ride of Paul Revere. The Polish hero, whose name was Micinski, saved the city of Krakow during one of the Tartar invasions by galloping all night through the countryside, rousing the people with a warning of the advancing hordes. To commemorate this deed the pageant of "Konik" ("little horse") was instituted, in which a peasant, either riding a hobby horse or wearing a toy horse slung from his belt, appears in the Rynek, joyously "rousing" the crowd with an imitation mace, stuffed with straw. He is heralded by drums and whistles and horns and the delighted shouts of children who love to get in his way, and he has the privilege of extracting pennies or other booty from all whom he "rouses," as his ancestors did ever since the game was invented. For the "Konik Rider" is always a Micinski.

One of Krakow's most celebrated landmarks, the Sukiennice, or Market Hall, stands in the Rynek, a beautiful Renaissance structure, stamped with old Italian grace—delicately pinnacled roofs, long colonnades, quaint outside stairways. Yet the age of this building goes far back of the Renaissance, as may be known from its cellars. They are of a still earlier period and are really the arcades of the original first story, so high has the level of the city risen through the passing centuries. In 1241, during a Mongol invasion, Krakow was left a heap of ruins, then rebuilt, and it has suffered wreck, fire and bombardment many times since. During the present war it escaped injury.

All about us, as we stand in the Rynek, are the façades of old palaces and the houses of the rich burghers, with wide arched entrances and vistas of cool courtyards beyond. If it be market day, we are in the midst of a scene of the liveliest color and animation. Vendors' stalls fill the colonnades of the Sukiennice; some of them overflow with flowers; and as gay as the flowers are the bright costumes of the peasants, canary and violet, pink and amaranth, crowding around the shops to buy, or selling their fine wood carvings, their fresh butter and mountain cheeses, their dried mushrooms and curded milk.

In one corner of the Rynek is the "cabmen's church," the chapel of St. Adalbert. It is "the smallest church in the world," so little, dwarfed by its surroundings, that it looks like a toy. While you listen to its story and stoop your way through its tiny doorway, and then emerge from its rubylit darkness into the bright air of the plaza again, a feeling takes hold of you that you are not only on historic but on holy ground. Which in fact you are; for Christianity was preached ages ago on this very spot by saints and martyrs. Perhaps Cyril and Methodius, who first brought the faith to the eastern countries, once trod these ways. Certain it is that St. Adalbert did, for authentic records tell of his preaching in the Krakow Rynek before he started on his journey north, to meet death at the hands of the heathen Prussians.

But, whatever saints of the olden days spoke in the Krakow Rynek, there is one voice of modern times which we know for a certainty echoed to the same walls that stand here today—the voice of Kosciuszko. That voice had rung out with command at West Point and in the Carolina wilderness, along the wilds of the Pedee and the Catawba, when America was fighting for her liberty; and here it spoke the same message a few years later. A stone in the Rynek marks the spot upon which Kosciuszko stood on the morning of March 24, 1794, rallying around him the forefathers of these peasants we see today in the market place. Near by is the Capuchin Church, where, on the same morning, the Polish leader knelt to receive his sword from the hands of the priest who had blessed it at the altar.

Nothing remains today except the stately tower of the old Town Hall, in which Kosciuszko, that same March day, 1794, read the "Act of Rising" and witnessed the signatures to it of noble and peasant, side by side—the first time in the history of Europe when serf and master stood on equal ground, with hands joined in a common national cause and names set side by side on a state paper.

High above us music breaks suddenly on the air—the strains of a bugle.

"It is the 'Hejnal,'" our guide explains. "Hejnal in Polish means morning song. It is the trumpeter of Panna Marya announcing the hour."

All day long, from 6 o'clock in the morning till midnight, at every hour and every half hour, the bugler of Panna Marya blows that little aria, facing in turn north, south, east and west, to proclaim the time to the four winds of heaven. It is a sort of commingled reveille and taps. At night, in the late hours when the city is asleep and few stir abroad, the effect is startling, as if a warning were called from the outlook or an admonition. But in the early morning it has a feeling of the Muezzin of the East crying from his minaret, summoning men to arise, to worship, and to take up their work.

This was my introduction to Panna Marya, the Church of the Virgin. No better vantage point can be found at which to "feel" the spirit of Poland than this beautiful old church, huge and plain in its exterior, with just a touch of the East in its cupolas; but in its interior a treasure house of Gothic splendor—East and West commingled as East and West are joined throughout the story of Polish culture.

The windows of Panna Marya fill the church with mingled shadows and dull gold and dim garnet lights. They glow with a far-away splendor that folds every nook and corner and high vaulted space of the ancient building in a sort of warm serenity. This church has art treasures known to all the connoisseurs of Europe—the famous altar piece of Vitus Stoss, Matejko's wonderful polychromes, "The Symphony of the Angels," and many others.

It is built of brick, as practically all of Krakow is, though most of the buildings are covered with stucco. Of King Kasimir the Great it was said that "he found a Poland of wood and left a Poland of brick." But the old brick-red of European towns is not to be confused with the glaring color of our more modern building material. On the contrary, it is dark and rich, a dull russet hue, which through age takes on a mellow tone very pleasing to the eye. In Torun, in Danzig, in Plock, in all the old Polish towns, much of the architectural charm lies in the antique brickwork, which often is worked out in design and detail of the most striking beauty.

Panna Marya has two towers, one taller than the other; and a story to go with them. It is a tragic story, as one guesses the moment it is first mentioned, and a rusty old knife, chained to the east door of the Sukiennice, is pointed out. The story is of the two brothers who were employed to build the spires of the church. One worked swiftly and diligently, with a facile hand and a sure knowledge of his art. The other halted and delayed, attending more to his brother's speed than to his own task, growing daily more jealous and daily falling further and further behind. At last, abandoned wholly to his sin of envy, he slew his brother with a knife, just as the final brick of the finished spire was put in place. The murderer was put to death; his tower was never finished. And his knife still hangs by the door of the market place to warn all men against the sins of envy and idleness.

The Sukiennice knife, with its grim story of the conflict of human passion and aspiring art, is the key to

(Continued on Page 18)

Panna Marya, the Church of Our Lady, Seen From the Colonnades of the Sukiennice. The Bugler Blows the "Hijnal" From the Higher Tower.

Old Town Hall Tower, Where Kosciuszko Took the Oath of the Rebellion of 1794.

From the Painting by W. Kossak.

The "Cloth Hall," Krakow.

From the Painting by W. Kossak.

Main Gate of the 1498 Barbican.

EVERY NEW YORKER A VILLAGER

His Own Main Street Knows Him Well

By BERTRAM REINITZ

"The butcher store is the Town Hall."

MAPS and airplane views do not show the real divisions of New York City. They do not even yield the merest hint that the big city is actually made up of hamlets, towns and villages.

Of course, it is quite true that, officially, the city is partitioned off into five boroughs, but this doesn't mean much except as far as elections and care of the streets are concerned.

New York is comprised of innumerable distinctive little communities, each as complete unto itself as Ada, Ohio, or Covington, Ind.

This business of telling the world that New York is a mighty mass of milling millions is fine for light Summer reading, but it's pretty poor reporting. Those reiterated charges that New York hasn't any more home life than a traveling salesman are libel per se.

There has been entirely too much said and written about Broadway and not enough about Prospect Avenue, the Bronx. The dazzling fame of Fifth Avenue is international, but it is doubtful if even Yonkers has heard about Central Avenue, Brooklyn. Greenwich Village is known as far east as Baroda, but Washington Heights is or are scarcely known as far east as Quarantine.

This condition may be ascribed to the fact that New York's publicity has been handled, for the most part, by a lot of literary carpetbaggers. They have never alighted from the rubbernack wagon. They seem to be under the impression that the city is composed exclusively of points of interest.

They know of the more prominent squares and circles, but the side streets, where New York lives, just haven't occurred to them.

Through sheer force of repetition they have sold the folks back home the misbelief that native New Yorkers are as scarce in New York as ex-bartenders are at the annual conventions of the W. C. T. U.

According to their version of it, the population of the city runs chiefly to members of the Ohio, Southern and other societies who get together once a year to soulfully sing the praises of their geographical Alma Mater.

The city's chroniclers from the country accredit New York with a complete turn-over of personnel every few days or so, although the 1920 census gave the population as 5,620,048. The hotel registers did not contribute to this total. It covers permanent New Yorkers exclusively. It includes the one and one-half millions of school children here, all of them New Yorkers in the making, even though the world will probably never know of them through the portable typewriters of the transient literati.

New York has been variously described as impersonal, heartless and generally upstage, utterly lacking in that spontaneous hospitality which embraces strangers the moment they hit Hutting, Ark., or Elsworth, Me.

It is quite true that the deckhands on the municipal ferryboats are called upon occasionally to fish some depressed visitor out of the harbor, but that can hardly be held against New York. The city cannot guarantee success as a motion-picture star to every young woman who deserts the farm and comes here for film fame and fortune. If the girl were willing to do work similar to that which occupied her at home—housework—she would find a warm welcome in at least a thousand homes in Flatbush alone.

Of course, there are many highlights to New York's color, but most of it is of the same shade which tinges any town, regardless of size. For every thirty or forty story building there are ten thousand two and three story structures. For every huge retail establishment, which all visitors are dragged through, there are thousands of small neighborhood stores, where the proprietor knows what grade of coffee and how many eggs a week almost everybody on his block uses. It must be admitted that in New York every resident doesn't know every other resident. It must also be conceded, however, that all the people in one village are not acquainted with all the people in a village twenty miles away, regardless of how small both the hamlets are. There are sections of the big city separated by more than twenty miles, not miles of fields, but miles of people—miles of other communities.

There aren't any Councilmen passing ordinances for the hamlets which go to make up New York. There is, however, considerable front stoop legislation in the Summer time, and janitors have been known to enact measures to curb the destructive activities of the boys of the neighborhood.

New Yorkers are imbued with a neighborly spirit which is greater even than that permeating small-town residents. The latter usually live in one-family or two-family houses, while most of New York dwells in multi-family houses, where the walls are so thin that even whispers are shared by everybody on the floor.

There are no official statistics on the number of dishes left unwashed in the sinks of New York each evening while housewives gather in hallways and discuss the furniture observed as the new tenants on the second floor moved in. But it is quite safe to say that these unwashed dishes per family in New York outnumber those per family in any town in the world.

Tons of sugar are borrowed annually from each other by New Yorkers after the grocery stores are closed. Dishes are loaned by the cupboardful to aid neighbors overwhelmed with company. Chairs, floor lamps and books to cover over the bare places in the bookcase are freely interchanged.

It is not difficult at all for the New York mother to get a neighbor to mind her children on the night of the banquet of her husband's lodge.

There is more dumbwaiter, airshaft and court conversation on the average city block in a day than there is in Carnegie Hall in a year. Being neighborly is the principal occupation of the average woman of the city, especially those with grown children and housework which doesn't consume more than two or three hours a day.

The block is the communal unit of the city. The butcher store is the Town Hall. It is the local forum where personalities, hats and rich relatives are discussed while the skewers are being stuck into the beef and the cord wound around it.

If the butcher ever took to writing he'd never say that the big city was mystical, insoluble and oppressive. New Yorkers to him are merely people, some preferring the eye of the round, others not content with anything less than the prime ribs, and all of them wanting more fat and bone free of charge than he can afford.

He knows whose husband has got a raise and whose is out on strike. Little boys can be sent to him without notes, and by uttering the word "steak" will be sent home with the proper cut, thickness and weight.

The man who owns the delicatessen store on the block is fully cognizant of the women who begin preparing for the evening repast around 6 o'clock. He is aware of whom to offer chicken salad and who is not interested at all in that expensive wedding of chicken and celery.

The block usually has its tailor, druggist, physician, stationery and candy store and its competing icemen. Each of these servants of the community is intimately acquainted with the preferences of its denizens. They have mental files of whom to trust and from whom to demand cash payment.

Children bring out the neighborhood spirit in an undeniable way. They have their games, friendships and fights on the block. They defend it against invaders coming, for the most part, from a block a little tougher than theirs. Their disputes culminate in controversies of parents as often as do the differences of small-town children. They know who will give them money or fruit or candy when they go visiting in their Thanksgiving Day disguises.

There are thirteen thousand some odd policemen in New York City, but individualities are not lost in this great total. On the vast majority of blocks the patrolman has been there for some little time. He is as much a part of the neighborhood as is the lone constable of a hamlet. The families who stage late and noisy parties are on his black list. He can recite without pause or error precisely how long it takes the various janitors to clear the snow from in front of the premises they look after.

When a window is mysteriously broken he can be counted upon to give a fairly accurate conjecture as to who supplied the power behind the ball.

Co-operation is the keynote of these one-block communities. Preparations for parties find neighbors willing and eager to help, even though they may not be invited to the actual festivities. It is not an unusual occurrence in the poorer districts for neighbors subsisting on modest incomes themselves to give financial assistance to families made destitute through some misfortune. In illness, where nurses are an unattainable luxury, neighbors give freely of their services even to the discomfort of their own families, who do not complain.

Hamlets are not the only unofficial subdivisions of New York City. It has populous towns and villages, too, with brightly lighted main streets. One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, for example, might be regarded as the principal business thoroughfare of a city of a hundred thousand. Eighty-sixth Street has a similar aspect. They are little different from Genesee Street, Utica, or Washington Street, Albany. Hundreds nod to one another as they pass along these thoroughfares. They have a certain provincial tone to them. They are boosted by Boards of Trade made up of the merchants, who stage co-operative sales from time to time, when these wide avenues are festooned with colored electric lights and all the windows are ablaze. There is little difference between these events and the concerted "Spring opening weeks" put on by the merchants of Syracuse, N. Y., or even Green Bay, Wis.

It is but necessary to get into the subway at, say, Seventy-second Street and Sixty-eighth Street or thereabout to obtain the unmistakable impression that New York City is an area of collected communities. The uptown section appears so radically different that it is hard to reconcile it as being part of the same city as the downtown district.

And each section has its schools, its social life, its churches and its cabarets. There are its local celebrations, and some sections even have an unofficial but universally recognized "Mayor."

The closely knit interests of New Yorkers in their separate and innumerable bailiwicks are reflected in the "block parties" which have had a sweeping vogue each Summer. There are those families who contribute the home-made cakes, while others furnish the ice cream and candy. The music and decorations are paid for by donations. Outside of an elderly couple or two who do not like the excitement, virtually the entire block actively pushes these events to success. During the war the proceeds of these parties went to buy things for the boys in the service. Now they go to neighborhood charities.

New York is thoroughly human. The nervous lights of Broadway are somewhat bewildering and visitors, especially writers, are apt to be blinded to the real New York. It should be borne in mind by all tourists in our midst that Broadway is as much of a novelty to most New Yorkers as it is to people from out of town. This also holds true for Coney Island, the Statue of Liberty and the restaurants with the $2 couvert charge.

The average New Yorker hasn't the wanderlust which sends many small-town inhabitants out to see the world. He prefers the friendly, familiar setting of his locality. He doesn't particularly crave the excitement of travel, liking quiet home life too much to give it up for uncomfortable journeys.

When he does decide to have a night out and ventures, usually with his wife, down to Broadway, his evening is often spoiled by the raucous rustering of a party from the Middle West seated at an adjoining table.

About the only time the New Yorker and his family get genuinely excited is when the big circus comes to the city.

DENATURING A PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN

The Process Faithfully Described by One Who Has Been Denatured

By GEORGE MacADAM

I USED to be a public-spirited citizen. I am one no longer. I have been denatured.

Always at cost of ease, of time, once at risk of countenance, another time at risk of life, I sowed good deeds and reaped the slap-stick.

Yes, occasionally good was done; but—let us be frank—conscience has a wee, sma' voice, and most of us like a more stentorian vocalization of our good deeds. It may have been different in biblical days, when, according to the Fundamentalists, St. Peter sat close by the Golden Gates and kept his double-entry ledger; but in this Pay-as-You-Enter Age the Good Samaritan wants at least a "Thank you" in exchange for his roadside beneficence. Once only did I receive that verbal small change and then its delivery was woefully belated. With that exception, inconvenience, discomfort, villification, even revolver shots were my portion.

Here are three reasons why I should buttonhole you until we reach the period at the end of the tale:

1. It is a genuine bit of autobiography—21-carat truth, without the slightest alloy of hypocritical modesty. All genuine autobiography is valuable.

2. If you, like so many others, believe that the slap-stick is the great vehicle of humor, then you will find this tale of mine amusing. Almost every time I essayed the public-spirited citizen Fate gave me an ignominious wallop. That's why I quit.

3. The one thing above all other things that the world needs today is public-spirited citizens. Time was when the woods were full of them. Those were the good old days when every man recognized that the maintenance of law and order, of community safety, was a part of his duty as a citizen. The rifle and powder-horn close by the kitchen hearth and the fire bell in the village square were tokens of a man's civic responsibility. Citizenship wasn't lukewarm in the days when they held town-meeting. But specialization changed all that. It brought police and firemen and sanitary squads and other like things. In these several departments efficiency has profited, but the citizen has become detached from a realization of his responsibility to his town, his State, his nation. Though we have greatly developed the talkative duties of citizenship, initiating and referending and recalling, the push-button is the symbol of our practical citizenship. In time of difficulty our motto is "Call a cop." Non-responsibility is a subtle poison: if there is anything to be done, and our own interests are not at stake, and we can't call a cop, we have another handy little motto, "Let George do it."

Well, George did it; he did it again and again and again. But no more! Let come what may, so long as "it's not my funeral," I take my stand on the curb, a passive spectator.

The prologue is ended.

The curtain now rises on Act I. of a four-act play. The ribald-minded will regard it as a comedy, but the earnest citizen will recognize it as tragedy.

***

ACT I.

SCENE: *Broadway and Main Street, Tarrytown, N. Y.*

TIME: *The chill dusk of a November day.*

A quaint old building standing on the southwest corner, housing a tea-room and the inseparable "antique" shop, is in flames. Four or five companies of volunteer firemen are on the scene. Villagers and homeward-bound commuters are en masse.

The Public-Spirited Citizen now enters. He is accompanied by two toddies and a good cigar. His mood is that of the easy chair. He joins the crowd of villagers, amply content with the rôle of Casual Spectator.

Against the front of the building is a ladder, and perched upon its top rungs a couple of firemen belonging to the hose company that had arrived first and, according to immemorial custom, pre-empted the centre of the stage. They are squirting a hose through an attic window. The interior is filled with lurid smoke.

The Public-Spirited Citizen, still content with his rôle of Casual Spectator, now walks to the rear of the building. Upon an extension roof, lost to the gaze of the multitude, are four or five men of the hose company that had arrived last. In the general hurly-burly, the ladder up which they had climbed had been taken away before the hose had been carried to the roof. The firemen are now vociferating for some one to hand them the hose, a deed that only a Patagonian giant mounted upon stilts could achieve.

The flames are gaining.

Smoke now pours out of the attic window directly opposite the one that the firemen in the front of the building are squirting water through. The hoseless firemen upon the extension roof are hidden by the smoke. Their demands for their hose gain in emphasis. It is no place for ladies.

"Volunteer firemen are on the scene."

The Public-Spirited Citizen notes that only a short distance away stands a hook-and-ladder truck, upon it ladders of assorted sizes. He hurries to a hook-and-ladder man who is standing by the truck, and briefly sketches the crisis at the back of the building.

Hook-and-Ladder Man—I'm watching the truck. I can't go 'way.

Public-Spirited Citizen—Well, then, I'll carry a ladder to them.

Hook-and-Ladder Man — Nothing doing—only a member of this company can have a ladder from off this truck.

The Public-Spirited Citizen returns to the rear of the building. On one side of the extension is a porch, small, round columns supporting the roof. In his youth the Public-Spirited Citizen was very proficient at shinning. Here is an emergency where he can render service. He drops the rôle of Casual Spectator, also his good cigar. He shins up one of the porch columns, "skins" over on to the eaves, reaches down for the hose which is handed up to him, and by gripping the edge of the shingle roof, reaches the ridge-boards.

Without a word the hose is grabbed from him by the firemen who yell for the water to be turned on, and then, with what appears admirable zeal, begin squirting through the rear attic window.

The Public-Spirited Citizen has paused for a moment, standing upon the ridge-boards, to get his breath, before climbing down to the ground.

Z-z-z-o-w-e-e!

The Public-Spirited Citizen is drenched to the skin.

A strong jet of water has shot through the attic window, and from the front of the building, through the smoke and flames, comes a voice:

"Hey, back there—two can play that game!"

The water cascades off the rubber coats of the firemen, and they ply their hose with greater zest.

Through the chill dusk, the Public-Spirited Citizen, clad in clinging garments and goose-flesh, homeward plods his weary way, using back streets only.

***

ACT II.

SCENE: *Kitchen in the farmhouse of Will White, Saratoga County, N. Y.*

TIME: *Evening of a December day. The lamp has been lighted, the shades drawn. The snugness within is emphasized by the wind that is whistling around the corners of the house.*

Seated by the kitchen stove are Will White, his wife and the Public-Spirited Citizen. The woman is busy with some sewing; the two men are discussing rural topics and a large jug of cider which stands on a table close at hand.

The Public-Spirited Citizen gets up. He says that it is already past his supper hour, and that he must be going. (He has over two miles to tramp through the woods before he reaches his camp and food.)

Will White urges the Public-Spirited Citizen to wait until the cider jug is empty. Mrs. White says she will put a few more sticks of wood in the fire to warm up the Public-Spirited Citizen before he faces the Wintry blasts. The woodbox is empty. She opens the woodshed door, utters a shriek and staggers back.

Will White grabs up a lighted lantern, rushes through the woodshed door, the Public-Spirited Citizen at his heels. Stretched upon the floor is the body of a man. First glance says that he is dead; second glance, that he is dead drunk.

Will White grasps the man's collar, hauls him to his feet, shakes him into mumbled speech.

Drunk: Lem'me' be.

Will White: You can't stay here.

Drunk: All 'er want is litti' sleep. Can't sleep here, lem'me sleep in barn.

Will White: And have you set it a-fire with your smoking. Not on your life. You've got to git. Where did you come from?

Drunk: Glens Falls.

Will White: Where are you headed for?

Drunk: Th' camp at Spier's Falls.

Will White: Well there's the road. Now git—and don't stop, neither.

The drunk is shoved out, into the night. The wind has brought snow. A three-inch blanket already covers all outdoors and the flakes are falling with a steadiness that augurs an all-night storm.

For a moment the Drunk stands in the road, ankle-deep in the snow; then he wabbles, falls to the ground, gets unsteadily upon his feet.

The Public-Spirited Citizen notes that the Drunk's face indicates that he's a pretty decent sort of a fellow temporarily in the clutches of the Red-Eyed Demon. The Public-Spirited Citizen knows that between Will White's farmhouse and the lumberjacks' camp, whither the Drunk is bound, there stretch three miles of twisting, gully-bordered mountain road, not a house or shelter of any kind on the whole three-mile. He also knows that the precious Winter, a lumberjack, similarly ballasted, tried to journey the same road in a snowstorm and a few days later was found frozen to death.

Believing that if the Drunk can be kept moving for five or ten minutes he will walk himself into a condition of personal responsibility, the Public-Spirited Citizen borrows the lighted lantern from Will White and tells the Drunk that he will go with him a way. The Drunk is effusive in his appreciation. He throws an arm over the Public-Spirited Citizen's shoulders. It is a large, muscular arm.

They start their journey.

Darkness and silence close round them.

The road begins to climb the mountain.

The silence of the night is broken by the Drunk who assures the Public-Spirited Citizen that he's "ellof-ergoodfeller." This is iterated, reiterated.

Suddenly the flow of appreciation stops. The Drunk halts abruptly; so, too, does the Public-Spirited Citizen—that large, muscular arm is still stretched across his shoulders. A look of shrewdness comes into the Drunk's eyes.

Drunk—I know what you're doin' —you're runnin' me out of the county—that's what you're doin'—damn you.

Again the journey is taken up, the Drunk falling into reflective silence.

Five minutes of trudging.

Another abrupt halt.

Drunk—I've a good mind to smash your damned face in—you blankety-blankety-blank.

The Public-Spirited Citizen enjoys neither the vilification nor the imminence of assault and battery. But he feels that a man's life is in the balance, and so decides to stand the former and risk the latter.

The flood-gates of profane abuse have now burst wide open; a torrent pours out.

Drunk—You may be th' Sheriff;

(Continued on Page 15)

"In the front rank is a man with a revolver."

"Who assures the Public-Spirited Citizen that he's ellofer-goodfeller!"

WHEN ROYALTY GOES FOX-TROTTING

Dancing Nights of the New Duchess of York That Now Are Done

By H. L. GATES

MONSIEUR, I am desolate! It is as if, poof! and a great friend is gone. Two great friends, Monsieur! And when they dance together, ah! it is mirifique!"

Truly, he was very sad that night, with a sadness that had been upon him for many nights and that was so poignant still that it was as if it had just come down that day to lie heavy upon his heart. As he hurried from the table and threaded his way between other tables to superintend, with just the correct nuance of deference, the seating of a Countess, the commiseration followed him:

"Poor Luigi!"

And who is Luigi?

But, surely, he who asks such a question—"Who is Luigi?"—does not know his London; does not know it is to Luigi's one may go to dine, assured that, also there to dine, or sup, or dance, there will be lords and ladies, and earls and countesses, with a sprinkling of dukes' daughters and a marchioness or two! The dinner or the supper is not eaten, of course, until one becomes sufficiently accustomed to such proximities to remember one's appetite.

The more formal name for Luigi's is "the Embassy"—not meaning that it has to do with diplomacy and ambassadors, but that it is a supper club, London's most fashionable. And it might be remarked in passing that, really, there is more diplomacy, sometimes, at The Embassy, with Luigi in command, than at many a legation. For one must be very diplomatic, indeed, when, suddenly looking up from one's plate, one sees framed in the red-hung doorway for an instant, Royalty come down from St. James's or Windsor or Buckingham for a fox trot among its subjects.

It was because of his Royalties that Luigi, the whole 250 pounds of him, was desolate that night. He had just heard! Some one from the Palace—a guardsman who gossiped, or an equerry who knew he could be confidential with Luigi—had told him. One of the Royalties, the most petite and charming of them all, never again would stand for a moment between the red of the doorway hangings and divide a quick little nod and smile between him and the leader of the orchestra before she turned toward the table in the corner which she knew would be vacant and waiting for her. Luigi understood that night, when the news got around among his patrons, that when some of them forgot to say "poor Luigi," it was because their sympathetic souls were echoing:

"Poor little Duchess of York!"

That had been the news, the bad news, which spread next day through all that part of London that devotes itself to the informalities of supper club dining and dancing. Buckingham — silent, mysterious, omnipotent Buckingham Palace, had issued the edict, so the rumor went. Her new Royal Highness would be seen no longer at the Embassy, or any other semi-public place not duly approved by the Court Chamberlain and mentionable in the Court Circular. Yet her little Royal Highness did so like to fox-trot with her husband, and his friends, and her friends, at Luigi's where the incognitos of Royalty were never violated!

And the jazz band there knows the limitations to observe when a Highness is on the floor. It is the band that best interprets the dancing moods of the Prince of Wales, and it knows that the Duke of York is not good at waltzing. When the Duchess of York was on the floor it played its best. Every man in it felt a personal reward had been tendered him when Her Highness habitually turned at the door, just as she was leaving, to send an appreciative smile up to the bandsmen's balcony.

The American who goes to London is reasonably startled when he discovers that the young folk of the British Royal Family actually may be bumped against on a semi-public dance floor. For the Embassy is semi-public, even though cards of membership may be procured only by those whose credentials are socially satisfactory. There even are some Londoners who would be shocked if they knew, and there are some who do know and shudder in true Victorian fashion every time they think about it. Mostly, though, the British public approves the new commaraderie of the Family.

It was the Prince of Wales who started it, soon after his return from India, last year. The Prince works hard, and plays hard. When he had duly made his report of his Indian trip to the worshipfuls at Guildhall—a ceremony each Royalty must perform when he, or she, has made a state visit abroad—he decided he would fox-trot now and then. He chose the Embassy as the supper club where he could best "get away with it."

There was a conference between the Prince's equerry and Luigi. A thousand or more members of the club received brief notes through the mail informing them that "the restricted space at the club had made it necessary to cut down the membership and that, unfortunately—&c." It was a politely worded note, but it was brutal just the same. A thousand memberships were canceled. The equerry had scanned the club lists and had chosen for elimination those whom he would rather not have in informal contact with Wales.

And then the Prince appeared, one night, with a Captain of the Coldstream Guards, his equerry and an attendant, and a group of young women who belong to his set—daughters of the highest of families, of course. Happy Luigi!

When the rest of the Royal Family recovered from its shock it found others of its younger scions already fox-trotting likewise at Luigi's. It was then earls began to take their countesses there, and lords to take their ladies. Lady Diana Cooper, the famous Diana Manners and daughter of the Duke of Rutland, led the way for other daughters of dukes; the Marchionesses of Townshend and Queensbury made fox-trotting safe for marchionesses; King Emanuel of Portugal, and the Duke d'Orleans of the Bourbons, occasionally dropped in and made it more homelike for Royalty. Luigi kept faith with them all. Never a word was whispered about it—rather, no word was said about it that wasn't whispered. And if the British people do not criticize a thing, that thing is O. K.

Before her engagement to the Duke of York, Lady Elizabeth was seldom seen at the Embassy. Her parents, the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, are of the old-fashioned sort. In Scotland, so the Scots maintain, they are more royal than the Windsors. Lady Elizabeth had been destined to be the bride of one of the Windsor princes since the beginning of the war when so many Continental possibilities were removed. In blood and prestige Lady Elizabeth was the highest commoner daughter in the land, and there were four Windsor princes for her to choose from. She loved dancing and she loved the band and the gayety of the Embassy—but she dared not!

But one night, shortly after the engagement was announced——

It was a little after 11 o'clock, when the theatre parties were coming in to Luigi's. Almost every table was occupied, for one may always hope to see a personage at the Embassy. Suddenly a floor captain hurried skilfully across the floor to where Luigi had come to a stop on his round of greetings. The floor captain was very excited. He whispered sibilantly to Luigi. Luigi became excited, too.

"A telephone message from the Palace. The Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth! 11:30!"

While the floor captain rushed to draw close the red curtains and to post attendants along the long entrance corridor so there might be no loiterers there at the arrival. Luigi hurried down to the table in the far corner. Its occupants were dancing. A mysterious signal to the bandsman and the music halted abruptly. When the dancers returned to their table in the corner they were informed in the best apologetic manner of Luigi that they could not finish their supper there; another table would be provided. There was no complaint, only eager compliance, when the magic words were spoken in explanation:

"One of the royalties never again would stand between the doorway hangings."

"The Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth, you know!"

Every one knew what the clearing of the corner table meant. For the Prince of Wales it always is the table in the centre of the tier against the wall. Prince Henry usually appears unannounced and sits where Luigi may find a place for him. The table in the corner is York's.

The music started up and those who could dance took to the floor, and those who couldn't, but were brave enough to make believe, lost themselves among the others. It is not good form not to be dancing when royalty arrives at Luigi's. Princes and princesses are on a lark when they go there to dance, and must not be noticed. Luigi frowns heavily at those tables occupied by the non-dancers, or the infirm or the too-aged. When royalty is seated surreptitious glances may be directed their way, and one who does not care to dance may abstain, but attention paid the visitors must be strictly limited to that casual measure which might suffice for a mere countess.

Promptly at 11:30 there was a tremor of the red draperies. A thrill went through the club. The curtains parted. Wing Commander Louis Greig, equerry to his Royal Highness and controller of the York household, appeared and quickly surveyed the floor, catching an almost imperceptible sign from Luigi which meant that there was no visitor in the club whose presence might be objectionable to his Royal Highness. Commander Greig then held back the curtains and Lady Elizabeth, scarcely more than five feet high, stood under his arm with her future husband close behind her.

Lady Elizabeth tried very hard, those days—and is trying yet—to be otherwise than just a vivacious girl. She tried to be unseeing, unconscious of that involuntarily murmured chorus, "There she is!" But she couldn't. The smile came, with the youthful eagerness in it that has not yet been subdued by the rigidities of the court, and she gave a comprehensive nod to everybody.

Everybody, of course, ignored the nod. Commander Greig would have marked down for dire reprisals any who had acknowledged it. And Luigi would have revoked their membership cards on the spot.

When the party was seated the program at Luigi's went on as if only commoners were partaking—except that all who could without repeating their manoeuvre danced as closely as possible to little Lady Elizabeth. Those who came too near, and looked too long over their shoulders, found themselves gently and unostentatiously jostled away by a tall guardsman who seemed always to be dancing quite near the future Duchess and her partner. Not much of London had seen the new Duchess-to-be at this time, so there was more "looking," not staring, than usual. And even then there was that persistent rumor, which has grown and grown until people repeat it now almost with conviction, that Lady Elizabeth would be England's next Queen! More about this later on.

That was the first time Lady Elizabeth had appeared at the Embassy as the betrothed of York. But she went often, afterward, always with the Duke. There is some mysterious telepathy which summons a London crowd about the gates of Buckingham, or St. James, or Marlborough House, whenever one of the royal family is due to drive forth on a private errand or mission of charity. And when there is a notice published in advance of a royal appearance, the throngs that gather tax the capacity of Scotland Yard to handle them. But London tactfully ignores the entrance corridor to the Embassy, even though it knows that almost any night some one of the princes might be caught there. London knew that the Duke, their favorite, and his future duchess often danced at the Embassy, but only the closest of friends spoke to each other about it and then hardly aloud. London bows low to good form.

Lady Elizabeth enjoyed those fox trots so much that the patrons of Luigi were as happy with her as he was about having her there. There were old melodies, some even pre-jazz among her favorities, and when the band discovered these they entered upon a new vogue. One of them was "You Made Me Love You; I Didn't Want to Do It!"—relic of days before the Armistice. The great speculation became: "Did Lady Elizabeth fox trot better than the Prince of Wales, or were they both so expert as to defy comparison?

When she and York were married they went at once to White Lodge for their honeymoon. Patrons of Luigi's wondered if the Duchess would be seen again at the Embassy. As fourth lady in the land, ranking next to Princess Mary, and third royal hostess—since Queen Alexandra does not entertain—it was not believed that she would dare. Luigi was confident, and planned the elimination of another thousand members as soon as he was sure the royal duchess would come again. In the military clubs they made wagers about it.

When they were expected in town

(Continued on Page 12)

THE CHURCH OF GRAY'S ELEGY

Stoke Poges God's Acre, Where the Poem Was Written, Menaced by Modern Buildings

Famous Yew Tree in Stoke Poges Churchyard.

Photo by Topical Press.

By LEONARD R. HOLME

TIME and the changes brought by time threaten Stoke Poges Church, where Thomas Gray composed his "Elegy." Masonry which has stood for nearly 700 years is in urgent need of repair and the "Country Churchyard"—the very model of what a last resting place should be—is in danger of losing its quiet charm at the hands of the modern builder.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, when Gray wrote his famous poem, Stoke Poges was far beyond the influence of London. Twenty miles from the heart of the City, standing on a high plateau sparsely populated for England, it was an ideal spot to which his mother and her sister, Mary Antrobus, could retire after the hard years in their millinery shop on Cornhill. Truly was it "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," and its broad, flat fields fading from sight in the evening mist were entirely in keeping with the poet's melancholy.

But now the automobile and other forms of rapid transit have transformed everything. Stoke Poges village is, it is true, too far from the railroads to be quite absorbed in London's straggling suburbs, but it is near enough to attract the town-dweller who longs for a week-end cottage and a strip of ground where he can raise sunflowers and fowls. So in the last year or two the "Country Churchyard" has been hedged about by villas and bungalows, and the very fields, where Gray at noontide stretched his listless length, may be cut up into building lots.

So the present vicar of the parish, Canon Arthur T. Barnett, with the aid of a committee of residents, has set himself to raising the money necessary, not only for the essential repairs to the church but for the purchase of a large field adjoining it to preserve forever its peaceful surroundings.

The "ivy-mantl'd tower," from which Gray heard the "moping owl" to the moon complain,

> Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
> Molest her ancient, solitary reign,

is one of the oldest portions of the present structure. It was erected about 1230 and was incorporated in the new church, put up on the site of the first Norman building, and completed about 100 years later by Sir John de Moleyns, Marshal of the King's Falcons and Supervisor of the Queen's Castles, who was then Lord of Stoke Poges Manor. It is constructed of chalk and flint and it now needs complete renovation. Even Plantagenet workmen could not build for all time, and the ivy, which for centuries has been the tower's ornament, is ruinous to all masonry.

The spire, too, needs replacement. But this cannot boast any antiquity. Originally the tower stood a low, square structure, little higher than the steeply pitched roof of the nave; but in 1702 a wooden spire was built on its leads and the church, therefore, had a spire when Gray knew it. Being of wood, in 1831 it had to be rebuilt; but old illustrations show that the new spire was practically the facsimile of its predecessor.

After nearly a century more the wood of the second spire has rotted away until it has become unsafe, all the more because the peal of bells has been enlarged in the last few years. It is now intended to make the new spire a little shorter than the old, but in planning this careful attention has been paid to the look of the church, and it is believed that its general appearance will be actually improved.

For in all they are doing the committee is taking the utmost care that nothing shall detract from the picturesqueness of the ancient shrine. It stands today one of the most perfect examples of a village church in England. The wonderful oak timbers of the porch have stood all weathers for 500 or 600 years and are still as sound as a bell; the ancient coat-of-arms of Lord Hastings, "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," is still graven on the chapel he built in Queen Mary's time, and the "cloister," the passage leading to the private entrance from Stoke Park, is famous for its beautiful stained glass windows.

But, above all, everything that pertains to the poet and all that he mentioned in his elegy is guarded from the slightest alteration. The ancient turf still rises "in many a mould'ring heap," as Gray sang; the "frail memorials," the old-fashioned boards and posts, still bear the epitaphs of men Gray must have known; the venerable yew tree, under which tradition says he wrote his poem, is still the glory of the churchyard. It is many hundred, perhaps a thousand, years old, and its wide-spreading gnarled branches and the twisted strands of its trunk, tinted for all their age with red, purple and green, seem to typify its strength and long history.

Gray spoke of the churchyard as "this neglected spot," and it is likely enough that so it was in the eighteenth century, the dark ages of the Church of England; but today it is a veritable garden. Roses bloom beside its path; variegated evergreens stand among its graves, and robins, thrushes and swallows flit along its red-brick walls or lose themselves amid the branches of its elms. It seems, indeed, almost too beautiful for the melancholy that runs through the "Elegy."

But the place would be sadly marred if modern buildings crowded upon it, and that is the second danger which the committee seeks to avert. Adjoining the churchyard is a large meadow, already consecrated to Gray by the monument erected to him in 1799 by John, the son of William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, whose family were for a time lords of the manor. It is a large sarcophagus standing on a huge pedestal on the sides of which are carved some of Gray's most beautiful lines. It is an ugly, pretentious pile, in strange contrast with the plain tomb, close to the church itself, in which lie the remains not only of the poet but of his mother and her sister, Mary Antrobus. But it is worth preserving as characteristic of the pseudo-classic taste of its period, and its inscription bears testimony to one of the most admirable traits of Gray's character, his devotion to his mother:

> *This monument*
> *In honour of, Thomas Gray*
> *Was erected A. D. 1799 among*
> *The scenes celebrated by that*
> *Great lyric and elegiac poet.*
> *He died July 30, 1771, and*
> *Lies unnoticed in the churchyard*
> *Adjoining under the tombstone on*
> *Which he piously and pathetically*
> *Recorded the interment of his*
> *Aunt and lamented mother.*

The reference is to the epitaph written by Gray on his mother. On the great slab covering the brick tomb is first recorded the burial of Mary Antrobus "in hope of a joyful resurrection," and then are graven the words:

> *In the same pious confidence*
> *Beside her friend and sister*
> *Here sleep the remains of*
> *Dorothy Gray,*
> *Widow, the careful, tender Mother*
> *Of many children, one of whom alone*
> *Had the misfortune to survive her.*
> *She died March 11, 1753.*
> *Aged 67.*

But apart from this association, now a century and a quarter old, there are other good reasons why the meadow ought to be kept as it is. Gray's Elegy breathes the spirit of an open space. His reader seems to see the poet gazing over the "glimmering landscape" as

> The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
> The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
> And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

It was the solitude of the scene that made the poet sad, the sense that he was alone, cut off as much from human companionship as the "rude forefathers of the hamlet" lying around him, each within "his narrow cell." It would be profanation to permit the spoiling for want of a little money of such a spot. Where would be "solemn stillness" among modern villas and desirable residences, and how could "these rugged elms" or "nodding beeches" long withstand the onslaught of twentieth century "improvements"?

Stoke Poges Church.

Photo by Topical Press.

Something has been done already. In 1921 two residents of Stoke Poges parish purchased three acres of the meadow and presented them to the National Trust, to be held for ever in their present condition as public property. The local population has also subscribed £1,000 for the restoration of tower and spire, but much more is needed. The committee asks £6,000 in all to complete its plans and to secure for all time the beautiful church and its still more beautiful surroundings. The village and near-by residents are doing all they can, but they feel that they have a right to outside assistance.

They have always treated their church as a national heritage; they have opened it freely to visitors and so they consider that in preserving the "Country Churchyard" as a sacred trust for the English-speaking world they have established a claim upon it. And now they appeal for help, however small, to all whose hearts have ever been touched by the perfect lines of Thomas Gray.

NAVAJO'S PLEA FOR HIS DANCES

He Is Disturbed by the Taboo on His Medicine and His Religion

"The Vow."

By CARL MOON

THERE is mourning on the Navajo Reservation in Arizona; for the Great White Father in Washington has frowned upon medicine dances. He has not expressly forbidden the tribal rites of his far-away brown children, but he has threatened so to do. Through his Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Charles Henry Burke, he has spoken of the native religious ceremonies of his tawny wards in tones of grave displeasure.

So there is sadness in the Arizona desert; there is worry and childlike confusion and a vague fear. Navajo nomads gather around campfires in the lonely canyons while their herds lie asleep on the mesa slopes, and they talk about it in their strange tongue, shaking their heads in solemn amaze. What sort of a Great White Father is it that will put the taboo on a fellow's religion?

There are Navajos who agree with the Commissioner's ideas. They are the young chaps who have been taught in the Christian mission schools. But they are only a fraction of the 25,000 tribesmen. Most of the Navajos are still in heathen darkness.

The nature of their life makes it so. Roving their bleak hills, always pushing on to new grazing grounds—for there are no fat pastures in Northeastern Arizona—they have few contacts with the world of white folk. The white doctor is only a name to them, and the white preacher likewise. The traditions of the tribe are still strongly rooted in the imaginations of those desert wanderers.

At Ganado, the old trading post on the reservation, a "sing," or medicine ceremony, was held a few weeks ago for the aged squaw, Elle, weaver of blankets. Tourists who visit the Harvey Museum at Albuquerque know her.

A very sick woman was Elle. "Take me home," she bade her husband. "I cannot believe in the white doctors. Take me home to the reservation and let the medicine men of our own people treat me."

Thus it came about that there was a sing for Elle—a big sing, lasting three days, with no less than fifteen tribal healers in attendance and a large crowd of musicians and dancers. The head of this college of physicians was Ya-otza-begay, a man well-versed in the arts of his profession; a broad-minded man withal, as Navajos go. And to a white man who had gone to Ganado to ask questions and to make pictures Ya-otza-begay opened his heart.

"What do we think of the Commissioner's wish to stop our ceremonies and dances? What would the white men say if they were told to give up their religion and their medicine? We do not dance at a medicine sing for fun. It is to cure sickness that we dance at a sing. I am a medicine man and have cured many people. I can give much proof. You know that Elle was not able to eat or sleep when she came back to her people a few days ago. Now but two days of the sing have passed, and she walks around and eats and sleeps, as you can see.

"Should not our people have medicine men treat them if they like? The missionaries say to us, 'You should do away with your medicine men and have white men's doctors.' Do your white doctors cure all sick people whom they treat? I think I hear that some white people die, just as Navajos die. Has the white man's God made the white man so much better than the Indian that we must stop ceremonies to our gods and worship the white man's God?

"Another thing. One missionary has his school from one church, the next missionary from a different kind of church. If there is but one white-man God, why are not all of the missionary churches the same?"

Ya-otza-begay was not chaffing. With a frown and a shake of his feathered head he concluded earnestly:

"You ask what will we do about it if the Commissioner does as he threatens to do. The answer is that we do not want to die, and without our medicine and our ceremonies we have no protection against the witches who cause much of the sickness. We cannot give up our ceremonies. We must have the right to worship our gods and to protect ourselves as we have always done. It must be that the great Commissioner does not consider what the Navajos feel, and what is best for us."

Tsen-ah-chene-chu was among those present at the sing. He took no prominent part, being only a plain, ordinary Navajo without a medical degree; a man of the people. The Government's decree against native healing would not affect his income as it would that of the medicine men. His herd of sheep would go right on supporting him.

The white interviewer said to him: "Don't your medicine sings and dances cost the sick person and his family a good deal in sheep and cattle for the medicine men? Isn't it rather expensive to feed the crowds that come to help? And don't you waste a lot of time at the ceremony that should be spent with your flocks and in your fields? What do you think about it?" And Tsen-ah-chene-chu answered:

"We do not pay the medicine men much; maybe five or six sheep. It is true that we have to pay nothing for the treatment of the white doctors that Washington sends out. But what do your white doctors know about the witches that may be causing the sickness that is to be cured?

"Some time ago I was very sick. When the medicine man came he asked the star gazers to look and find the kind of witch that was trying to kill me. They found that it was a Comanche Indian who was causing my sickness. The medicine man went to the Comanches and got some Comanche hair. He burned the hair while he was holding a sing over me, and the next day I was well and went about my work. What would your white doctor know about such things? And if I pay five or six sheep to the medicine man for curing me, is it so much more than you pay your white doctors? Do not the white doctors sometimes charge you much more than five sheep? Are your sick people always made well? Why is it that we should be asked to have more faith in your white doctors than in our medicine men?

"Our ceremonies take time; but do you not have crowds of white people who go far to different places for fun ceremonies? Do you not go long journeys that take time and keep you from your fields and business? Why do white people do that if it is so bad a thing to do?

"We don't know what we will do if our dances, our sings and our ceremonies are taken from us, for these are the things that protect us and give us much help in our hearts. We have given up much. Should we not be permitted to live and have ways that we like best, when these ways can bring no harm to the white man?"

Chee-dodge, or Chee-eh, as his people call him, is the accepted chief of all Navajos; an able man, revered by the tribe. There is no mistaking his sincere desire to find out and to do what is best. Being a man of large means, having owned many thousand head of cattle and sheep, he has gained through his business experience the ability to go straight to the point of a matter and speak his mind clearly. He uses the best of English.

"It is right," he said, "that all the white people who are interested should hear our side. I will tell you what I believe to be the cause of this threat of the Commissioner's, and I will also tell you what I believe should be done about it.

"The various missionaries who have set up their churches and schools on the reservation have one idea—that is to teach our children that the Indian way of living and the Indian religion is all wrong. (I except the Catholic missionaries, who do not try to force us to give up our religion.)

(Continued on Page 18)

"Their First-Born."

Totally Blind, but Always Ready to Attend a Sing.

Photos © Carl Moon.

TO HOLY MECCA BY FLIVVER

A Modern Pilgrimage From Haroun Al Raschid's Bagdad

Ferrying Across the Euphrates.

By STELLA MARSHALL BOGART

The writer of this article is the wife of Dr. Ernest Bogart, one of the members of the American Financial Mission to Persia just returned.

As we waited, easy targets for the sun and all the fifty-seven varieties of smells of the narrow Bagdad street, we knew our own minds at last. All the hesitation of the past two days as to whether we should or should not join this convoy to Mecca was lost in a burning desire to see the fat face and black beard of Hussein Ali crossing the river to give us the signal for departure. Hussein Ali was the Arab organizer of this convoy, the biggest and the queerest that had ever left Bagdad. With a shrewdness to match any Occidental stock manipulator, he had achieved, unaided, a corner in transportation.

For the week past the Euphrates, influenced, no doubt, by the bad example earlier in the year of the Tigris, had been overflowing its banks and acting in a way unheard of in history. The bridge at Feluji had gone the way of the Maude at Bagdad. The flooded district included many miles between Bagdad and Aleppo, blocking the usual four-day automobile route between those places.

When the spirit of Mohammed moves it moves regardless of flood and tides. Upon this watery scene there had gathered, unwarned, large numbers of Persian and Arab pilgrims on their way to Mecca, fretting to leave Bagdad and begin the second lap of their journey. With typical Arab patience Hussein Ali waited until their numbers had swelled to 100 strong. Meantime he collected Fords, good and bad, as many as twenty-six.

With admirable elasticity of mind the pilgrims had shifted their allegiance from the faithful donkey of the East and their fathers' fathers to the trusty flivver—mute (!) symbols, shall we say, of the old and the new civilization? As I looked I forgave them this sop to modernity, for it was the one weakness in an otherwise perfect whole. Pilgrims fat and pilgrims thin, pilgrims old and bearded, red or black, all were bent upon sharing Paradise with the good Mohammed in the next world. Many were already moliahs (priests), with white turbans around their heads. The direct descendants of Mohammed wore bright green turbans or sashes. Flowing abbahs (kimono-shaped cloaks), Persian caps (skull effect) and Arab headdresses completed the most Oriental of pictures. Always in the background of their thoughts was the hope that they were about to attain the holy state of hadj, a state granted to every true believer who makes a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet at Mecca. To this end the purposes and savings of a lifetime were being devoted.

Concentration on the next world had not prevented care for the comforts of this one, and they had piled their cars with mountains of luggage until their feet were on a level with their noses—huge bedding rolls of pillows and coverings, cooking utensils and food, samovars for making tea. Each pilgrim had his Koran to read and his prayer rug on which to kneel and—

My curiosity was suddenly transferred to Mahmoud, our Arab driver, making frantic signs for us to get placed in our own car. The most noteworthy thing about Mahmoud was his square shoulders. There was something suggestive, too, of will power in the tall, well-knit frame, deep-set eyes and strong jaw, as he stood proudly like a captain beside his ship ready for the race. These trips from Bagdad to Aleppo were his Marathon. A little shiver of presentiment went over me as I saw those shoulders and heard some one whisper that here was the master driver of Bagdad before whom all others bowed.

We were the only Europeans in the party and the only Christians with the exception of two Armenian families who joined the party later. The "we" included "Sahib," myself and daughter of 17 and son of 9. Oh, yes, there were three other women (Mohammedans), and, although they kept their faces closely veiled, their feminine garments were always a comfort. "Sahib," as Mahmoud always called him, was our chance traveling companion, both French and English, having a French father and an English mother. Take your choice! We learned to be grateful for both, especially for the French father, whose spirit lent gayety and vivacity to the journey and surely inspired the whistling when things went wrong. The best thing about Sahib was his Browning, and the fact that after many years in the trenches he knew how to use it lent more comfort even than the veiled women. The pilgrims were unarmed, but the Arab leaders wore daggers and carried long, awkward-looking guns.

We were more than ready, our baggage tied cleverly on the running boards and our feet at the angle that Henry Ford intended they should be, when the black beady eyes of Hussein Ali peered in upon us. A coil of black yarn held down his black and white check Arab headdress and a soiled white coat brushed his red leather slippers. The conversation beads in his hand were not necessary to control his temper, for he was amiableness itself. Why not? Was he not about to rake in a coup memorable in the annals of Bagdad garage owners?

Group of Arabs in Bagdad Waiting For Us to Start.

Royal permission was given to start. The road was good and after one rescue from the mud by some nomads the car spun along until we arrived a little after 2 at Feluji. Without definitely boosting for the town, one might say that Feluji also has its Main Street. That hot May afternoon this boulevard was lined with small open shops filled with an abundance of everything, plenty of natives, plenty of good things to eat and attentive flies. Raisins, dates, shelled almonds and English walnuts, dried watermelon seeds and figs were everywhere. After a year in the Orient we had acquired a reflex habit of caution toward foods exposed and we chose none of them. We had with us a small supply of canned goods, and, opening a box of biscuits, sampled the water in our chargol (a canvas bag for carrying water). It had become somewhat dusty, but our thirst was great and the memory of typhoid inoculations still vivid.

One of the natives offered us some dates. When we refused, he urged us further by saying, "Your father sent them to you." His logic was puzzling until we surmised that the dates were probably only an excuse for displaying his English. No, that is too cynical. In the words of the song, "His motifs were good," for more than once we had cause to know of the kindness of the Oriental heart toward strangers.

The long bridge across the Euphrates had been swept away at this point. Some of the cars of the convoy had already been ferried across. Our turn came soon. The only guarantee for safety of the antiquated barge lay in the fact that somehow the others had reached the opposite shore in safety. Certainly the water covering the bottom did not lend confidence. When I hesitated, Mahmoud called out in peremptory tones, "Come on, Madame, come on—me good driver." He could speak a little English. The driving consisted in his sitting at the steering wheel, but it did take some confidence to back the car into the boat. That quality was never lacking in Mahmoud. It was the first exhibition of that weakness which belongs to no tribe or country, the vanity of profession. He could not bear any reflection upon his skill and the whole trip was one continuous demand for a vote of confidence.

We sat on the sides of the boat. The current was swift and strong and the river wide. The flood had produced a system of ferrying. It was to row upstream near the shore and then let the current carry the barge and its heavy freight down to the first possible landing. The disembarkation was even more difficult, for it was a case of running suddenly uphill and as suddenly down again.

On the opposite shore a large caravanserai greeted our eyes. Although it was only four in the afternoon, true to the charming motto of the country "never do today what you can do tomorrow," we were told that this would be our resting place for the night. The caravanserai had a large courtyard surrounded by low sheds, shared in cold days by man and beast. On warm days the guests preferred the roof as sleeping quarters. It was too hot to occupy them, yet, and we joined the other pilgrims sitting against the wall on the river bank.

It was as dusty as it was picturesque. There is nothing more picturesque in the whole East, anyway, than a lone palm tree. The pilgrims had spread out their Oriental rugs to pray on, but the centre of attraction of each group was a large hospitable samovar. Here was cheer for body and soul, and we seated ourselves, Turkish fashion, near by. Friendly relations were quickly established by our saying (in Persian) "Do you speak Persian?" And then being able to reply, "No, we do not speak Persian." We accepted with eagerness the hot tea offered us in small glasses and served with lumps of sugar broken from cones imported from Marseilles.

We sat there thinking "this is none of we" until a glorious setting sun reminded us that we might ascend to our sleeping quarters. It is no hardship to sleep on a roof of a caravanserai. Indeed, it is the other way around. If the roof does not cave in, as it probably will not, in spite of appearances, and if you do not walk in your sleep, you will feel as near Heaven as you ever will in this world.

We were not afraid, as "Sahib" and his Browning formed a dividing line between our angle of the roof and "theirs." Nevertheless, we did not sleep well. Our army cots were not to blame nor the baininess of the night and the brilliance of the stars. There was an intimacy about the sky that was perturbing and the sand flies were far too friendly. But the chief reason was that the hundred and one seemed to have no thought of sleep. A low rumbling noise, not the vulgar snoring of the Occident, but the readings of the Koran and chanting of prayers of the pilgrims enthralled our senses. It was not exactly a lullaby, but it finally put us to sleep about midnight. It also acted as a reveille to wake us up at four in the morning. I thought, at first, that it was an earthquake. Someway, I knew it was not a trolley car.

Although waked so early in the morning, it was high noon before all 26 cars were ready to start. We were reinforced by four armed Arab soldiers sent by the Government to act as guides. Including the chauffeurs, our numbers were now 130.

The roads were very bad. It was a case of unselfishness being the best policy, for if you did not get out and help the other fellow's car, there would be no one to help you when your turn came. Sahib was always willing to lend a hand, but Mahmoud's one idea was to show his skill in driving. As he knew little about the engine, he swiftly learned, through necessity, that quickest of teachers, the convoy idea of sticking together through thick and thin.

Within two hours of leaving Feluji, thanks to the guiding of the police officers, the convoy lost its way in a wheat field. When the Arab leaders realized what had happened, an angry conference was held and it was decided to go back and try our luck on the main road. Many small bridges were broken down along this route, but we made some progress. Five o'clock came and with it the knowledge that Ramadi could not be reached that night. There were too many brigands lying in wait behind the hills! It was necessary to camp on the banks of the Euphrates.

An open spot at the base of some low mountains was selected. The

Armed Police Sent as Guides.

(Continued on Page 12)

ORIENTAL ORIGIN OF THUGS

What's in a Name That Came From India by Way of Victorian England

By W. G. TINCKOM-FERNANDEZ

WORDS are elusive things. They keep the etymologists, those policemen of literature, busy examining their passports. Too many of them get past the Immigration Commissioner to worry the Police Commissioner. They seem to have rhythmic cycles like the strange pests that concern the Bureau of Agriculture. Euphony has a great deal to do with their popularity. We adopt them because of their sound, and too often their sound acquires shades of meaning alien to their origin. Some have rhyme and some have reason, and a few have both. But for the most part they resemble the biblical description of the wind: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth * * *"

A word like "Thug" retains its vicious connotation. It has a bad name in sociology and criminology in this country, but few realize its hideous Asiatic origin. We adopted it from Victorian England, which once adopted it from India. Like most bad words it has come to stay, and of late it has made New York an unhealthy city for those encumbered with rolls of bills and bonds. The Police Commissioner blames the Commissioner of Immigration, while those of us who know its historic background and technique think that he should thank his gold shield for metropolitan refinements like high-powered cars and automatic pistols. After all, did we not give the Police Commissioner of Paris the inspiring American word "Apache"? Or was it our exacting American tourist? However, as Laurence Sterne once remarked, they order these things differently in France.

But "Thug," for all its vicious connotation, is a truly Victorian word. Barely had the young Queen ascended the throne, and scarcely had England turned her attention to the great Asiatic empire of which Lord Beaconsfield twenty-one years later made her the Empress, when the Viceroy of the old East India Company began a campaign against the huge criminal fraternity called Thugs. It had existed in India from medieval times. Its ramifications spread from one end of the peninsula to the other. The practice of Thuggee was a familiar evil to India's millions. Rajahs and dignitaries sometimes fitfully punished them, but more often shared in their loot. When the British began their crusade in the early '30s they found that Thugs were taxed, and paid more rent for land and houses because of their notorious wealth.

The word is derived from the Hindi "thag," meaning a cheat. But in the early nineteenth century the British found that the word had long carried a specific meaning. Wilson applied it "to a robber and assassin of a peculiar class, who sally forth in a gang * * * and in the character of wayfarers, either on business or pilgrimage, fall in with other travelers on the road, and having gained their confidence take a favorable opportunity for strangling them by throwing their turbans or handkerchiefs round their necks, and then plundering them and burying their bodies." But the proper and synonymous name was P'hanniger, from "p'hansi," a noose.

Like its Oriental brother, Assassin, the word Thug designated a body with a religious organization whose mission was murder. But assassin was characteristically Moslem, for the old man of the mountain sent his fanatical hashishiyn, or religious murderers drugged with hashish, to win to paradise not by material gain but by the meritorious act of killing an infidel crusader. Whereas Thug represented a cold-blooded murderer and looter. The organization was paradoxical in caste-ridden India, with its rival religions of Hinduism and Mohammedanism. For the Thugs were comprised of both Hindu and Moslem bandits owning a common semi-religious allegiance to the Hindu goddess Kali.

When not on expeditions the Thugs lived ideal lives, cultivating their fields, engaging in trade and zealously practicing their opposed religions. Dr. Sherwood's study says that Thuggee included all castes and sects of Hinduism and Islam, that Brahmins were frequently directors of the gangs. In a heterogeneous country like India this polyglot organization naturally used a definite bandit slang by which the different gangs of north or south communicated with each other, much as Villon's rogues used in medieval and their Apache descendants in modern Paris.

Prior to the last century India was an ideal country for Thuggee. Conquerors rose and fell, rajahs blossomed from adventurers who carved out kingdoms on the decline or death of their local ruler.

Like all Indian crafts Thuggee was hereditary, with a secret ritual. There was the burkha or adept strangler and the kubula or novice. The latter began as a scout bringing word of a rich caravan; next he became a gravedigger, then a shumsia, or holder of the hands or legs of the victim, and finally a burkha after many expeditions and stranglings. Religious India recruits from its youth. As with Kim and his Lama, each guru or master has a pupil or chela to serve him. Even so in Thuggee. Omens were consulted before the novice was initiated and before his first strangling. The sacred emblem of Thuggee was the burial pickaxe; it was consecrated to Kali before each expedition, and had a special bearer. It was buried when not in use, and the more superstitious Hindu Thug maintained that the pickaxe was always thrown into a well and when invoked for use rose of its own accord.

The Thugs naturally chose for their patron saint Kali, the most dreadful of all the gods and goddesses in the Hindu pantheon. (She is girdled with human hands, wears a necklace of skulls and scatters destruction with four or more hands.) Kali is best described by Hindu sacred literature:

> The flesh of the antelope and rhinoceros give my beloved delight for 500 years. By a human sacrifice attended by the forms laid down, she is pleased 1,000 years. By the sacrifice of three men, 100,000 years. An oblation of blood, rendered pure by holy texts, is equal to ambrosia; the head and flesh also afford much delight. * * * Hail, three-eyed goddess of most terrifying appearance, around whose neck a string of human skulls is pendant, who art the destroyer of evil spirits, who are armed with an axe and a spear. Salutation to thee with this blood! O goddess of horrid forms! Eat, devour such an one, my enemy. Consort of fire!

And so endlessly run the many mantras to the bloodthirsty Kali. She is still a chief goddess, and her shrine at Kalighat gave its name to Calcutta. All over India Kali may be seen in cheap, colored oleographs made in Germany that adorn the homes of her worshipers. It is certain that until the British régime she was worshiped with human sacrifice. The Thug ceremony of Tapowni, or sacrifice of sugar to Kali, was made after each murder. Facing west the leaders invoked Kali over the pickaxe, sugar and silver; then the band solemnly partook of the sugar in silence after the familiar signal for strangling was given. No grain was allowed to fall on the ground. An offering of silver, symbolizing loot, was always included in the Tapowni ceremony.

Omens were always observed prior to an expedition and a killing. When setting forth the Left Omen was observed. The Right Omen was then inauspicious, boding evil and compelling a halt. If the Right Omen appeared on reaching any caravan stage, no murder was committed and the gang continued without resting. If on the trail wolves crossed their path from left to right it was bad, whereas the opposite transit was good. If wolves howled during the day the gang left the neighborhood. Between midnight and dawn this "weeping of the wolf" was very bad, between evening and midnight indifferently bad, between dawn and noon it was almost negligible. The cries of the small owl and the hare were bad omens. Unless sugar was sacrificed to Kali they held that the hare or some jungle animal would drink water out of their skulls. If an ass brayed on their left it was auspicious, and nothing better if it next brayed on their right. Curiously enough, unless these omens were auspicious the killing became mere murder and was wrong. Then a Thug would lose his children and never be blessed with more, a punishment that befell when one Thug murdered another Thug.

The route of caravans led across country, through jungle and desert, because it was less expensive than journeying from one town to another. Thus Thugs found conditions ideal for their trade. They worked in bands of ten to a hundred or more, disguised as pilgrims or traders. They won the confidence of their fellow-travelers, and, having picked a suitable place and received good omens, two Thugs attacked each victim, the chela or novice holding the hands while the expert applied the noose. Despite Kali's traditional thirst for bood, the Thugs never resorted to any other weapon, while the shedding of blood was forbidden. They always mutilated the corpse before burial to prevent detection. Thugs were forbidden to kill men or women of the following classes: Fakirs or religious mendicants, bards, musicians, dancing men or women, washerwomen, oil venders, blacksmiths, carpenters and scavengers. Carriers of Ganges water were only exempt when their potsherds were full of the sacred liquid. Maimed and leprous people and men accompanying the cow, which is sacred in Hindu eyes, were unmolested.

Children were almost invariably spared, the boys being adopted for recruitmen, while the girls were sold as slaves, usually to prostitutes in cities. On the whole, Thugs were especially partial to children, adopting them into their own families and treating them kindly. Despite his desperate profession, the Thug was not "a tough guy" like his New York namesake. Colonel Sleeman, appointed by the Viceroy, Lord William Bentinck, to stamp out Thuggee, testified to their graces and qualities as estimable citizens in private life. Thugs saw no wrong in their semi-religious murders.

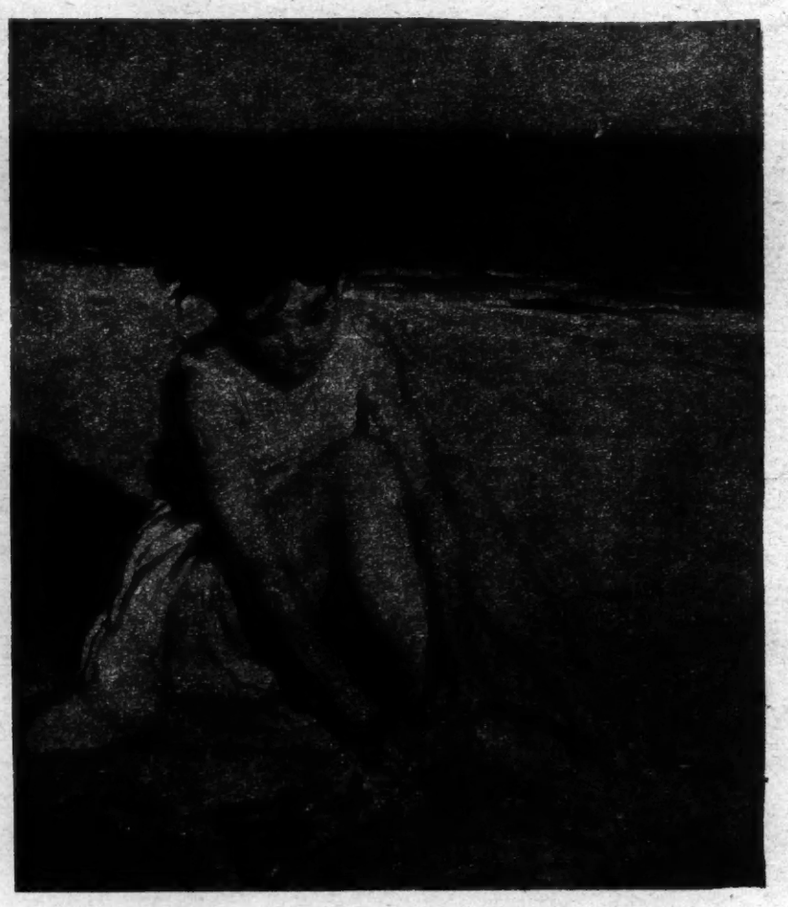
But Europeans were never attacked, because they wore pistols, carried little money on journeys and, what is significant, their disappearance would arouse the Government. But the British became interested when Indian officers and soldiers on leave from their regiments failed to return. In 1831 a gang was caught red-handed, and proved the existence of Thuggee. The Viceroy began a campaign for their extermination, inviting the native States to co-operate. Many willingly responded, but their traditional attitude was illustrated, in 1834, when the Rajah of Jodhpore maintained his right to give them asylum. The Viceroy explained the danger of providing Thuggee with a base of operations against British territory, and soon forced his consent. In October, 1835, Thugs up to 1,562 were committed for trial, 382 hanged and 986 transported for life to the Andaman Islands. But it took many years to obliterate so large and hereditary a religious cult. Turning King's evidence soon became popular and remote gangs were tracked down. The step was timely, for their organization might have proved disastrous against the British in the great mutiny which followed. Despite rumors of sporadic revival, Thuggee is now extinct.

The secret of the historic continuance of Thuggee was not only due to its religious and hereditary character. There was, through centuries, impeccable honor among these thieves. The loot was strictly divided among each gang, even though members were not present or had taken no part. In private life they were respected for their strict observance of social and religious duties. There is no evidence of animus toward any of their victims. Revenge was never a motive, nor could they be hired for "a tough job." And yet their exemplary private life did not keep them from strangling all who fell into their toils, even though they had received favors, or protection in crises or, in Indian tradition, eaten of the victim's bread and salt in hospitality. The goddess Kali and her omens were arbiters of human fate. In one case a caravan of 500 was strangled and robbed by 1,000 Thugs.

So great an impression was made on Victorian England by Sleeman's record, and the thrilling romance of Meadows Taylor, "The Confessions of a Thug," based on Sleeman, that the word became popular. Carlyle referred to "Glasgow Thuggery" in his essay on "Chartism," remarking that "Glasgow Thugs is a witty nickname." De Quincey, writing on "Murder," says: "At length came the toast of the day—Thugdom in all its branches." But the word took root in America in early Tweed Ring days as synonymous with strong-arm politics. A British visitor wrote in 1895: "They even engage 'knockers-out' who belabor and disable voters as they are entering the booths. They are called Election Thugs." But Thug has fortunately lost its political significance. It comes nearer to the impartial criminality of its Indian protagonist. The wallet and not the vote is the Thug's desire; automatic pistols, gas and high-powered cars are his urban improvements on the "p'hansi" or noose.

Kali—A Bloodthirsty Hindu Goddess Adopted by the Thugs as Their Patron.

THE WORLD OF ART: *Water Colors, Drawings, Paintings and Books*



THE exhibition of water colors and drawings at the Brooklyn Museum, opening this week and lasting until Jan. 1, is a representative affair. Representative of many phases of work in these lighter mediums and also of the museum's independent little policy in the matter of exhibitions. It is fresh, entertaining, and the kind of thing that has the tang of the unexpected. A museum exhibition is not invariably, of course, a solemn affair, but it is apt to show a tendency toward self-importance, is apt, not unnaturally, to stress the worthiness of the exhibition to be held within museum walls, and inevitably, the worthiness fails at times to appear. The story of the Emperor's clothes keeps coming into the mind. The public goes to a museum agape, whether or not there is anything to gape at. Unfortunate. Just as much the fault of the public as of the museum, and a fault that only can be corrected by a very aristocratic simplicity on the part of both. The Brooklyn Museum exhibits this simplicity—the best of its exhibitions. Its public is asked to come informally to enjoy itself and a friendly hospitality that pretends to nothing and offers much. No one stands agape.

This collection of watercolors and drawings includes many a good thing, some things that are superb, others that are commonplace. Randolph Caldecott, Kate Greenaway, Leech, Tenniel, Keene, Robert Spence, Lawrence Housman, Alfred Stevens, Phil May, Walter Crane, are among the artists of renown. The public is invited as a healthy guest, able to assimilate a mixed diet, trusted to make its own discriminations. All the things shown are of good quality but not all of the most expensive cut. Most of us are quite aware that watercolors and drawings—unless they are Turners or something like that—never in the best families are permitted at the same table with real oil paintings. A fig for that, is the attitude of the Brooklyn Museum. Watercolors and drawings are responsible for some of the loviest art, some of the purest expressions of genius ever known. Even when the talent represented by them is not of the strongest they can represent moderate talents with a pleasant casual grace that lays no vulgar stress. Enjoy them for what they are.

Only a few of those in the Brooklyn exhibition could be enjoyed at the time of writing, as the exhibition was still on its knees against the wall. Enough exhibits came forth, however, to give assurance of vivacity and variety, and also of the necessity for more or less detailed consideration in a later article. Taking a few things as they came:

Watercolors by Dudley Mygatt, a young artist who died during the war but was given time enough by fate to show a clear, brisk, youthful talent. First Santa Barbara, then Yokohama. A study of fishing boats at Yokohama, the clash of the various directions taken by the bamboo fishing rods lending a look of combat to the composition. A view of Fuji at the summit, clouds lying like the white hair of Duse across a ghostly brow. A man with bright balloons. A row of baby seagulls looking like long-legged ducks. A couple of brush drawings in India ink of Japanese girls. All with the shrill sweetness of a young voice, and a certain nice modesty underlying a bold method in which detached color blots form a definite and expressive design.

George Hart's watercolors, masquerading as usual in the guise of light-minded performance. Market women bending over their chickens making a monumental design, a child and a dog hiding under a table—Doric temple. Women washing clothes, a splendid composition of horizontals and perpendiculars and short, strong curves. Classic art. It has to be said every time one has a chance to say anything of this artist, because he is so decoratively witty and cheerful that his weighty excellence in structure is hidden from the casual glance. Perhaps the drawing that has most of general beauty is the "Campers Bathing at Night," the light of the campfire and the light of the moon delicately discriminated and opposed, and the figures statuesque in their poses and gestures. The "Italian Picnic" is a fiasco, confused and inexpressive.

John Costigan's robust weavings and knottings of pigment with a sophistication better than naïveté, rich in technical experience and experiment, but giving the ordinary impression gained from a rustic scene by an ordinary vision; shepherds and cowherds with their flocks in green meadows; the pigment seeming to hold in itself the vital secret of the strong and succulent meadow growth, the forms of human beings and animals, normally proportioned, normally seen, pressing home no special characteristic.

Frances Delehanty's penciled portraits with stains of Japanese color, pressing home the principal idiosyncrasy of the sitter, emphasizing amusing contradictions—the swan neck, sleek hair and blunt features of "Ilka."

Straightforward landscapes by George Pearce Ennis, unstirred by the winds that set from Provence; William Starkweather's landscapes with figures having a lusty weather-beaten look; Ernest Roth's beautiful tinted drawings of Segovia and Seville, freer and more expressive than his etchings of these gauntly picturesque cities; Joseph Pennell's "Soissons" series, the cathedral firm based against its enemies—vigorous, eloquent work; Sander Bernath's emphatic continuation of Winslow Homer's tradition without imitative weakness; Debonnet, crisp and sparkling; Walter Farndon with his cool, gentle Winter subdued to the pallor of a pastel quality of color.

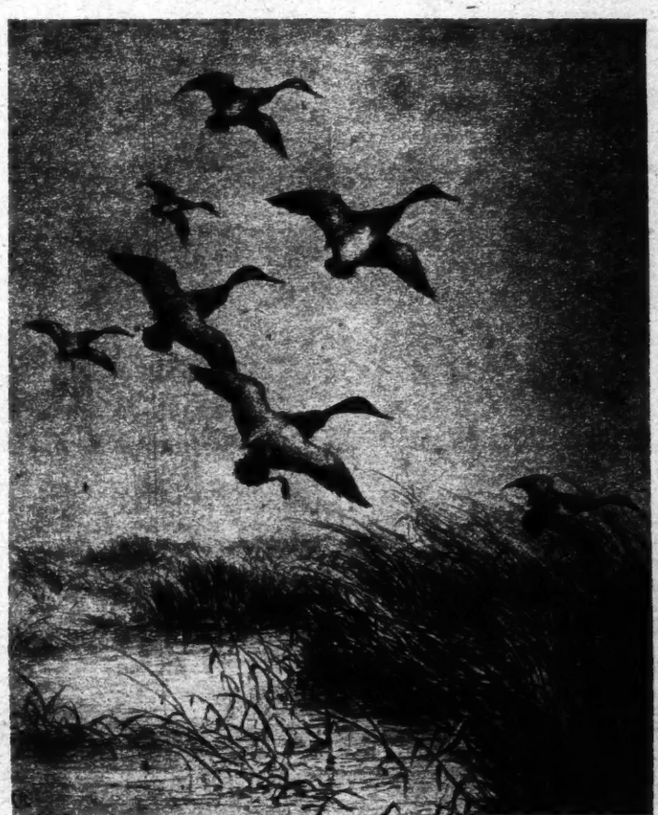
The Italian Nicholas Brigante's little bombs of futurism, fireworks of a holiday rather than missiles of war; Elizabeth Whitney's flower studies, filled with a captive wildness, an organized freedom, lending the distinction of truly great design, such design as the eighteenth century French designers would have welcomed for their immortal projects; Josephine Nivinson's far-away echoes of Mary Rogers; Herbert Tschudi's appreciation of the blackened green of Spring foliage in London, of transitions from orange to blue in the coats of girls looking into the windows of Regent Street, of the London black exercising its full force in the span of a Thames bridge; G. M. Young's muted reds in the over-painted autumnal color of America; Alexander Portnoff's good reds in the same cause. The other Americans include John Sargent, George Luks, Jerome Myers, Howard Giles, George Elmer Browne, E. V. Warren, McDonald Wright, Max Weber, Abraham Walkowitz, Georgia O'Keefe and Thomas Benton.

Later the very important Beardsleys will be to consider. Also a group of sculptures by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, examples not appearing in other museum collections with the exception of the head of Lincoln—and even this is not the familiar version but the one to which additions were made by James Earle Fraser. One unique item is the improved study for the angel in the Shaw Memorial at Boston, the version that Boston declined to substitute for the one in the accepted sketch and that in consequence remained in plaster in the Saint-Gaudens studio and is now for the first time shown in a bronze casting. A large number of Rodin bronzes come from the private collection of Edgar J. Hesslein.

One of St. Luke's little ironies assumes that only in his own country and in his own house is a prophet without honor, and the saying has covered a multitude of reputations hardly worth honoring. America for many a year undeniably was careless about the bestowal of honors; had a pioneer disregard of their importance; felt perhaps a kind of dishonest scorn for medals and ribands to stick in your coat, for statues and memorial plaques after your death, for anything savoring of the Old World pomp and circumstance. That is over. Luke's irritable comment can cause no vexation to modern America. Her withers are unwrung. Her graves are shrines of pilgrimage. Her parks are galleries of memorial sculpture. But only very recently has she touched the right memorial note and let the workman be known by his work. There can be no more honorable testimony to the regard in which we hold our teachers than the preservation and wide-spreading of their teachings.

This has been done for Solon Borglum and gallantly done. Putnam Brinley's handsome memorial window for the New Canaan Church was an appropriate as well as beautiful phrase of devoted remembrance; but even this is secondary to the volume "Sound Construction" in which Mr. Borglum's analyses of form appear in a memorial edition with superb plates and every dignity of fine craftsmanship in the making of a book. If anything can keep alive the spirit and mind of this sturdy thinker for a public unused to the open secrets of art it will be the body of his doctrine thus preserved with his own significant illustrations.

The original manuscript, which remained unpublished during his lifetime, was the basis of his teaching in those classes which sent out students not merely inspired and enthusiastic but profoundly instructed and fortified. Mr. Borglum had been through the anatomical study and knew from his personal experience how much of it had to be elimi-



"The Sandal." By Laureano Barran.

In Exhibition at the Reinhardt Gallery.

"Manitoba Marshes."

Drypoint by Roland Clark.

nated from the consideration of a student before the principles applying to art could be seen in their true proportion and relation. To perform this task of elimination and synthesis was one of his occupations for about fifteen years, and that such labor of an equipped and brilliant mind should be lost was an unthinkable tragedy.

The publication of the manuscript in book form was undertaken by a committee of sculptors and artists, and subscriptions were obtained that made the stately memorial edition as well as a plainer general edition possible.

It is interesting to learn from the preface that modeling from life was not the first concern in Mr. Borglum's classes. His students were required to draw every plate in the book, giving special attention to the big line of direction, the line of the mass. "What I want to do," he said, "is not to teach the particular shape of a form anatomically, but the normal direction of all the parts." After the student had come to understand the principles of construction as they are demonstrated in the book, he was permitted to draw from life. Thus the drawings in the book not only show special anatomical constructions but give the student an opportunity for continual comparison of these. They occur in the human figure, in flowers, horses, buildings and other objects, and for the identification in all alike of the great movement of direction which "is the first line to be sought in the beginning of the development of a structure, and the last to disappear in a destruction of it."

A passage that should have special significance at a moment when cheap and easy "decoration" is freely taught and practiced, is the one emphasizing the relation of decorative form to structure. "In normal growth nature will never put a plane which does not belong to the natural form in that form. Pure decoration will reflect only forms related to the character of that structure. If a plane or line of decoration is not in harmony with the form to which it is related, the points of location will be disturbed, the line of direction will become out of balance, the construction of the frame will become deformed and the character lost."

The application of this principle illustrated in the human body to buildings, ranging from a sod hut to St. Peter's, Rome, is carried out convincingly and with brilliant analysis. The comparisons throughout illuminate and make unforgetable each point considered. On the pages given to the foot of man, for example, one reads that buttressing is a natural form of sound construction, used by nature in the roots of plants and the feet of the human figure, and by builders where additional support is needed, and in the expressive illustrations one sees the buttress of the cornstalk, the gripping of the golden rod at root, the buttress and brace of the builder's device, and the clutch of the arched foot. No one could forget the principle involved with this reiteration, no modern, so Maeterlinckian, so simple and effective, to reinforce a first statement. It is a book that will stand with the journals and treatises of the greatest masters of the past; one that will show the thoughtfulness and intellectual force of one of the great masters of the present.

Among the foreign artists who still hopefully come to our shores, breasting the strong and steadily mounting wave of protest against art that is not American by adoption if not by birth, is a Spanish painter from Barcelona.

At the Reinhardt Galleries Laureano Barrau is showing a number of canvases that give, we may suppose, a portrait of art in his native city. They are genre subjects, beach scenes, street scenes, and scrupulously painted in the open air as the Spanish habit has been since the reformer Charles Haes opened his classes at Madrid in the middle of the nineteenth century. The realism that came into vogue at that time and found in Sorolla its most brilliant exponent is here in certain external attributes.

Putting aside the handsome young woman in a hundred petticoats, more or less, returning from mass in all her glory of velvet bodice and gold buttons and embroidered apron; putting aside all the purely illustrative canvases dealing with a multitude of material things possessed, something of the cheerful, light-loving spirit that so endeared Sorolla to America is to be found in such things as the little boy squatting on a street corner with his basket of oranges; the singularly gracious little girl fastening her sandal on the beach, even in the woman seated under an amazing crimson umbrella, her face incarnadine from its reflection.

The technique is patient, the surfaces are smooth, the colors are strong, gay, pure, and with the gorgeous contrasts of a Spanish shawl.

The quality most obviously lacking is the quality for which America is more and more insistently clamoring; the quality of research into forces acting within the superficial envelope. Many of the artists in this country, as in all countries, are incapable of the mental strain demanded by this research, but the sign of the general tendency toward deeper thinking and deeper feeling in art is the restless discontent with the accomplishment of what easily can be accomplished.

With this tendency is another, reminiscent of the Greek desire for a sound body as casket for a sound mind; and balancing the emotional strife involved in our interrogation of the unseen. The outdoor world for the American has become filled with a number of things, with sports in particular, and the field of sport claims its artists as it did in old England in the eighteenth century, as it has done, for that matter, in every country and every age vital enough to make sportsmanship a matter of general interest. Duck shooting seems to be the favorite of the etchers, and portraits of wild ducks are multiplying. Roland Clark's recent drypoints are altogether the best he has made. The ducks fly.

This is a great point and one that commends itself to those who know the birds in flight. They can put up with a bit of fuzziness in the drypoint technique, a bit of overanxiousness about texture, a lack of swiftness in the movement of the point, if only the birds themselves move, and this these canvasbacks of the Manitoba marshes unquestionably do.

The sporting pictures of an earlier day were required to have a great variety of points. A hundred and fifty years ago the artist who painted or drew for the hunter, angler or horse-racer needed to know his subject from nose-tip to tail-tip, and if he knew less than this at least he must conceal nothing of his ignorance. Every detail must be writ plain on the surface of the work. Thus nearly all sporting pictures of an earlier day have, in addition to their associative value, the merit of pure, clean, precise draftsmanship. Even the least famous of the painters of sporting subjects are themselves sporting in shirking no difficulty and covering up no slack workmanship with rags of color and atmosphere.

The exhibition at the Ackerman Galleries this month is given to the beautiful work of these painters who preserve for us as truly as their talents permitted a definite side of English life in the open.

Only one example of George Stubbs, the manly sportsman who painted with science for a foundation and art for his superstructure. All that is said biographically of Stubbs adds to the manliness of his portrait. Physically he was strong, and there are the usual stories. He carried the carcass horse upstairs into his dissecting room unaided. At 79 he could walk sixteen miles, and did it before 10 o'clock in the morning. He had an independent mind, mastered the anatomy of his subjects through first-hand investigation, and with such authority that a famous Dutch surgeon wrote to him in quaint English: "The myology-neurology and angiology of men have not been carried to such perfection in two ages as these horses by you."

One of the most impressive things regarded simply as art is Philip Reinagle's portrait of "Colonel Thornton With His Famous Twelve-Barreled Rifle." The Colonel with this unique firearm is shooting in the forest of Glenach, his huge dog beside him, his picturesque costume, red waistcoat, brown coat, green breeches, echoing the colors of the woodland bristling in the foreground with tremendous ferns. Reinagle was more of an all-around man than most of his companions in the sporting genre, good in portraiture, animal painting and landscape. This portrait is an all-around affair, too, full of the lusty spirit of the chase as it comes to us undiluted in the annals of the period, but Sawrey Gilpin collaborated with Reinagle in painting it.

The huntsmen painted by J. N. Sartorius were of a less ingratiating type than the stout Colonel, and painted less ably. Walter Shaw Sparrow, who in "British Sporting Artists" (Charles Scribner's Sons) gives us the most of the little we know about the lives and characters of the interesting group, thinks that Sartorius would have done far better with water color, and makes a comment that must be quoted in the interest of the lovely medium: "The custom of regarding oil color as the superior medium," he says, "has harmed sporting art greatly. We owe to its influence a vast number of pictures which are too large; and it has caused a good many painters to choose materials which they would never handle with sympathetic life and freedom." Sartorius never would have done well, however, without something more than a special medium to help him. A prim artist, very neat, stiff and timid.

The Henry Aikens, Sr. and Jr., are in the exhibition with good examples. Henry Aiken Sr., according to Mr. Sparrow, is one of the sporting artists who are so well known that no one knows much about him. Bryan gives him eight lines. The Dictionary of National Biography makes him a groom or trainer or something of the kind to a duke. Mr. Sparrow finds that he hunted for pleasure. He came of Danish lineage, his fun is spontaneous, his temper adventurous, he can be delicate and uproarious at the same time. He is always completely himself, and it is noted that he painted a hunting scene with its fair proportion of accidents to the huntsmen, in contrast to his contemporaries, who usually let the object of the sport bear all the brunt of the danger while the huntsmen took their risks with invariable success. Also it is noted, and with a whimsical dissatisfaction, that he failed to put enough alcohol into his characters, that with every desire to be amused by the beeriness of English popular habits he failed, that he would have been happier in a tea-drinking age.

"Portrait of a Japanese Lady." By Dudley Mygatt.

In Exhibition of Water Colors and Drawings at Brooklyn Museum.

"Cowboy at Rest." By Solon Borglum.

From "Sound Construction."

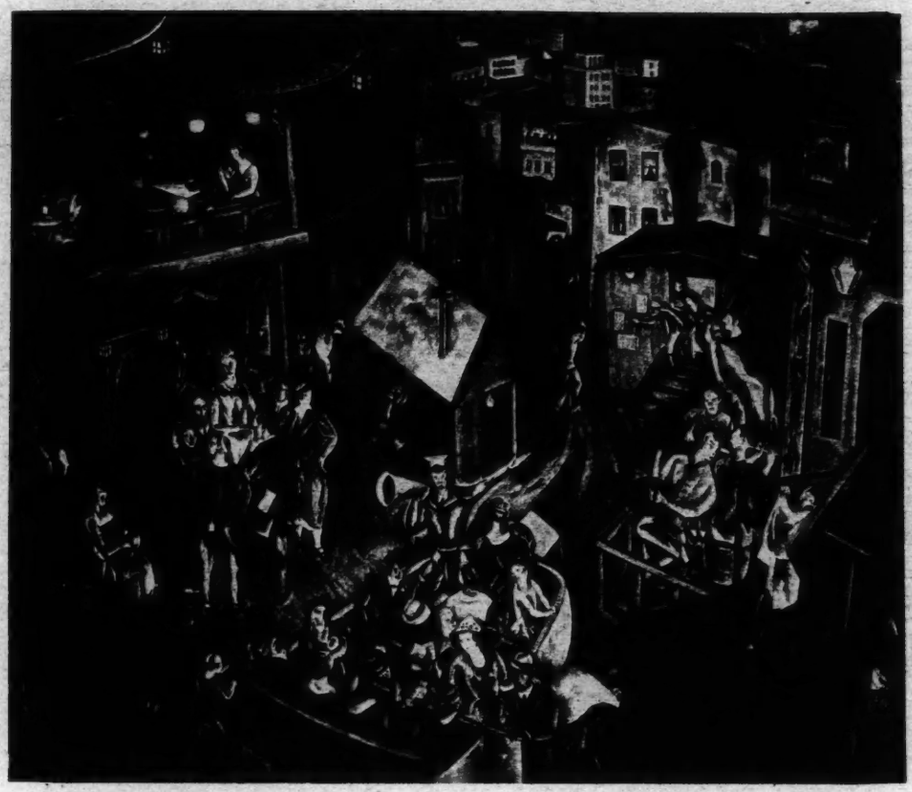
HOLY MECCA BY FLIVVER

(Continued from Page 8)

banks were formed of a clinging clay-like substance and it was a work of art to extricate your foot if you made a misstep. The Pilgrims were willing to take the chance and, removing their ghivas (a Persian sandal), bathed feet and hands in the river before kneeling in prayer. It was a wise prophet who insisted upon cleanliness before godliness!

We pitched, not the tents that we should have had with us, but our army cots near our favorite group. We were not altogether disinterested in our friendship. "Our favorites" not only chanted their prayers the most fervently, but they made the most elaborate preparations for their meals. We enjoyed the fragrant odors from the cooking, and then there was always the hope that, like Dives of old, they might let fall a few crumbs from their table. They had built a fire and were cooking rice for their pilauf. It was a happy moment in their lives. After the delights of the flesh came the higher joys of the spirit. I can see them yet. There were other groups and other fires, but I shall always see these, as they alternately stood and knelt in the firelight, absorbed in the thought of the world to come, feeling no need of sleep, only the great need of all men to commune with something higher than themselves. Wrapped in this sentimental thought plus a blanket, we fell fast asleep, not even to dream of the four Arab guards, stalwart and picturesque in the moonlight, as they paced back and forth, keeping armed guard over our camp.

Refreshed by our night's sleep and a hot glass of tea to top our canned breakfast, we felt ready for anything, even brigands. So we thought as we broke camp in that early dawn. About 7 o'clock we were not so sure of our valor. It happened, when the convoy reached the top of one of the hills, that three of the cars were missing. We waited a half hour for them. Then they joined us in great excitement, all talking at once. The twelve unarmed Pilgrims had been held up by two armed brigands and robbed of £500.



"CHINA TOWN," BY TOSHI SHIMUZI.

In Exhibition at the Brummer Galleries.

Something had to be done to pacify them. The prospect of becoming hajjis could not take the place of the stolen money. An awful dispute arose as to who should have the privilege of pursuing the villains. The Armenian's machine was commandeered under protest and when the Armenian wished to drive his own car he was hit in the jaw by Mahmoud. Mahmoud was determined that, no matter who went, he would do the driving. Of course, the fat Sheik, dressed in a white riding suit and Arab headdress, had to go. His sudden energy was surprising, since he was never seen to get out of his car, however deep the sand or steep the hill. Of his social supremacy there could be no doubt, for it was said (one may gossip even on a holy pilgrimage) that he and his sister were the last of their family. They had refused to marry because there was no one considered good enough for them. Besides Mahmoud and the Sheik, the two armed police officers and an Arab engineer filled the car.

The two hours they were gone passed in a wave of excitement and chatter. Three times the alarm was given. A large band could be seen in the distance, advancing upon us. The hands of the Arabs carrying the longest guns shook as they called out in trembling tones "Chittys, chittys!" (Arabic for brigands). We waited in suspense. The chittys did not deign to move, for the simple reason that they became bushes before our eyes.

The officers returned with a small, hard-faced Arab who might easily have been one of the robbers if he had not been a passing shepherd. However, he did nicely for a scapegoat. He was first threatened by a long gun, and then, having nothing to confess, was severely flogged by the fat Sheikh, who broke his cane in the act. In describing the scene afterward the small boy of the party, probably thinking of school days, said: "You know, it didn't really hurt, he had on so many clothes." The prisoner was taken handcuffed to Ramadi. In order to satisfy any future curiosity, I will add that he was released by the authorities and the real culprits escaped with the booty.

On account of the floods we had to enter Ramadi on donkeyback, after having been towed, along with the donkey, part of the way by a gentleman who objected to having his picture taken. His reason was that he expected to be coming to America soon. Every enterprising man one meets in the Orient expects to come to America inside of two months.

Unlike the passing shepherd, we were glad to be taken into custody by the district Chief of Police, who rescued us at 9 at night from the inn and took us to his comfortable home. It is hard to classify a hostelry where the proprietor sends up word that he is very sorry, but there is no water left for boiling the eggs, as you have exhausted the supply (three pails full) earlier in the evening.

We were entertained the following night at the home of an Arab police officer. Just to look at his wife gave us a thrill—she was so like the old nursery rhyme, "Rings on her fingers and rings on her toes." There were also rings in her nose and mysterious tattoos on her arms and neck. Poor as they were, our hosts were the souls of Arab hospitality, which accepts no pay and no gift in return. We had other hosts on other nights, but none more well-meaning and kindly.

Luckily, there is an end to all things, even to the need of hospitality. In spite of stifling winds, pests of locusts and a long night of yelping jackals, there came a last stretch of road. It was the morning of the ninth day. As we entered the gates of Aleppo, Mahmoud said, half assertingly, have inquiringly, for the nth and last time: "Me very good driver?" For the last time I pounded those shoulders (patting seemed so mild after watching the Sheik) and said: "Mahmoud very fine driver." It was said without reservations, for had not twenty-six cars left Bagdad and only one entered Aleppo that day? The others arrived in the days following.

In the meantime we could not wait for the whole convoy before sampling the blessings of civilization —food and a bathroom, a bathroom and food! (I cannot decide which to place first.) Then and there I resolved to spend the rest of my days practicing that English phrase the Prussian Crown Prince once boasted of having acquired, "Boy, ice water, please!"

WHEN ROYALTY GOES FOX-TROTTING

(Continued from Page 5)

and the wagers were due to be won or lost, there came the news of the whooping cough. England was amused, even in its sympathies, at this odd visitation upon the bride. Then there was an unofficial return to town to make arrangements for the town house and to be in attendance of the garden party at the Palace—the Duchess's first important social appearance. It was just a few evenings after the garden party that those who wagered on the lure of the fox trot to a favorite band won easily. Luigi beamed when the telephone message was reported to him: "Their Royal Highnesses are on their way!"

But that command will never come again. It was the next night that Luigi was so desolate. How such things are known is a mystery, but they are, or claimed to be known. Queen Mary had put her foot down, gently, no doubt, but none the less firmly. Perhaps, after all, it was only a hint, or in the nature of advice, but, at any rate, Luigi was quite certain he had been informed correctly: Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of York, must fox trot only in a private drawing room after the Chamberlain has carefully edited the list of guests in advance.

And so, when the Prince of Wales drops in and nods to Prince Henry across the room and sees, perhaps, Princess Maud in another corner, the guests at Luigi's remember and repeat,

"Poor little Duchess of York!"

Of course the rumor that the Duchess is being groomed to be the future queen has gained new impetus out of this edict from the Palace. So many of the bars of convention have been hurdled by King George's lively family that the man in the street is saying that it is only a queen to be who would be denied the privilege of dancing where she pleases.

It was from the actual chums of the Prince of Wales that came the startling gossip, soon after Wales's return from India, that the Prince had declared he never would ascend the throne. No one, of course, believed it. But the rumor grew and there always has been a puzzling silence about it at St. James's Palace, the residence of the Prince. At first it was said the determination of the Prince was influenced by some mysterious state of health. When that had spread along the streets, it was considered important enough to bring from St. James's a denial so authentic and comprehensive that it has not since been mentioned.

But many pointed out that the Palace took notice only of the imputation of illness, and ignored the many quotations, alleged to be from the Prince himself, as to his future. It is thought to be significant that when the Duke and Duchess of York are staying at Windsor Castle, the official home of the sovereigns, there are two red-coated guardsmen stationed in the quadrangle at the entrance to their apartments. Never before, in recent times, has the Duke of York been honored at Windsor with more than the one guardian customarily allotted to the King's second son. Not an important change in custom, surely, but those who stand at the edge of the circle that surrounds the throne see significance in every change in royal routine, no matter how slight.

And then, there is the often repeated story, which seems incredible, and which every official in Whitehall has vehemently denied, but which still persists in the clubs, about the letter addressed to the Prince of Wales from a group of ex-soldiers in the provinces who claimed they were being mistreated in the Government's distribution of the dole—the pension for the unemployed. They asked the Prince, as a "good fellow," to investigate their case and help them.

That the letter was sent is a matter of record, and so is the Prince's reply. This reply, in substance, was:

"I have called the attention of the Home Secretary to your communication and have asked him to investigate it."

The reply was, so Whitehall explained, "unforunately worded." There was comment in the newspapers about it—comment that had, between the lines, a bit of mischief in it. Editors were wondering what the Home Secretary said to the four walls of his private office when "his attention was called to" a matter of governmental administration, and when he was "asked to investigate it" by the Prince of Wales! Queen Victoria was the last sovereign who would dare to do that, and there is no record of a Prince of Wales assuming such an authority.

Authentic public knowledge of the incident ends with the governmental explanation that the Prince meant to say, merely, that he had followed customary procedure and had forwarded the letter from the ex-soldiers to the Home Department, where it belonged. But in some untraced manner a great deal more has been added to the story, and there are those who give this addition credence who habitually are above bandying gossip.

It is said what really happened was that the Prince sent his secretary to the Home Minister commanding him to St. James Palace. That the Home Minister went is put down to his geniality; it is admitted that had it been one of the other Ministers the Prince would have been told it was only a short walk from St. James to the Home Minister's office, and that if he hurried over a clerk would talk to him. But anyway, the story goes, the Minister went, and narrowly escaped apoplexy when the Prince read him the letter and asked him to "do something about it." The further details are that the Prince was summoned to Buckingham by King George and reprimanded in the presence of the then Prime Minister, and that he actually said, "I have no intention of ever being the King, but if, by chance, I have to be—I'll be one."

Not even possible, of course—to have happened or to have become known. But something did happen, over that letter, as every newspaper office in London knows, and whatever it was it was susceptible to enlargement into this delightful legend.

It is such stories as these that tend more and more to convince the people that the Duchess of York is being looked upon as the potential future Queen, and there are many who know she would rather fox trot at Luigi's than study for the throne.

MEDIEVAL KRAKOW

(Continued from Page 2)

a thousand and one other stories and wonders to be found by just stepping into the picturesque old building and climbing the stairs. The Polish National Museum is housed here.

This museum is a mine of ancient treasures and relics of those gallant other days when knights were bold and the world had time to be picturesque. The collection of Polish antiques and art seen here is the richest and largest in the country. Many of Matejko's huge historical canvases are included in it, gorgeous as pageants in their color and movement; and it is curious to note how appropriately these paintings illustrate, as it were, the stories told by the various antiques which surround them. They make vividly dramatic what otherwise would be merely archaic. Here also is Siemaradski's famous painting of pagan Rome, "Nero's Torches," the burning of the Christian Martyrs, a picture long familiar in engravings and lithographs.

Arms and armor, huge beheading swords (called "My Lord Penknife" by jocose Poles in the olden days), battle tents, including a large and elaborately embroidered linen one captured from the Turks in the seventeenth century; old sculptures and wood carvings of Vitus Stoss and others; bronzes (Welonski's powerful and beautiful "Gladiator" among them); relics of the medieval guilds and crafts—these are but a few of the art treasures and historic relics to be seen in the Polish National Museum.

Back a short way, near the Florian Gate, is another museum, the Czartoryski, a picturesque fifteenth century house, remodeled after the plans of Viollet le Duce, and containing costumes, fabrics, laces, fine saddlery, armor, furniture and other souvenirs of Poland's past. To the visitor come from afar nothing in this museum is more curious or more interesting than the great cavalry wings worn by Polish warriors in Sobieski's time.

These enormous pinions, made of eagle feathers, fastened to the shoulders, and extending the full length of a man's body, gave the mounted rider in battle a wild, super-human look, the appearance of a huge unearthly bird flying to attack. A troop of them descending on the enemy came with the headlong rush and tumult of a supernatural host. It was just that effect they were designed to have, and did have, the records tell, on the frightened Turkish forces which fled in a route before the gates of Vienna in 1683. The only familiar thing to which I can liken these Polish cavalry wings is the feathered headgear once worn by the chiefs of certain tribes of North American Indians.

The fine Italian hand is to be noted everywhere in the architecture of Krakow; assuredly the town is an outpost of the Renaissance. Long before I had learned much of the detail of the city's story I remarked this feature, only to discover later how fact after fact confirmed the first impression. If the Sukiennice or Market Hall is beautiful with a true Renaissance beauty, the secret of it is soon revealed in the name of Gian Maria Padovano, the architect who redesigned the building after the great fire in 1555, which destroyed a large portion of the town. The name of Bishop Ivo, who built Panna Marya, brings Italy still closer, for he was an intimate friend of St. Dominic, the great pre-Renaissance preacher, under whom his two nephews were educated at Rome, returning to Poland to build in due time the beautiful Gothic Dominican Church of Krakow. Another strong Italian influence here was the consort of Sigismund I., Bona Sforza, of the famous Milanese family of that name. Among Renaissance treasures now in the Oxford Museum is the richly decorated Prayer Book of this Polish Queen.

But it is in the University of Krakow that the Italian influence is most marked. This university is one of the most celebrated seats of learning in Europe, and one of the oldest. If its foundation be dated back to the ancient Cathedral School from which it sprang, established in the reign of Boleslas the Brave (992-1025), then this university is perhaps the oldest of all. But taking the date of its first formal opening in 1364, it stands among the earliest educational institutions in the world. It quickly became a centre of European studies and in time grew so influential that its representatives were invited to the great councils of Constance and Basle. It attracted students from many countries, a veritable procession journeying to the Polish capital to enjoy the advantages of its famous schoolman. The astronomer Adalbert was one of these; and after him his immortal pupil, Copernicus, who was born in Northern Poland in the City of Torun.

As in the case of other celebrated Polish names, that of Copernicus likewise links us with Italy. He was not only a teacher of mathematics in Krakow but also in the Universities of Bologna, Padua and Rome.

As long as one keeps within the circle of the Planty on his wanderings through Krakow he knows that he is still within the confines of the ancient town. One peculiar characteristic will be remarked of the buildings of this part of the city—the odd way in which many of them are braced from the pavement to the first story with curving buttresses of stone or brick. The effect is strange as one looks down a street, as if the old houses had leaned back a little to make way for the traffic that has passed their doors for so many generations. Niches and statues, mostly of the Blessed Virgin, are in the walls of many of the buildings, while over the doors of others are the crests of the medieval guilds; or, as in the case of several of the old houses near the foot of the Vavel Hill, with a Bishop's mitre, or a Cardinal's hat cut in the stone. The guild insignia are quaint, the patrons chosen by the Krakow potters, for instance, being Adam and Eve—because Adam and Eve were the first work of the potter, God.

NAVAJO'S PLEA FOR HIS DANCES

(Continued from Page 7)

"I believe in education. All of my children are receiving the best schooling I can give them. One of my sons is studying law. But I am against education as given in the denominational schools. It is right that we should have education; but since Washington has wisely provided non-sectarian schools in which there is no effort to break down our religion and our customs, I believe that all of our children should go to the Government schools.

"What is the cause of this sudden effort to do away with our medicine men and our dances? I believe it is this: In the missionary schools our boys and girls are taught through the elementary grades only. When they come out of school they have none of the real experience of life. They know little about the needs of our people; they are not old enough to have mature judgment.

"Yet the missionaries will get up a petition to the Indian Commissioner asking him to rule against our tribal ceremonies; and they will have these schoolboys sign the petition, so that it appears a very impressive document, with its long list of Indian signatures. Naturally the Commissioner thinks these signatures are those of mature men who are capable of sound judgment and of voicing the opinion of the tribe.

"I have said to my people: 'You do not have to send your children to the missionary schools to be educated. Washington has provided schools that do not send our children home to make fun of the Navajo gods and beliefs.' A tribe like ours cannot be changed in a day from a faith of their own to one that they do not know and have no wish to accept. It cannot be wise to force them in a matter like this, and I am hoping our worthy Commissioner will take our side of the question into careful consideration before he makes a final decision. The small number of boys who have been educated cannot possibly represent so large a tribe as ours in a matter so important."

So speak most of the Navajos in their desert home. They are not indignant. They are only perplexed. They do not understand why it is so important to the white people that institutions centuries older than the white man's occupation of America should be banned by the power of a great Government.

ADVERTISEMENT. ADVERTISEMENT.

"No wonder you're earning less than $3000 a year!

Your mental engine is 'missing' on at least two cylinders. Bill, I want you to look into *Pelmanism*. A *Pelmanist's* brain hits on all six! A *Pelmanist* is *ALIVE!* That's why nearly a million of them are climbing the hills of business on high!"

OVER ten million Americans drive cars, and they all know that they can't expect full, maximum power and speed from an engine that is "missing," or choked with carbon. The moment a "knock" or a "pound" appears, they have it fixed.

But thousands of these same Americans go around with their much more valuable brain-machinery groaning and creaking for lack of a little intelligent attention and care!

They try to make the grade of success with the WILL-POWER cylinder not firing at all—or with a sooty spark plug in the PURPOSE cylinder. Or may be they are not getting the help they could from CONCENTRATION, OBSERVATION, IMAGINATION, or MEMORY. And the worst of it is that they don't know where the trouble is! They just go "knocking" and "hammering" along through life, wondering why they can never catch up with any of the BIG rewards that always keep disappearing just 'round the turn of the road ahead.

Only a "well-tuned" brain gets what it wants

Perhaps *you* have the idea that you lack WILL-POWER. So you set out to develop it. But, even if you succeed, it isn't going to bring you the rewards you want—not all by itself.

You also need keen OBSERVATION to see opportunities, lively IMAGINATION to make use of them to your advantage, steady CONCENTRATION and strong MEMORY to solve the problems sure to arise, and, most of all, an inflexible PURPOSE to accomplish your desires.

Think of the man or woman you admire most for achievements, and see if this person is weak in any one of these faculties. It is more than likely that he, or she, has a well-tuned brain engine—running sweetly along—always giving maximum power and speed—always getting the most out of life.

This is the ideal of Pelmanism, but nearly a million happy Pelmanists in all parts of the world are living witnesses to the fact that Pelmanism is more than a mere beautiful ideal.

It is actually a process for tuning up all the mental faculties and making them work together for the greatest self-development possible to each Pelmanist.

That this wonderful system is both practical and fascinatingly easy to learn is proved by the thousands of enthusiastic endorsements that the Pelman Institute is constantly receiving from students of Pelmanism.

Here is what Mr. Ray P. Hevey, of San Pedro, California, writes:

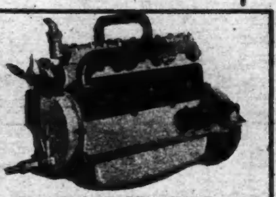
"I have put the Pelman course into practice by going after the things I needed to achieve advancement. I have built a new home for myself and family; have developed a taste for study, and broader lines of thinking and reading; and have secured a position much more adapted to my best experience and capabilities. I feel a thousand times repaid for starting the course."

Mr. A. Gillespie, Vice-President of Cluett, Peabody & Company, manufacturers of Arrow Collars, says:

"Had I known at 30 what Pelmanism has taught me since 50, many things in my life that were difficult would have been easy. If you have but a spark of ambition or if you are merely dissatisfied with the returns you are getting from your outlay of effort, subscribe for the Pelman course."

And Mr. C. B. Claflin, a merchant in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, sums it all up in the words:

"I have practically revolutionized my life by taking this course."



Your Brain Is Like This Engine
Check right now the "cylinders" where you feel that your "compression" is poor.

☐ Purpose ☐ Observation
☐ Will Power ☐ Imagination
☐ Concentration ☐ Memory

The Pelmanist as a business man is never far from opportunity. He sees it in places where the average eye sees nothing. Proper training has sharpened his observation and all his other mental faculties. He has a purpose in life and he *knows* he can achieve his aim. His concentration and imagination are strong; his will is powerful—in a word, he is "captain of his soul!"

Learn the "team-work" of the mind

Lack of space prevents mention of all the benefits Pelmanism can bring into your life, as easily and certainly as the sun rises. But the Pelman Institute has prepared a free book that will really startle and amaze you. It shows how and why Pelmanism is the only system of teaching ever devised for developing *all* the mental powers at the same time.

Whether this brief glimpse of Pelmanism has attracted you or not; whether you feel that you are weak or lacking in some valuable mental attribute, or not—you should at least send for this remarkable record and outline of Pelmanism—its actual achievements, and its boundless possibilities.

Send now for this FREE PROOF

Pelmanism actually gives its students "new minds for old"—and it does it in three to six months, through a method so novel, fascinating and easy that you look forward to each new lesson as you would to a pleasant evening in the theatre.

You do not obligate yourself in any way by sending the coupon below, but it will bring you a copy of the astonishing free book that explains Pelmanism from start to finish, and gives a wealth of the most convincing, voluntary letters from Pelmanists, showing how this remarkable method revolutionized their lives and fortunes, meanwhile increasing their earning capacity.

One of our most successful students writes that he sent for this free book "through mere curiosity." But he also writes that Pelmanism "has made another man of me," and that mailing the coupon from one of our advertisements was "the wisest act of his life."

It will pay *you* to find out about Pelmanism, too, even though you think now that it is just another self-improvement course. A healthy curiosity about Pelmanism has often opened the door to entirely unexpected, immensely valuable benefits. Send the coupon at once, while you feel like doing it. No salesman will call upon you. You risk nothing, and may have more to gain than you can possibly realize now.

The Pelman Institute of America, Dept. 6911, 2575 Broadway, New York.

— — — — — — — — —

The Pelman Institute of America, Dept. 6911, 2575 Broadway, New York.

I want you to show me what Pelmanism has actually done for nearly a million people. Please send me your free book. This places me under no obligation whatever.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

HEUDEBERT
Aleurone Bread for Diabetes

The Bread Supreme for Diabetes, containing the minimum of carbohydrates. Recommended by the medical profession the world over. Nutritious and very appetizing. About 40 muffins in box. Ask your grocer for Aleurone Bread or send $2.10 for a box. Sent postpaid anywhere in the United States. DIABETIC & OBESITY booklet on request.
Therapeutic Foods Company, Inc.
24 Stone St. Agents for U. S. A. New York

TOBACCO BRICKS

Granulated, pound packages, pure, mild, sweet-aromatic Havana pipe tobacco; 168 smokes, equals ten 15 cent tins. The best smoking tobacco. Order a brick—try one pipeful—and see how good fresh tobacco really is. $1.00 postpaid. Checks and stamps accepted.

JAMES V. LAGO, Importer,
14th St., cor. 7th Ave., New York

Practical Christmas Gifts

"Wicker—The Furniture That Makes a Home a Home."

In Reed and Willow.
Make Your Selection Now for the holidays. A small deposit will hold any order.

Floor Lamps	*Table Lamps*
Tea Wagons	*Tete-a-tetes*
Chaise Longues	*Desks*
Half-Moon Tables	*Stools*
Jardinieres	*Ferneries*
Wood Baskets	*Bird Cages*

We are offering this attractive 4-piece willow set confident that you will appreciate its value at our price of....... $31.75
Complete with cushions. Your choice of cretonne.

Reed and Willow Craft Shop
Caledonia 7787. 129 East 34th St., N. Y. Near Lexington Ave.

MASTER MINDS

(Continued from Page 1)

for very practical politics. This man, James Manahan by name, stands out spectacularly on the farmer side of the merger.

After all this Farmer Party is nothing more nor less than the Non-Partisan League under another name. Nor does the thing stop there. Back twenty years the trail carries us to George Loftus and the Co-operative Grain Exchange which he tried to establish. Loftus is own granddaddy of the present uprising, as truly as he fathered the Non-Partisan League. Twenty years ago Manahan, then a hot-headed young attorney, was the legal adviser for all of Loftus's enterprises. Later he became the official legal counsel for the Non-Partisan League in the days of Townley.

Loftus has been dead these many years. Townley, one-time Czar of the league, is out of the picture—temporarily, at any rate. Manahan remains, the only man who was in on the start and in at the finish. The drama of Manahan's life stretches back adventurously—each happening as much the history of the radical agrarian movement as it is his own personal record.

Loftus, indeed, was the first of the present breed of radical agitators who stirred farmers up over marketing methods and the trading in grain futures. He used to carry Magnus Johnson along with him in those days as Exhibit A. "My friend Magnus Johnson, here from Meeker County, will tell you what they've done to him." Then Magnus would break loose with his twenty horse lung power. Loftus was agin' everybody and everything that was in, and busy-bodied himself about their affairs, as is the way with agitators That's how he chanced to get in on the Pullman case.

One night big Jim Loftus had to ride from Chicago to Minneapolis—by Pullman, as is the way with professional organizers—by upper berth, as is the way with those who decide to travel at the last minute. "By jimminy," he remarked to Manahan the next day, "I'm going to sue the Pullman Company for unjust discrimination. Want to handle the case?" That was the beginning of the long-drawn-out hearing before the Interstate Commerce Commission in Chicago. That hearing finally culminated in a ruling that upper berths should sell for less than lowers. "They called me the berth control advocate," Manahan chuckles reminiscently.

Needless to say, this incident was played up with the farmers for all it was worth, and for a little over, considering that the Western farmer travels by day coach and not even by Pullman uppers.

The years pass. Loftus dies at the crucial moment when the events were ripe for the formation of the Non-Partisan League. That specific event occurred in North Dakota. The farmers had made a demand from the Legislature for State-owned elevators. North Dakota's Legislature was at that time quite frankly dominated by the business interests of Minnesota, instead of by the 85 per cent. farm population of North Dakota. The Legislature refused this demand of its constituents. Very logically the line elevator owners of Minneapolis did not want any State-owned rivals.

Townley stepped to the front, took over the Loftus agitating machine and organized the disgruntled farmers into a political "bloc" that took control of the Legislature.

This Townley is too well known a national figure to need description—Townley with his unexcelled genius for organising. Those who have seen those hard-shelled Swedish farmers go down in their pants' pockets and bring out twelve greasy dollars and pay their league membership dues on the spot say there never was an evangelist like him save Billy Sunday. Where Billy Sunday promises salvation of souls, Townley as convincingly guaranteed lots of money for the wheat crops of the faithful.

What is not so well known is what became of Townley after he had served his jail sentence for "disloyalty" in 1919.

Where are the Master Minds of yesteryear? People do not really know what was happening to the league itself between the recall of North Dakota's league Governor and that dramatic sweep of the league back into power in 1922 on the expeditious waves of the farmers' despair. To solve those two mysteries we must turn back to the Fall of 1917.

That Fall marked the beginning of the farmers' three gala years of prosperity—but not the Non-Partisan League's. During land boom days and during money inflation farmers grow conservative and do not take up with strange doctrines. The established order is good enough when wheat is bringing its two seventy a bushel.

Lean days indeed would have come to the league had it not been for recruits from the German-born farmers.

Like a prairie fire the league swept down into the German counties of all the Western States that adjoined North Dakota.

Meantime labor in Minneapolis was getting more systematically radical, since labor, unlike the farmer, organizes best in the days of prosperity. Moreover, the Socialist sentiment was particularly susceptible to anti-war influences. Leonard himself appeared in the wings of the political theatre at this time as the campaign manager for a Socialist candidate for Mayor. War prosperity and war passions were driving the radicals of the city into spirit communion with the remnant of pro-Germanised radicals left on the now prosperous farm lands.

At this point Townley and Manahan saw the necessity and also the opportunity of getting the laborites into an actual combine. Leonard, too, saw the opportunity. He had always wanted to see an alliance of the producers of the city and of the country for political action. "I did what I could to help it out," is his rather cryptic explanation of just whatever it was he did do in this crisis.

But there was not a single dramatic moment of merger, a heroic-sized climax. But instead a series of incidents. And so it came to pass that the Farmer Labor Party came into official existence by fusion of the two wings of the Non-Partisan League.

By this time Townley had lost his czarship. Why and how? That is the mystery of the West. That is the question that no man can answer—or rather, it is a question that finds a dozen different answers. Townley served his sixty days in jail. He came out to find his vogue and his czarship gone. Some say that his lieutenants had been awaiting the moment for four long years to throw off his autocratic dictatorship. Yet others say that the movement had grown so big that it could no longer be controlled by any one man—that, in that event, a man of Townley's stripe would step out of his own will rather than halve his authority with any man. He is, in fact, at this writing busy organizing the farmers of several States into a sort of economic alliance, over which he reigns supreme.

Manahan alone is left of the first builders.

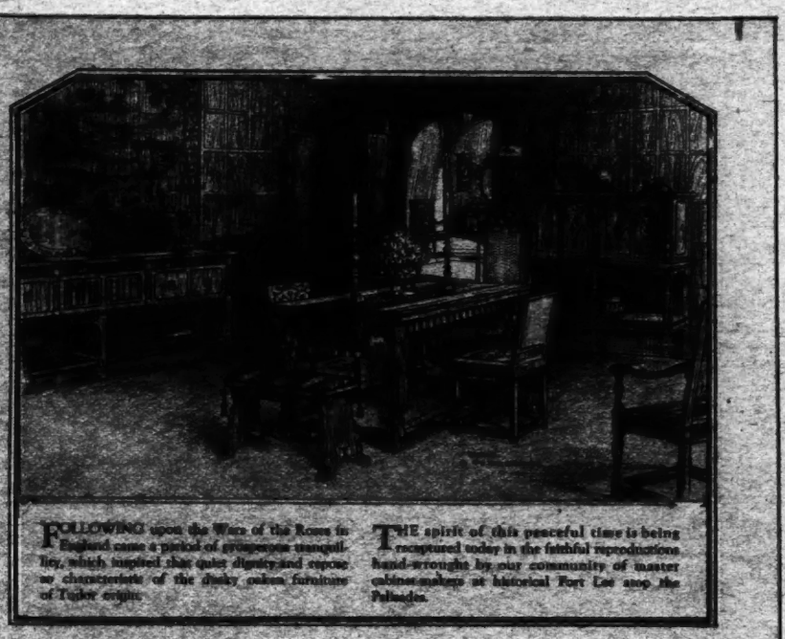
In the meantime the ball has been rolling on picking up a lot of fellows like the old Bryan Silver Democrats. This middle-aged contingent of small town merchants added no small strength to the organization when they came into it around 1920. Theoretically they belong to the party, too. The Silver Democrats were asking for a fixed price on silver that was not borne out in the world's market, just as the farmers are asking for a fixed price on wheat not borne out either in the world market. This middle-aged contingent, too, has brought its own leadership with it.

All in all, the political snowball has rolled up such a pack and parcel of master minds that the greatest problem of the party just at this time is to make them get along with each other. The interests of farm and labor have not yet begun to clash, but the interests of the Master Minds are unquestionably conflicting. Indeed, a series of interviews with a round half-dozen of the M. M.s reminded the writer of the finale of last year's Follies, where chorus, author, comedians, song writers and showgirls sing at the top of their voices, "I'm the one that made the show."

George Leonard is the exception.

No one but Leonard will ever know just exactly what that man has done about the merger.

"I work alone," was the way he answered the question when I put it to him directly. "Committees are too slow for me. I cannot be bound. Magnus put me on his campaign committee without asking me first. But I did my work alone."



FOLLOWING upon the Wars of the Roses in England came a period of prosperous tranquillity, which inspired that quiet dignity and repose so characteristic of the dusky oaken furniture of Tudor origin.

THE spirit of this peaceful time is being recaptured today in the faithful reproductions hand-wrought by our community of master cabinet-makers at historical Fort Lee atop the Palisades.

The Galleries of Suggestion

TO those who love furniture for its beauty of design and execution, these galleries open up a realm of enchantment and discovery.

¶Here, too, are rare fabrics, interesting tapestries, and decorative accessories. Moreover one may command the practical knowledge of an organization which for half a century has proven itself qualified to render aid in carrying out any decorative scheme, however simple or elaborate.

¶The policy of moderate prices always maintained by this establishment was never more strongly in evidence than it is today.

New York Galleries
INCORPORATED
417-421 MADISON AVENUE
Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Streets
Furniture : : Reproductions : : Decorations

FOX HILL APPLES

FLAVOR YOU WON'T FORGET

THE crisp tang of autumn winds and the fragrance of sunny autumn orchards! Stayman Winesap Apples have them both. This wonderful variety is ready now. Sparkling with juice, full of a delightful aromatic flavor—with a piquancy and raciness that make it the ideal apple for winter fireside.

Hand-picked and carefully packed, Fox Hill Winesaps reach you in perfect condition. They keep all winter. $5.00 a bu., $3.00 a half-bu. (Delivered free in the first two parcel post zones.) *Not Sold Through Dealers.*

S. C. ESHLEMAN, Grower
Box D McKnightstown, Pa.

REDUCE Easily... Naturally

Three Slices of Basy Bread a day, Help reduce your weight in a natural way.

Doctors' Essential Foods Co., Orange, N. J.
Gentlemen:
Have lost thirty pounds; would like information as to how to remain at my present weight.
Please accept my thanks for the courteous and business like methods extended me in my dealing with you. W. H. W., Ohio.

DOCTORS' ESSENTIAL FOODS CO.
50 Oakwood Avenue
Orange New Jersey

THE easiest, the most comfortable, and the most natural way of reducing. For years the standard weight-reducing food among America's most conservative families. Eaten as a food with your regular meals. Without inconvenience, annoyance or embarrassment, it functions in nature's own way. No drugs, no tiring exercises, no starvation diet.

The new Basy Bread booklet explains the process to you. Send for it. It is free. It will point the way to better health, added vitality, and reduced weight.

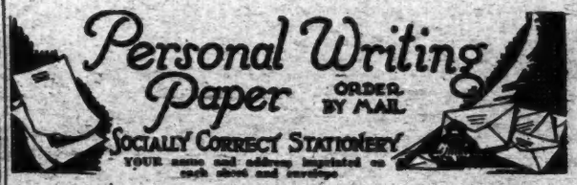
BASY BREAD
REGISTERED — TRADE MARK

200 SHEETS 100 ENVELOPES ALL FOR $2
Embossed With Your Name and Address

IN rich, lustrous letters similar to expensive die engraving. Correct "Club" size sheets 6½ by 7½ inches, of high grade heavy watermarked bond paper in White, Blue, Gray or Buff. Three line name and address embossed on top center sheet and on envelope flap in Black, Blue or Gold. 200 single sheets or 100 fashionable double sheets, including 100 envelopes embossed for $2.00. Send $2.00 with order and we will pay postage.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

West of Mississippi or Canada add 50c.
$3.50 Value for Only $2.00
ETTA ENGRAVING CO.
1139 47th St., Dept. K.
Brooklyn, N. Y.



200 Single Sheets and 100 Envelopes.....$1.00
100 Double Sheets and 100 Envelopes.....$1.50
100 Correspondence Cards and 100 Envelopes.....$1.50

Beautiful Windsor Silver Bond Paper, pure White; imprinted fine Dark Blue; sheet size 6½x7½. Mailed postpaid. Write plainly, printing your desire, not to exceed 3 lines. Send Check, Money Order or Cash. West of Miss. River and outside U. S. add 15 cents postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

WINDSOR STATIONERY CO., 184—14th Street Long Island City, N. Y.

A PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN

(Continued from Page 4)

but out here in th' woods it's just man to man. Why, you blankety-blinkety-blank, I can lick you with one hand.

For over an hour, journey, profanity, threats continue.

Drunk—Won't go another step with you, you, &c.

The Drunk wheels, makes a short-arm jab, which the Public-Spirited Citizen dodges, breaking loose from the Drunk's shoulder-hold. The Drunk reels, falls to the ground, and lies prone.

Drunk—Gimme a hand up.

But now, through the trees, the Public-Spirited Citizen sees down in the valley about a half mile distant the lighted windows of the lumberjacks' camp. He leaves the drunk lying in the snow; and, followed until out of earshot by curses and threats, he hurries to the camp.

The room is occupied by a red-hot stove and a couple of dozen men. Supper is over and the men are smoking, playing cards, passing the time of day.

The Public-Spirited Citizen tells them of their companion who is lying helpless in the fast-falling snow.

Lumberjack (seated close to fire, taking pipe out of mouth and blowing reflective puff)—Reckon it must be Big Bill. When he left this mornin' said he was goin' to get a skinful.

The pipe is put back, reflective puffing continues. No one seems disturbed that Big Bill is lying pickled amid mounting drifts.

Public-Spirited Citizen—Say, look here, if I took the trouble to push that souse over the mountain, the least his friends can do is to go out and pick him up. What are you going to do—let him freeze to death?

Reluctantly, two of the lumberjacks leave their place by the fire, put on mits, mackinaws, caps, and follow the Public-Spirited Citizen out into the storm. They are grouchy. The party walks in silence.

Public-Spirited Citizen—That's where he's lying—close to that big white pine.

But Big Bill is not there.

The lantern light reveals tracks in the snow.

The tracks lead back over the mountain toward Will White's. The tracks are those of Big Bill. They keep to the middle of the road; without light, in a blinding snowstorm, Big Bill has steered a course that no sober man could steer.

The rescue party advances. Over the mountain, down the other side, back to Will White's farmhouse.

And there stands Big Bill, again at the woodshed door, debating sleeping quarters with the farmer.

He hails his friends, effusively hanks the man who thrust him out f his woodshed, ignores the Public-pirited Citizen.

Amid noisy jest the three lumberacks disappear up the mountain oad; Will White returns to wife and fireside; the Public-Spirited Citiden walks homeward, an empty stomach adding acuteness to his reflection on the futility of not letting nature take its course.

,

ACT III.

SCENE: *Central Park West and 102d Street, New York City.*

TIME: *7 P. M.*

The Public-Spirited Citizen is walking northward. Because of the high speed with which they are moving, his attention is caught and held by a pair of headlights. They leap into the foreground. There is a crash: the speeding car has sideswiped a heavy truck. It carroms, hits a delivery wagon. The negro driver of the wagon is catapulted to the pavement; the horse runs away. The car that has caused the trouble comes to a stop. Three or four men jump out of the car, try to start it; but it has been rendered inert.

A crowd quickly collects. People denounce the auto party, their denunciation being centred upon a large man with a wood leg who had been at the wheel. It is evident that the party has had more than one drink.

The large man with the wood leg is callous to the suffering of the negro, who has been helped to the curb, a gash in his head. The one object of the large man with the wood leg is to get away before a cop arrives. He vilifies those who would detain him.

He tinkers with his car, but it remains obdurate. And so, in course of time, a cop arrives.

The large man with the wood leg is now denounced more vigorously than ever. The cop listens, looks over the situation.

Cop—There doesn't seem to be any question that he ought to be run in. But somebody who saw the collision will have to go along as complainant.

No one could spare the time.

Cop—I'll have to let him go then.

Up to this point the Public-Spirited Citizen had remained silent. He has a dinner engagement; but the outrage upon public safety had been too flagrant to let it go unpunished.

He goes with policeman and prisoner to the West 100th Street Police Station. After the necessary entries have been made in the blotter, the officer behind the desk tells the Public-Spirited Citizen to be at the Night Court, Fifty-seventh Street and Third Avenue, at 11 P. M.

He is on hand promptly. The Magistrate hears a number of other cases. It is close to midnight when the Public-Spirited Citizen is called to the witness stand. Only a few questions are put.

Magistrate—The prisoner is held for trial in the Traffic Court.

The Public-Spirited Citizen is told to be at Traffic Court at 9 A. M. some few days later.

The Public-Spirited Citizen has urgent business that calls him to Washington. But he lets it wait.

He is in the Traffic Court as directed. Magistrate House is on the bench. Case after case is called. It is a few minutes of 1 P. M. when the large man with the wood leg is summoned to the bar of justice. The nature of the case is outlined.

Magistrate House—This case will take some time to try. The hearing is adjourned to such-and-such a day.

Public-Spirited Citizen—But, your Honor, I have already suffered serious inconvenience. I have no interest other than that of a citizen. Can't the case be heard this afternoon?

Magistrate House—No, I cannot hear it before the day named.

Public-Spirited Citizen—Well, will your Honor then fix a definite hour for the hearing so that I do not need to loose so much time sitting in court?

Magistrate House—No, I can fix no definite hour.

The Public-Spirited Citizen is sorely tempted to buy a ticket for Washington and attend to his own personal affairs. But he decides to see the matter out.

On the appointed day he is in the Traffic Court at 9 A. M. It is a little after noon when the large man with the wood leg is again called to the bar. At 1 o'clock a recess is taken for an hour. The case is finished at 3.

Magistrate House fines the prisoner $100 and thanks the Public-Spirited Citizen for the service he has rendered the community, adding that it is to be regretted that there are not more citizens like him. Despite the fact that it is a unique experience for the Public-Spirited Citizen to be given thanks, he cannot refrain from reflecting that a Magistrate paid by the community for rendering service might concern himself a little more about the convenience of a citizen who is rendering a volunteer service.

,

ACT IV.

SCENE: *Exterior of the row of five-story flats at the northwest corner of Ninetieth Street and Columbus Avenue, New York City.*

TIME: *About 5 P. M. of the day on which the police held their annual games some six or seven years ago.*

A crowd has collected on the street side of the flats. A woman is at a window. She is excited. The Public-Spirited Citizen joins the crowd and inquires what it is all about. He is told that the woman had discovered a burglar in her flat.

At that moment the crowd surges around the corner to the front of the adjoining flathouse. The Public-Spirited Citizen surges with it.

One of the Crowd—The burglar just came out of that door, but ran back again!

Police whistles are being blown, but no policeman appears.

A uniformed fireman leaps into the vestibule; then, his hand on the doorknob, hesitates to enter the hallway. The Public-Spirited Citizen leaps to his side.

Fireman—Are you a cop?

Public-Spirited Citizen—No; I'm a newspaper man.

Fireman—Have you a gun?

Public-Spirited Citizen—No, but go ahead—I'll stick by you.

Together they go into the hallway and mount one flight of stairs after another until finally they reach the roof. No one is in sight.

The Public-Spirited Citizen rips a wood slat off one of the roof drying frames, and, breaking it in two, hands one piece to the fireman, keeps the other himself.

Public-Spirited Citizen—You go down through the corner house and I'll stay up here and keep watch.

The fireman disappears. The Public-Spirited Citizen, club in hand, peers behind chimneys, deck-houses, copings.

Suddenly there is a revolver shot. The Public-Spirited Citizen turns. Out of the deck-house through which he himself had come, there is emerging a compact group of men. In the front rank is a man with a revolver. It is aimed at the Public-Spirited Citizen, and from it another bullet comes his way.

The Public-Spirited Citizen turns. the situation at a glance: the compact group of men are Angry Citizens looking for the burglar, and discovering a stranger on the roof, club in hand, they have concluded, not illogically, that he is what they're looking for.

The man with the revolver pulls the trigger again. Fortunately for virtue, his aim is bad.

The Public-Spirited Citizen has dropped his club. His hands are high above his head. He keenly realizes that his only chance to remain unpunctured is to make no untoward movement, not even of an eye-ball, until he can establish his identity.

The Angry Citizens have advanced. The muzzle of the revolver is pressed against the stomach of the Public-Spirited Citizen, who notes with concern that the man holding it is trembling. What if his trigger-finger should tremble!

The Public-Spirited Citizen is duly vilified by the entire group of Angry Citizens; and, his hands still above his head, he is marched through the deck-house, down the stairs.

In the hallway, on the third floor, is a Respected Citizen whose appearance would have weight with any jury.

One of the Angry Citizens—Is this him?

Respected Citizen—Yes, that's the fellow who was in my apartment.

The triumphal march downstairs is continued.

The street is now packed. As the Public-Spirited Citizen emerges from the front door, one billion eyes are leveled at him.

The crowd opens, closes around him. He is in a maelstrom of nasty glances.

Then he spies the fireman whom he had accompanied to the roof.

Public-Spirited Citizen—Hey! Come over here; I want your number. This man is so crazy nervous that he's not fit to be trusted with a gun. I'm going to find out if he's got a license to carry one.

The fireman approaches; looks intently at the Public-Spirited Citizen, and then a look of recognition comes into his eyes.

Fireman—Oh, yes; you're the guy that went up to the roof with me.

It now dawns upon the Angry Citizens that they have made a mistake. The Public-Spirited Citizen is jostled so that the man with the gun is swallowed up by the crowd; the Angry Citizens also become inconspicuous.

The Public-Spirited Citizen feels like a monkey in the centre of a one-ring circus.

He pushes his way through the crowd.

Small boys follow him.

It takes him some time to shake them off.

His public spirit lies down and dies.

,

Yes, Columbine, the play is a tragedy. My public spirit is dead beyond resuscitation. Burglars may burgle gunmen work their hold-ups. I stand a passive spectator, one of the throng whose inactivity is the unceasing wonder of editorial writers.

LIBRARIANS' CO-OPERATIVE SHOP

THERE entered a gnomelike little man in goggle glasses, and behind him a blond young woman, "divinely tall and most divinely fair." Each had slipped away for a moment from duties in the Public Library on Forty-second Street to the basement; he bought butter and she bought eggs. They were customers of the co-operative grocery maintained for the benefit of library employes.

Although this enterprise has been a going concern since June, 1920, not many persons outside the circle of library workers know about it. It had its beginning when 401 employes subscribed $5 each for a share, and now boasts a balance sheet showing assets considerably greater than its original capital. To it the forty-three stations telephone their needs daily, and the orders go out to them in the trucks which carry books from the central station.

No employe may subscribe for more than $100 worth of stock, and it may be turned in for cash on thirty days' notice. It pays semi-annual dividends of 3 per cent., in addition to the privilege of co-operative bargains. In The Staff News, house organ of the library, are printed advertisements of these bargains and of special items or special sales, such as shirtwaists and gloves; for on occasion stocks of things other than groceries are laid in, when employes are willing to give of their time to help dispose of them. The grocery is in charge of an experienced shopkeeper.

Recently a cafeteria has been established, and it buys its supplies from the grocery. Thus is the matter of the midday meal much simplified.

LOWEST PRICES IN NEW YORK!
FOR THE GENUINE IMPORTED CHINESE
MAH JONG
SETS
Famous Chinese Game Taking The Country by Storm!
Only 250 Sets in All
Imported Bone and Bamboo Tiles

FREE Complete Book of Instructions.
Beautiful sets with tiles of bone and bamboo, embiasoned with characters of the Orient. Fine cases.
$12.75
(Complete Never Sold for Less Than $19.75)

FREE Complete Book of Instructions.

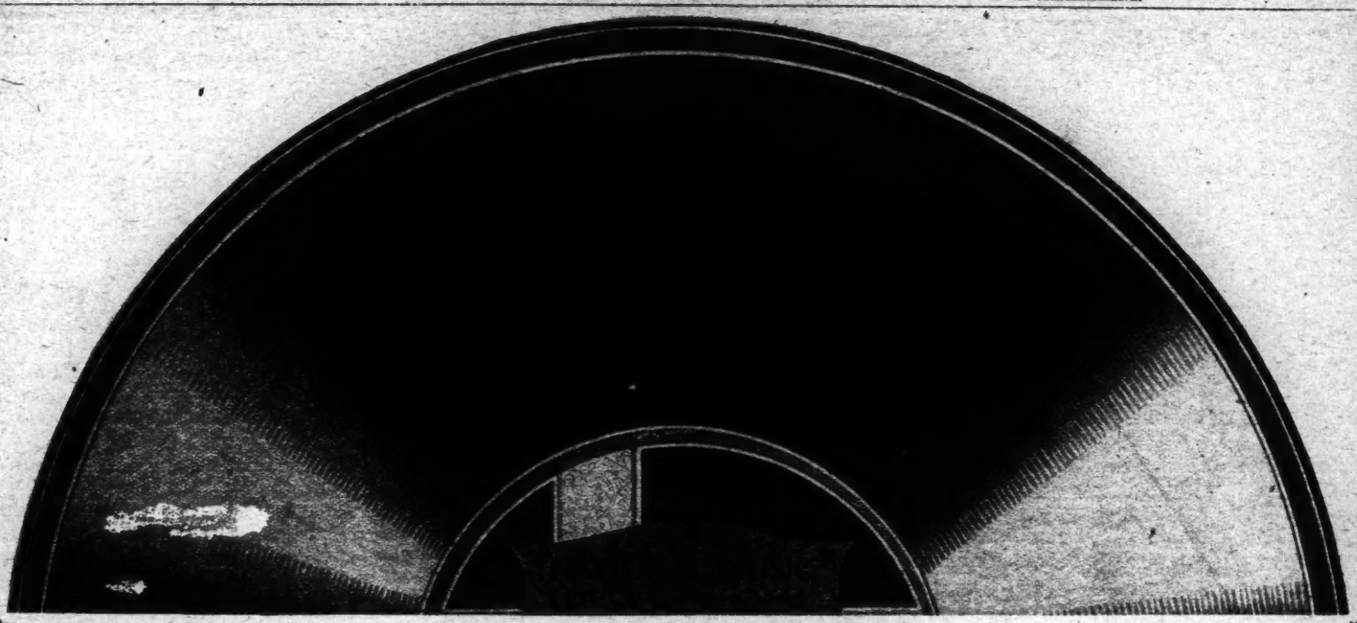
250 MAH JONG SETS
Sold Elsewhere for $35
An extra fine imported set in a Mahogany case, with elaborately carved work in brass. Five drawers, dust-proof cabinet with heavy brass trimmed door and two handles. Tiles are of heavy bone and bamboo, beautifully carved and hand painted. SPECIAL at this remarkable low price, $19.75.
$19.75
(Complete Sold All Over for $35.00)
Other Mah Jong Sets from $3.75 to $250.00
If you cannot call we will be glad to ship set by mail: send check or money order.
FIFTH AVENUE GIFT SHOP
263—5th Ave., Southeast Corner of 29th Street, New York

"Fifth Avenue" Personal Stationery
Embossed Lettering . Like Plate Engraving
$2 { 100 DOUBLE Sheets 100 Envelopes
Any name and address (3 lines) Richly Embossed On Fine Vellum Paper
ORDER BY MAIL. State choice of paper, WHITE, BLUE or BUFF, and color of embossing, BLACK, BLUE or JADE GREEN. Write plainly (or print) NAME AND ADDRESS (not over 3 lines). Enclose cash, money order or check with orders. West of Mississippi River add 20c for each order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money cheerfully refunded. Delivered in Fine Holly Stationery Box—POSTPAID
$4.50 SPECIAL COMBINATION GIFT OFFER!
With the above box of Personal Stationery we will include a genuine Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen, both for $4.50 postpaid. Packed in a beautiful Holly paper box with Gold background. (Mention lady's or man's pen.)
The Fifth Avenue Stationers Inc.
263 Fifth Ave., Dept 26 New York
ENTRANCE ON 29TH STREET
MAIL YOUR ORDERS NOW AND AVOID XMAS RUSH

Improve Your Appearance
Cover your bald spot with a toupee or wig. Send for booklet. A. Walter Solomon, 729 Sixth Ave., New York.

CURRENT HISTORY MAGAZINE
Buy November number at news stand and begin History of the World War Month by Month, written by 18 Professors of History of as many universities and colleges.

ADVERTISEMENT. ADVERTISEMENT.



How much would you guess these sixteen wonderful songs from grand opera are worth?

How much would you gladly pay for all SIXTEEN of these famous songs, complete from grand opera—the world's most beautiful music—that sell in some cases for three dollars each! Every record is brand new and guaranteed of as fine quality as any records made, at any price! Make your estimate of what a real bargain price would be, then read below what the actual price is, and how this astonishing offer can be made.

Here is the list, sixteen selections on eight 10-inch double-face records.

Celeste Aida—Aida

This song is perhaps the most beautiful in one of the greatest operas of all times. "Celeste Aida" means "radiant Aida," and is a love melody sung by Aida's lover.

La Donna e Mobile—Rigoletto

Here is perhaps the most popular piece that Verdi ever wrote. It is a treasured part of the musical heritage of the world.

Prologue—I Pagliacci

Leoncavallo was never able to write another opera equal to I Pagliacci; it remains his greatest masterpiece.

M'Appari—Martha

"M'Appari" means "like a dream," and one imagines oneself in a dream, listening to this sublime air of one of the most melodious operas ever written. "M'Appari" is the outstanding tenor solo of the opera.

Barcarolle—Tales of Hoffman

The rhythm and beauty of this enchanting melody appeal to all who hear its exquisite passages.

Quartette—Rigoletto

Verdi's "Rigoletto" never fails to draw crowded houses at all theatres whenever performed. The Quartette is the musical climax of the opera.

Sextette—Lucia

This is one of the most famous songs in all opera. Everyone knows this thrilling piece; one never tires of it.

I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls—Bohemian Girl

"I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls" has been famous from the day it was first sung. The romance and the pure melody of this song combine to make it a "home-song" of the first character.

Medley—Pinafore

When you hear "I'm Called Little Buttercup," "Captain of the Pinafore" and other selections you will agree that here is a selection that will be among the most favored in your library.

Habanera—Carmen

"Habanera" ("Love Is a Wood-bird Wild") is the air Carmen sings to her lover, Don Jose, who is at first indifferent to her many charms, but whose fate is sealed after listening to this fascinating melody.

Vesta la Guibba—I Pagliacci

This number is the most popular song of this opera. The words mean, "On with the play," and it is sung by Canio when he has discovered that he has been betrayed by his wife, and yet must hide his grief beneath the antics of a clown.

My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice—Samson and Delilah

Who does not know this capitvating aria, sung by the seductive Delilah to Samson in her efforts to make him betray his plans? This celebrated song is an everlasting favorite.

Soldiers' Chorus—Faust

"The Soldiers' Chorus," together with the "Anvil Chorus" from "Il Trovatore" (which we have also recorded) are beyond question the two greatest concerted male pieces in all opera.

Caro Nome—Rigoletto

"Caro Nome,' which means "Dearest Name," is the leading soprano aria from "Rigoletto." It calls for extraordinary art on the part of the singer, because of its coloratura passages.

Anvil Chorus—Il Trovatore

This rousing martial song occurs as the opening piece of Act II where the curtain rises upon a gypsy camp and the entire band joins in singing an air that stirs the pulse and rouses the imagination of all who hear it.

Medley—Mikado

One cannot pick a particular air from the "Mikado" as being better than the others. So, in this medley, we record snatches from them all.

Now Note the Price—And Free Examination Offer

THINK of getting all sixteen of these wonderful selections from Grand Opera for the trifling sum of only $2.98 plus the few pennies for delivery. These are full size 10-INCH records, sung by really great artists with full orchestral accompaniment.

Is it any wonder that this offer seems too good to be true? At first glance it might seem that there must be a "catch" some where. But it is easily explained:

The National Music Lovers, Inc., manufactures in sets only and sells direct to phonograph owners. Each customer, therefore, saves the usual 50% allowed to dealers and jobbers.

In addition, the combined buying power of the *hundred and fifty thousand* National Music Lovers customers makes it possible to manufacture in large quantities, effecting economies which always result from large scale production.

That is the whole secret: Combined buying power, enormous production, and selling direct to you from factory.

Nothing we can say about these Grand Opera records can tell you one-tenth as much as hearing them in your own home, on your own phonograph. That is why we say: let us send you this complete set of sixteen selections on eight double-faced 10-INCH records for 10 days' trial. Judge for yourself! Do not send a penny now. When the package arrives give the postman $2.98 plus the few pennies for delivery charges, then try the records. If you are not completely and thoroughly satisfied, if you are disappointed in the slightest degree for ANY reason, return the set, every penny you have paid will be refunded at once, without question.

NOTE: Last year, during the latter part of November and all during December, we were hopelessly swamped with orders. This year we have multiplied our facilities many times, and we hope to be able to fill all the Christmas orders that come in. But we know, from the present demand, that many orders will come too late. We therefore earnestly advise those wishing to be sure of getting their "National" records, to order now. Address, National Music Lovers, Inc., Dept. 4511, 354 Fourth Ave., New York.

NATIONAL MUSIC LOVERS, Inc.,
Dept. 4511, 354 Fourth Ave.,
New York City.

Please send me your collection of "16 World-Famous Operatic Songs" on eight 10-inch double-face records. I will give the postman $2.98 plus few cents delivery charges on arrival. This is not to be considered a purchase, however. If the records do not come up to my expectation, I reserve the right to return them at any time within 10 days and you will refund my money at once.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

☐ If you like dance hits you may also care to have the four latest and biggest Fox Trot hits recorded by famous Broadway dance orchestras. These have been placed on two TEN-INCH "National" Records and include the following: "I Love You," "What Do You Do Sunday, Mary?" "Annabelle" and "Somebody's Wrong." If you care to have these Fox Trots in ADDITION to the set of Grand Opera songs place an X in the square at the left. This price is only 98c for all four selections. SOLD ONLY with the Opera Sets—not sold separately.